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Simply PLUG IN. Demonstrates itself! Once housewives see how "magically" D-Frost-O-Matic saves time—saves food—saves money—they WON'T LET YOU TAKE IT OUT! It defrosts EVERY NIGHT—automatically. No more ice-crusted coils—sloppy kitchen or spoiling food.

Rush coupon today for FREE information about amazing Sure Selling Plan. Easy as making a phone call—clicks with 87 out of 100 prospects in homes, apartments, hospitals. WE SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE THE BIGGEST MONEY OF YOUR LIFE.

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JOIN THESE MEN FOR EXCEPTIONAL PROFITS WEEKLY!

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Rush me 20 more D-Frost-O-Matics. Customers are calling at my home for them. Mrs. D. A. Kearney

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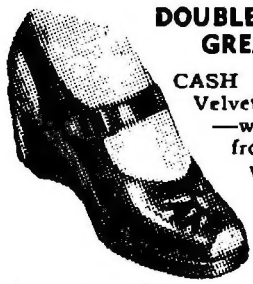

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Famous FANTASTIC Mysteries

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Vol. 11 AUGUST, 1950 No. 6

Two Book-Length Novels

The Time Machine — **H. G. Wells** — **10**

Defenseless, alone, he blazed his nightmare trail into Tomorrow, the grim Traveler who dared to gamble the world—to live again a million years too late!

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Donovan's Brain — **Curt Siodmak** — **54**

A brain that functioned outside its body—a gruesome but perfect triumph of science and a heartless scientist. Except for one thing the brain he played with was geared to play a deadly game of chess with the helpless minds of men!

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The Readers' Viewpoint — **6**

In the Next Issue — **119**

Cover by Saunders. Inside illustrations by Finlay and Lawrence.

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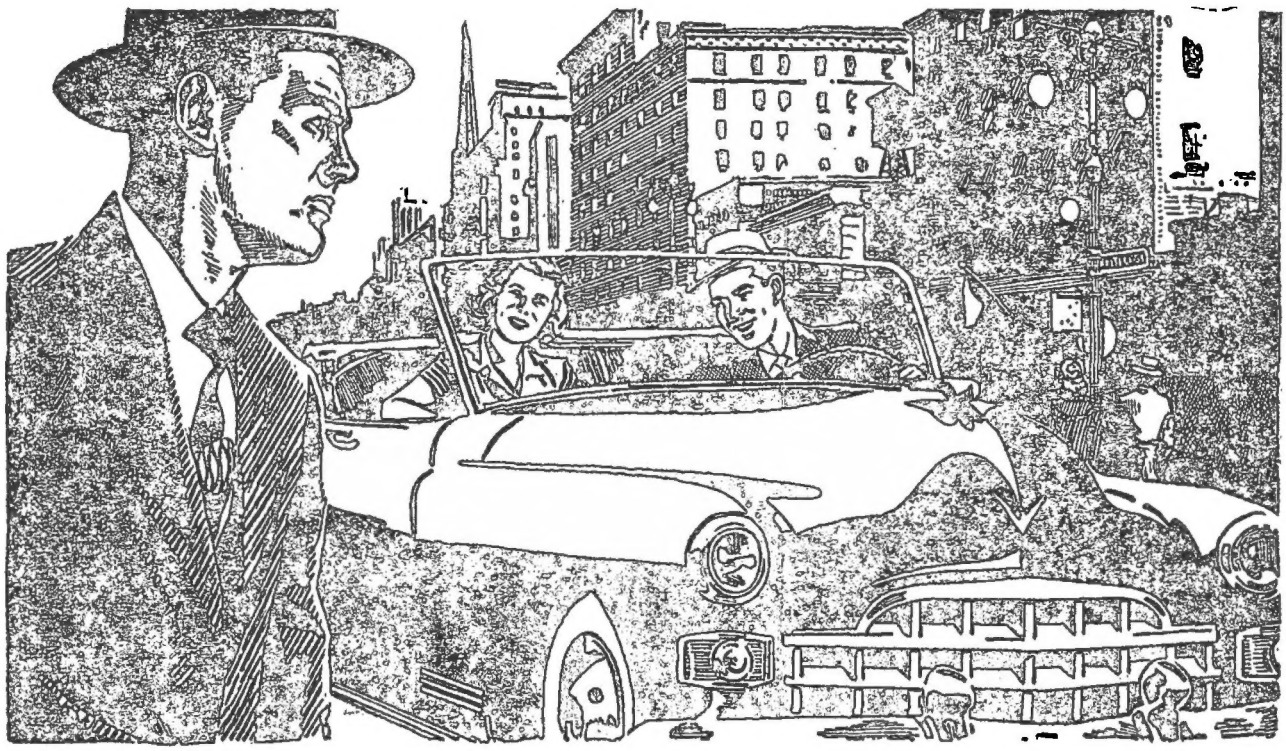

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The Readers' Viewpoint

Address comments to the Letter Editor, Famous Fantastic Mysteries, All-Fiction Field, Inc., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, New York.

ABOUT THE FUTURE

Dear Readers:

I am very glad to say that we have some new helpful collectors of fantasy added to our list of dependables—of which the "old-timers'" names I gave you in a recent issue. A letter from Dr. J. Lloyd Eaton of California with detailed description of books which may be made into future F.F.M.s has recently come to my desk. Also a long and careful list from Fred C. Brown of London, England, in reply to my questions on the long list of fantasy books which have only recently come to the attention of American readers, including myself. Mr. Stephen J. Takacs of New York City has also volunteered in advisory capacity.

Our former advisers are just as active as ever, of course.

We will welcome suggestions from everyone.

Famous Fantastic Mysteries has had considerable praise from the "fan" magazines recently, and has stood high in the various readers' polls and ratings of fantastic literature on the market. It is gratifying to know that in our choice from all the available stories in the world, we have been successful in pleasing almost everyone!

Our best arbiters, however, are the magazine's own readers, and their comments are most gratifying of all, as they are even more unstinting in their praise than the "outside" periodicals or groups of general magazine readers.

In this issue we are presenting you with two very choice gems, and for the suggestion that we give you "Donovan's Brain" by Curt Siodmak, we are all in-

(Continued on page 8)

They Never Knew It Was SO EASY To Play

Thousands Now Play Popular Songs Who Didn't Know a Note of Music Before

You, too, can learn your favorite instrument at home, without a teacher, this quick, easy, money-saving way

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(Continued from page 6)

debted to Mr. John C. Nitka of Brooklyn, N. Y. The story comes from *Black Mask*, of our own Popular Publications' magazine group.

"Fantastically" yours,
Mary Gnaedinger.

Beynon Enjoyable

Dear Editress:

The stories in the April 1950 issue of F.F.M. were most enjoyable: "The Secret People" and the novelette by Clarke. John Beynon is, of course, the pen name of John Beynon Harris, a British author who flourished in stf until the war.

The change in policy is most welcome. I suggest publication of "The Time Stream" by John Taine. One of the most popular serials ever to appear in Gernsback's *Wonder Stories*. Dec. 1931, Jan. Feb. Mar. 1932 issues.

Also, I recommend a few of the remaining Haggard Stories ("She and Alan," "Wisdom's Daughter") and "The Land That Time Forgot," a rare one by Burroughs, which appeared, for one place, in *Amazing Stories* Feb. Mar. April 1927.

I like the new style of spotting the story-title on a colored plate instead of on the painting; Lawrence shows a new style with his April issue cover, one which I like.

I'm glad to see Viewpoints is so long, and that it has welcomed in a trading-department and magazine clearing-house. I'm in the market for F.N., Vol. 1, Numbers 1, 2, 3, and 5; also F.F.M. 1946 issues; pre-1947 *Astounding;* pre-1946 *Amazing,* and a lot of other stuff. All lists welcome, and I'll answer each one.

One more thing: I'd like to mention my fanzine, *Spaceship,* which now sports a lithographed cover. Fifteen pages—five cents a copy. Thanks.

Bob Silverberg.

760 Montgomery St.,
Brooklyn 13, N. Y.

"Entirely Satisfying"

I am pleased to say that the April 1950 issue of F.F.M. was entirely satisfying. Completely so. And other such synonyms.

First, the cover may be called "muddy" by some critics of Lawrence (as has happened before) but it was very good. The small figures in the foreground were very much like Paul's painting. I think this cover is very appropriate and fits the title of the magazine.

The novel by John Beynon Harris was very good also. It is not terribly different from many previous novels, but that edge of sameness did not pervade while reading this story, as it has oftentimes before. The fact that it takes place in our own future and yet goes back thousands of years to the remnants of a prehistoric race, is a nice twist. Not one scene,

(Continued on page 122)

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THE TIME MACHINE

Defenseless, alone, he blazed his nightmare trail into Tomorrow, the grim Traveler who dared to gamble the world—to live again a million years too late!

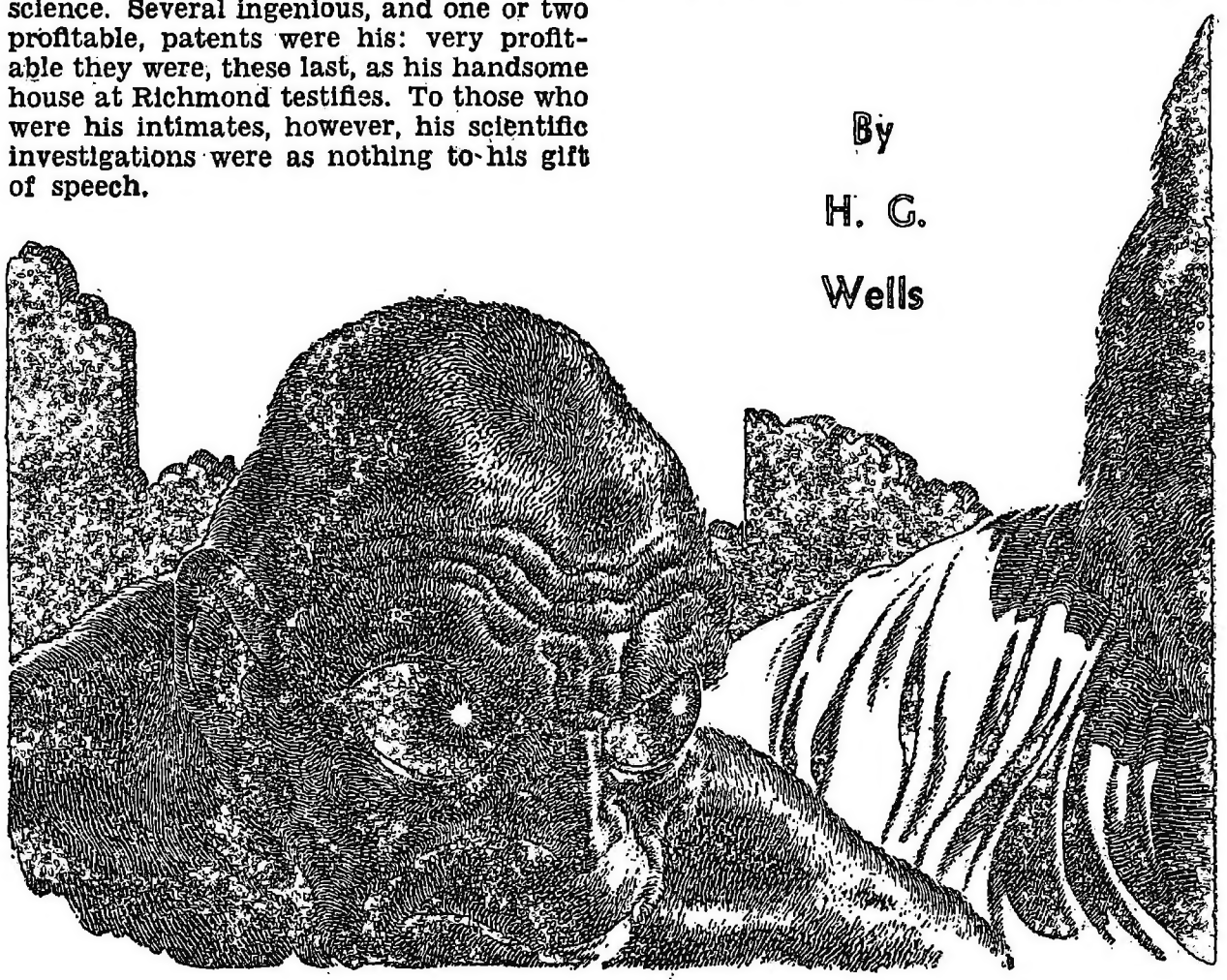
CHAPTER I

THE INVENTOR

THE man who made the Time Machine—the man I shall call The Time Traveler—was well known in scientific circles a few years since, and the fact of his disappearance is also well known. He was a mathematician of peculiar subtlety, and one of our most conspicuous investigators in molecular physics. He did not confine himself to abstract science. Several ingenious, and one or two profitable, patents were his: very profitable they were, these last, as his handsome house at Richmond testifies. To those who were his intimates, however, his scientific investigations were as nothing to his gift of speech.

In the after-dinner hours he was ever a vivid and variegated talker, and at times his fantastic, often paradoxical, conceptions came so thick and close as to form one continuous discourse. At these times he was as unlike the popular conceptions of a scientific investigator as a man could be. His cheeks would flush, his eyes grow bright; and the stranger the

By H. G. Wells



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"And now I was to see the most weird and horrible scene of all that I had beheld in that future age."

An Ageless Masterpiece of Fantasy

ideas that sprang and crowded in his brain, the happier and the more animated would be his exposition.

Up to the last there was held at his house a kind of informal gathering, which it was my privilege to attend, and where, at one time or another, I have met most of our distinguished literary and scientific men. There was a plain dinner at seven. After that we would adjourn to a room of easy-chairs and little tables, and there, with libations of alcohol and reeking pipes, we would invoke the god. At first the conversation was mere fragmentary chatter, with some local *lacunæ* of digestive silence; but toward nine or half-past nine, if the god was favorable, some particular topic would triumph by a kind of natural selection, and would become the common interest. So it was, I remember, on the last Thursday but one of all—the Thursday when I first heard of the Time Machine.

I had been jammed in a corner with a gentleman who shall be disguised as Filby. He had been running down Milton—the public neglects poor Filby's little verses shockingly; and as I could think of nothing but the relative status of Filby and the man he criticised, and was much too timid to discuss that, the arrival of that moment of fusion, when our several conversations were suddenly merged into a general discussion, was a relief to me.

"What's this nonsense?" said a well-known Medical Man, speaking across Filby to the Psychologist.

"He thinks," said the Psychologist, "that Time's only a kind of Space."

"It's not thinking," said the Time Traveler; "it's knowledge."

"Foppish affectation," said Filby, still harping upon his wrongs; but I feigned a great interest in this question of Space and Time.

"Kant—" began the Psychologist.

"Confound Kant!" said the Time Traveler. "I tell you I'm right. I've got experimental proof of it. I'm not a metaphysician." He addressed the Medical Man across the room, and so brought the whole company into his own circle. "It's the most promising departure in experimental work that has ever been made. It will simply revolutionize life. Heaven knows what life will be when I've carried the thing through."

"As long as it's not the water of immortality I don't mind," said the distinguished Medical Man. "What is it?"

"Only a paradox," said the Psychologist.

The Time Traveler said nothing in reply, but smiled and began tapping his pipe upon the fender curb. This was the invariable presage of a dissertation.

"You have to admit that time is a spatial dimension," said the Psychologist, emboldened by immunity and addressing the Medical Man, "and then all sorts of remarkable consequences are found inevitable, among others, that it becomes possible to travel about in time."

The Time Traveler chuckled. "You forget that I'm going to prove it experimentally."

"Let's have your experiment," said the Psychologist.

"I think we'd like the argument first," said Filby.

"It's this," said the Time Traveler. "You must follow me carefully. I shall have to controvert one or two ideas that are almost universally accepted. The geometry, for instance, they taught you at school is founded on a misconception."

"Is not that rather a large thing to expect us to begin upon?" said Filby.

"I do not mean to ask you to accept anything without reasonable ground for it. You will soon admit as much as I want from you. You know, of course, that a mathematical line, a line of thickness *nil*, has no real existence. They taught you that? Neither has a mathematical plane. These things are mere abstractions."

"That is all right," said the Psychologist.

"Nor, having only length, breadth, and thickness, can a cube exist."

"There I object," said Filby. "Of course a solid body may exist. All real things—"

"So most people think. But wait a moment. Can an instantaneous cube that does not last for any time at all, have a real existence?"

"Clearly," the Philosophical Inventor proceeded, "any real body must have extension in *four* directions: it must have Length, Breadth, Thickness, and—Duration. But through a natural infirmity of the flesh, which I will explain to you in a moment, we incline to overlook the fact. There are really four dimensions, three which we call the three planes of Space, and a fourth, Time. There is, however, a tendency to draw an unreal distinction between the former three dimensions and the latter, because it happens that our consciousness moves intermittently in one direction along the latter from the beginning to the end of our lives."

"That," said a Very Young Man, making spasmodic efforts to relight his cigar over the lamp: "that—is very clear indeed."

"NOW, it is very remarkable that this is so extensively overlooked," continued the Philosophical Inventor, with a slight accession of cheerfulness. "Really this is what is meant by the Fourth Dimension, though some people who talk about the Fourth Dimension do not know they mean it. It is only another way of looking at Time. *There is no difference between Time and any of the three dimensions of Space except that our consciousness moves along it.* But some foolish people have got hold of the wrong side of that idea. You have all heard what they have to say about this Fourth Dimension?"

"I have not," said the Provincial Mayor.

"It is simply this, that space, as our mathematicians have it, is spoken of as having three dimensions, which one may call Length, Breadth, and Thickness, and is always definable by reference to these planes, each at right angles to the others. But some philosophical people have been asking why *three* dimensions particularly —why not another direction at right angles to the other three?—and have even tried to construct a Four-Dimensional geometry. Professor Simon Newcomb was expounding this to the New York Mathematical Society only a month or so ago. You know how on a flat surface, which has only two dimensions, we can represent a figure of a Three-Dimensional solid, and similarly they think that by models of three dimensions they could represent one of four—if they could master the perspective of the thing. See?"

"I think so," murmured the Provincial Mayor; and, knitting his brows, he lapsed into an introspective state, his lips moving as one who repeats mystic words. "Yes, I think I see it now," he said after some time, brightening in a quite transitory manner.

"Well, I do not mind telling you I have been at work upon this geometry of Four Dimensions for some time. Some of my results are curious: for instance, here is a portrait of a man at eight years old, another at fifteen, another at seventeen, another at twenty-three, and so on. All these are evidently sections, as it were, Three-Dimensional representations of his Four-Dimensional being, which is a fixed and unalterable thing.

"Scientific people," proceeded the Philosopher, after the pause required for the proper assimilation of this, "know very well that Time is only a kind of Space. Here is a popular scientific diagram, a weather record. This line I trace with my finger shows the movement of the barometer. Yesterday it was so high, yesterday night it fell, then this morning it rose again, and so gently upward to here. Surely the mercury did not trace this line in any of the dimensions of space generally recognized? But certainly it traced such a line, and that line, therefore, we must conclude, was along the Time Dimension."

"But," said the Medical Man, staring hard at a coal in the fire, "if Time is really only a fourth dimension of Space, why is it, and why has it always been, regarded as something different? And why cannot we move about in Time as we move about in the other dimensions of Space?"

The Philosophical Person smiled. "Are you so sure we can move freely in Space? Right and left we can go, backward and forward freely enough, and men always have done so. I admit we move freely in two dimensions. But how about up and down? Gravitation limits us there."

"Not exactly," said the Medical Man. "There are balloons."

"But before the balloons, save for spasmodic jumping and the inequalities of the surface, man had no freedom of vertical movement."

"Still they could move a little up and down," said the Medical Man.

"Easier, far easier, down than up."

"And you cannot move at all in Time. You cannot get away from the present moment."

"My dear sir, that is just where you are wrong. That is just where the whole world has gone wrong. We are always getting away from the present moment. Our mental existences, which are immaterial and have no dimensions, are passing along the Time Dimension with a uniform velocity from the cradle to the grave. Just as we should travel *down* if we began our existence fifty miles above the earth's surface."

"But the great difficulty is this," interrupted the Psychologist: "You *can* move about in all directions of Space, but you cannot move about in Time."

"That is the germ of my great discovery. But you are wrong to say that we cannot move about in Time. For instance, if I am recalling an incident very vividly I go back to the instant of its occurrence; I become absent-minded, as you say. I jump back for a moment. Of course we have no means of staying back for any length of time any more than a savage or an animal has of staying six feet above the ground. But a civilized man is better

off than the savage in this respect. He can go up against gravitation in a balloon, and why should we not hope that ultimately he may be able to stop or accelerate his drift along the Time Dimension; or even to turn about and travel the other way?"

"Oh, *this*," began Filby, "is all—"

"Why not?" said the Philosophical Inventor.

"It's against reason," said Filby.

"What reason?" said the Philosophical Inventor.

"You can show black is white by argument," said Filby, "but you will never convince me."

"Possibly not," said the Philosophical Inventor. "But now you begin to see the object of my investigations into the geometry of Four Dimensions. Long ago I had a vague inkling of a machine—"

"To travel through Time!" said the Very Young Man.

"That shall travel indifferently in any direction of Space and Time, as the driver determines."

Filby contented himself with laughter.

"It would be remarkably convenient," the Psychologist suggested. "One might travel back and witness the battle of Hastings."

"Don't you think you would attract attention?" said the Medical Man. "Our ancestors had no great tolerance for anachronisms."

"One might get one's Greek from the very lips of Homer and Plato," the Very Young Man thought.

"In which case they would certainly plow you for the little-go. The German scholars have improved Greek so much."

"Then, there is the future," said the Very Young Man. "Just think! One might invest all one's money, leave it to accumulate at interest, and hurry on ahead."

"To discover a society," said I, "erected on a strictly communistic basis."

"Of all the wild extravagant theories—" began the Psychologist.

"Yes, so it seemed to me, and so I never talked of it until—"

"Experimental verification!" cried I. "You are going to verify *that!*"

"The experiment!" cried Filby, who was getting brain-weary.

"Let's see your experiment, anyhow," said the Psychologist, "though it's all humbug, you know."

The Time Traveler smiled round at us. Then, still smiling faintly, and with his hands deep in his trousers pockets, he walked slowly out of the room, and we heard his slippers shuffling down the long passage to his laboratory.

The Psychologist looked at us. "I wonder what he's got?"

"Some sleight-of-hand trick or other," said the Medical Man, and Filby tried to tell us about a conjuror he had seen at Burslem, but before he had finished his preface the Time Traveler came back, and Filby's anecdote collapsed.

The thing the Time Traveler held in his hand was a glittering metallic framework, scarcely larger than a small clock, and very delicately made. There was ivory in it, and some transparent crystalline substance. And now I must be explicit, for this that follows—unless his explanation is to be accepted—is an absolutely unaccountable thing. He took one of the small octagonal tables that were scattered about the room, and set it in front of the fire, with two legs on the hearthrug. On this table he placed the mechanism. Then he drew up a chair and sat down. The only other object on the table was a small shaded lamp, the bright light of which fell full upon the model. There were also perhaps a dozen candles about, two in brass candlesticks upon the mantel and several in sconces, so that the room was brilliantly illuminated.

I sat in a low armchair nearest the fire, and I drew this forward so as to be almost between the Time Traveler and the fireplace. Filby sat behind him, looking over his shoulder. The Medical Man and the Rector watched him in profile from the right, the Psychologist from the left. We were all on the alert. It appears incredible to me that any kind of trick, however subtly conceived and however adroitly done, could have been played upon us under these conditions.

THE Time Traveler looked at us and then at the mechanism.

"Well?" said the Psychologist.

"This little affair," said the Time Traveler, resting his elbows upon the table and pressing his hands together above the apparatus, "is only a model. It is my plan for a machine to travel through Time. You will notice that it looks singularly askew, and that there is an odd twinkling appearance about this bar, as though it was in some way unreal." He pointed to the part with his finger. "Also, here is one little white lever, and here is another."

The Medical Man got up out of his chair and peered into the thing. "It's beautifully made," he said.

"It took two years to make," retorted the Time Traveler. Then, when we had all done as the Medical Man, he said: "Now I want you clearly to understand that this lever, being pressed over, sends the machine gliding into the future, and this other reverses the motion. This saddle represents the seat of a time traveler. Presently I am going to press the lever, and off the machine will go. It will vanish, pass into future time, and disappear. Have a good look at the thing. Look at the table too, and satisfy yourselves there is no trickery. I don't want to waste this model, and then be told I'm a quack."

There was a minute's pause perhaps. The Psychologist seemed about to speak to me, but changed his mind. Then the Time Traveler put forth his finger toward the lever. "Now," he said suddenly; "lend me your hand." And turning to the Psychologist, he took that individual's hand in his own and told him to put out his forefinger. So that it was the Psychologist himself who sent forth the model Time Machine on its interminable voyage. We all saw the lever turn. I am absolutely certain there was no trickery. There was a breath of wind, and the lamp flame jumped. One of the candles on the mantel was blown out, and the little machine suddenly swung round, became indistinct, was seen as a ghost for a second perhaps, as an eddy of faintly glittering brass and ivory; and it was gone—vanished! Save for the lamp the table was bare.

Everyone was silent for a minute.

The Psychologist recovered from his stupor, and suddenly looked under the table. At that the Time Traveler laughed cheerfully. "Well?" he said, with a reminiscence of the Psychologist. Then, getting up, he went to the tobacco jar on the mantel, and with his back to us began to fill his pipe.

We stared at each other.

"Look here," said the Medical Man, "are you in earnest about this? Do you seriously believe that that machine has traveled into Time?"

"Certainly," said the Time Traveler, stooping to light a spill at the fire. Then he turned, lighting his pipe, to look at the Psychologist's face. (The Psychologist, to show that he was not unhinged, helped himself to a cigar and tried to light it uncut.) "What is more, I have a big machine nearly finished in there"—he indicated the laboratory—"and when that is put together I mean to have a journey on my own account."

"You mean to say that that machine has traveled into the future?" said Filby.

"Into the future or the past—I don't, for certain, know which."

After an interval the Psychologist had an inspiration.

"It must have gone into the past if it has gone anywhere," he said.

"Why?" said the Time Traveler.

"Because I presume that it has not moved in space, and if it traveled into the future it would still be here all this time, since it must have traveled through this time."

"But," said I, "if it traveled into the past it would have been visible when we came first into this room; and last Thursday when we were here; and the Thursday before that; and so forth!"

"Serious objections," remarked the Rector with an air of impartiality, turning toward the Time Traveler.

"Not a bit," said the Time Traveler, and, to the Psychologist: "You think. *You* can explain that. It's presentation below the threshold, you know, diluted presentation."

"Of course," said the Psychologist, and reassured us. "That's a simple point in Psychology. I should have thought of it. It's plain enough and helps the paradox delightfully. We cannot see it, nor can we appreciate this machine, any more than we can the spoke of a wheel spinning, or a bullet flying through the air. If it is traveling through time fifty times or a hundred times faster than we are, if it gets through a minute while we get through a second, the impression it creates will of course be only one-fiftieth or one-hundredth of what it would make if it were not traveling in time. That's plain enough." He passed his hand through the space in which the machine had been. "You see?" he said laughing.

We sat and stared at the vacant table for a minute or so.

Then the Time Traveler asked us what we thought of it all.

"It sounds plausible enough tonight," said the Medical Man; "but wait until tomorrow. Wait for the common sense of the morning."

"Would you like to see the Time Machine itself?" asked the Time Traveler. And therewith, taking the lamp in his hand, he led the way down the long, draughty corridor to his laboratory. I remember vividly the flickering light, his queer, broad head in silhouette, the dance of the shadows. how we all followed him, puzzled

but incredulous, and how there in the laboratory we beheld a larger edition of the little mechanism which we had seen vanish from before our eyes. Parts were of nickel, parts of ivory, parts had certainly been filed or sawn out of rock crystal. The thing was generally complete, but the twisted crystalline bars lay unfinished upon the bench beside some sheets of drawings, and I took one up for a better look at it. Quartz it seemed to be.

"Look here," said the Medical Man, "are you perfectly serious? Or is this a trick—like that ghost you showed us last Christmas?"

"Upon that machine," said the Time Traveler, holding the lamp aloft, "I intend to explore Time. Is that plain? I was never more serious in my life."

I THINK that at that time none of us quite believed in the Time Machine. The fact is, the Time Traveler was one of those men who are too clever to be believed; you never felt that you saw all round him; you always suspected some subtle reserve, some ingenuity in ambush, behind his lucid frankness. Had Filby shown the model and explained the matter in the Time Traveler's words, we should have shown *him* far less skepticism. The point is, we should have seen his motives—a pork-butcher could understand Filby. But the Time Traveler had more than a touch of whim among his elements, and we distrusted him. Things that would have made the fame of a clever man seemed tricks in his hands. It is a mistake to do things too easily. The serious people who took him seriously never felt quite sure of his department—they were somehow aware that trusting their reputations for judgment with him was like furnishing a nursery with eggshell china.

So I don't think any of us said very much about time traveling in the interval between that Thursday and the next, though its odd potentialities ran, no doubt, in most of our minds: its plausibility, that is, its practical incredibleness, the curious possibilities of anachronism and of utter confusion it suggested.

For my own part, I was particularly preoccupied with the trick of the model. That I remember discussing with the Medical Man, whom I met on Friday at the Linnæan. He said he had seen a similar thing at Tübingen, and laid considerable stress on the blowing-out of the candle. But how the trick was done he could not explain.

The next Thursday I went again to Richmond—I suppose I was one of the Time Traveler's most constant guests—and, arriving late, found four or five men already assembled in his drawing room. The Medical Man was standing before the fire with a sheet of paper in one hand and his watch in the other. I looked around for the Time Traveler, and—

"It's half past seven now," said the Medical Man. "I suppose we'd better have dinner?"

"Where's——?" said I, naming our host.

"You've just come? It's rather odd. He's unavoidably detained. He asks me in his note to lead off with dinner at seven if he's not back. Says he'll explain when he comes."

"It seems a pity to let the dinner spoil," said the Editor of a well-known daily paper; and thereupon the Doctor rang the bell.

The Psychologist was the only person besides the Doctor and myself who had attended the previous dinner. The other men were Blank, the Editor afore-mentioned, a certain journalist, and another—a quiet, shy man with a beard—whom I didn't know, and who, as far as my observation went, never opened his mouth all the evening. There was some speculation at the dinner-table about the Time Traveler's absence, and I suggested time traveling, in a half-jocular spirit. The Editor wanted that explained to him, and the Psychologist volunteered a wooden account of the "ingenious paradox and trick" we had witnessed that day week. He was in the midst of his exposition when the door from the corridor opened slowly and without noise. I was facing the door, and saw it first.

"Hallo!" I said. "At last!"

And the door opened wider, and the Time Traveler stood before us. I gave a cry of surprise.

"Good Heavens, man! what's the matter?" cried the Medical Man, who saw him next. And the whole tableful turned toward the door.

He was in an amazing plight. His coat was dusty and dirty, and smeared with green down the sleeves; his hair disordered, and as it seemed to me grayer—either with dust and dirt or because its color had actually faded. His face was ghastly pale; his chin had a brown cut on it—a cut half-healed; his expression was haggard and drawn, as by intense suffering. For a moment he hesitated in the doorway, as if he had been dazzled by the

light. Then he came into the room. He walked with just such a limp as I have seen in footsore tramps.

We stared at him in silence, expecting him to speak.

He said not a word, but came painfully to the table, and made a motion toward the wine. The Editor filled a glass of champagne and pushed it toward him. He drained it, and it seemed to do him good; for he looked round the table, and the ghost of his old smile flickered across his face.

"What on earth have you been up to, man?" said the Doctor.

The Time Traveler did not seem to hear. "Don't let me disturb you," he said, with a certain faltering articulation. "I'm all right." He stopped, held out his glass for more, and took it off at a draught. "That's good," he said. His eyes grew brighter, and a faint color came into his cheeks. His glance flickered over our faces with a certain full approval, and then went round the warm and comfortable room. Then he spoke again, still as it were feeling his way among his words. "I'm going to wash and dress, and then I'll come down and explain things. Save me some of that mutton. I'm starving for a bit of meat."

He looked across at the Editor, who was a rare visitor, and hoped he was all right. The Editor began a question.

"Tell you presently," said the Time Traveler. "I'm—funny! Be all right in a minute."

He put down his glass, and walked toward the staircase door. Again I remarked his lameness and the soft padding sound of his footfall, and standing up in my place I saw his feet as he went out. He had nothing on them but a pair of tattered, blood-stained socks. Then the door closed upon him. I had half a mind to follow, till I remembered how he detested any fuss about himself. For a minute, perhaps, my mind was wool gathering. Then, "Remarkable Behavior of an Eminent Scientist," I heard the Editor say, thinking (after his wont) in headlines. And this brought my attention back to the bright dinner table.

"What's the game?" said the Journalist. "Has he been doing the Amateur Cadger? I don't follow."

I met the eye of the Psychologist, and read my own interpretation in his face. I thought of the Time Traveler limping painfully upstairs. I don't think anyone else had noticed his lameness.

THE first to recover completely from this surprise was the Medical Man, who rang the bell—the Time Traveler hated to have servants waiting at dinner—for a hot plate. At that the Editor turned to his knife and fork with a grunt, and the Silent Man followed suit. The dinner was resumed. Conversation was exclamatory for a little while, with gaps of wonderment; and then the Editor got fervent in his curiosity.

"Does our friend eke out his modest income with a crossing, or has he his Nebuchadnezzar phases?" he inquired.

"I feel assured it's this business of the Time Machine," I said, and took up the Psychologist's account of our previous meeting.

The new guests were frankly incredulous. The Editor raised objections.

"What *was* this time traveling? A man couldn't cover himself with dust by rolling in a paradox, could he?"

And then, as the idea came home to him, he resorted to caricature. Hadn't they any clothes-brushes in the Future? The Journalist, too, would not believe at any price, and joined the Editor in the easy work of heaping ridicule on the whole thing. They were both the new kind of Journalist—very joyous, irreverent young men. "Our Special Correspondent in the Day After Tomorrow reports," the Journalist was saying—or rather shouting—when the Time Traveler came back. He was dressed in ordinary evening clothes, and nothing save his haggard look remained of the change that had startled me.

"I say," said the Editor hilariously, "these chaps here say you have been traveling into the middle of next week! Tell us all about little Rosebery, will you? What will you take for the lot?"

The Time Traveler came to the place reserved for him without a word. He smiled quietly, in his old way.

"Where's my mutton?" he said. "What a treat it is to stick a fork into meat again!"

"Story!" cried the Editor.

"Story be damned!" said the Time Traveler. "I want something to eat. I won't say a word until I get some peptone into my arteries. Thanks! And the salt."

"One word," said I. "Have you been time traveling?"

"Yes," said the Time Traveler, with his mouth full, nodding his head.

"I'd give a shilling a line for a verbatim note," said the Editor. The Time Traveler pushed his glass toward the Silent Man and rang it with his finger nail; at which the

Silent Man, who had been staring at his face, started convulsively, and poured him wine. The rest of the dinner was uncomfortable. For my own part, sudden questions kept on rising to my lips, and I dare say it was the same with the others. The Journalist tried to relieve the tension by telling anecdotes of Hettie Potter. The Time Traveler devoted his attention to his dinner, and displayed the appetite of a tramp. The Medical Man smoked a cigarette, and watched the Time Traveler through his eyelashes. The Silent Man seemed even more clumsy than usual, and drank champagne with regularity and determination out of sheer nervousness. At last the Time Traveler pushed his plate away, and looked around us.

"I suppose I must apologize," he said. "I was simply starving. I've had a most amazing time." He reached out his hand for a cigar, and cut the end. "But come into the smoking room. It's too long a story to tell over greasy plates." And ringing the bell in passing, he led the way into the adjoining room.

"You have told Blank and Dash and Chose about the machine?" he said to me, leaning back in his easy-chair and naming the three new guests.

"But the thing's a mere paradox," said the Editor.

"I can't argue to-night. I don't mind telling you the story, but I can't argue. I will," he went on, "tell you the story of what has happened to me, if you like, but you must refrain from interruptions. I want to tell it. Badly. Most of it will sound like lying. So be it! It's true—every word of it, all the same. I was in my laboratory at four o'clock, and since then—I've lived eight days—such days as no human being ever lived before! I'm nearly worn out, but I shan't sleep till I've told this thing over to you. Then I shall go to bed. But no interruptions! Is it agreed?"

"Agreed!" said the Editor.

And with that the Time Traveler began his story as I have set it forth. He sat back in his chair at first, and spoke like a weary man. Afterward he got more animated. In writing it down I feel with only too much keenness the inadequacy of pen and ink—and, above all, my own inadequacy—to express its quality. You read, I will suppose, attentively enough; but you cannot see the speaker's white, sincere face in the bright circle of the little lamp, nor hear the intonation of his voice. You cannot know how his expression followed the turns of his story!

Most of us hearers were in shadow, for the candles in the smoking room had not been lighted, and only the face of the Journalist and the legs of the Silent Man from the knees downward were illuminated. At first we glanced now and again at each other. After a time we ceased to do that, and looked only at the Time Traveler's face.

CHAPTER II

THE STORY BEGINS

"I TOLD some of you last Thursday of the principles of the Time Machine, and showed you the thing, incomplete, in the workshop. There it is now, a little travel-worn, truly; and one of the ivory bars is cracked, and the brass rail bent; but the rest of it is sound enough. I expected to finish it on Friday; but on Friday, when the putting together was nearly done, I found that one of the nickel bars was exactly one inch too short, and this I had to get re-made; so that the thing was not complete until this morning. It was at ten o'clock today that the first of all Time Machines began its career. I gave it a last tap, tried all the screws again, put one more drop of oil on the quartz rod, and sat myself in the saddle. I suppose a suicide who holds a pistol to his skull feels much the same wonder at what will come next as I felt then.

"I took the starting lever in one hand and the stopping one in the other, pressed the first, and almost immediately the second. I seemed to reel; I felt a nightmare sensation of falling; and, looking round, I saw the laboratory exactly as before. Had anything happened? For a moment I suspected that my intellect had tricked me. Then I noted the clock. A moment before, as it seemed, it had stood at a minute or so past ten; now it was nearly half-past three!

"I drew a breath, set my teeth, gripped the starting lever with both my hands, and went off with a thud. The laboratory got hazy and went dark. Mrs. Watchett came in, and walked, apparently without seeing me, toward the garden door. I suppose it took her a minute or so to traverse the place, but to me she seemed to shoot across the room like a rocket. I pressed the lever over to its extreme position. The night came like the turning out of a lamp, and in another moment came to-morrow. The laboratory grew faint and hazy, then fainter and ever fainter. To-morrow night

came black, then day again, night again, day again, faster and faster still. An eddying murmur filled my ears and a strange, dumb confusedness descended upon my mind.

"I am afraid I cannot convey the peculiar sensations of time-traveling. They are excessively unpleasant. There is a feeling exactly like that one has upon a switchback—of a helpless headlong motion! I felt the same horrible anticipation, too, of an imminent smash. As I put on pace, day followed night, like the flap, flap, flap of some rotating body. The dim suggestion of the laboratory seemed presently to fall away from me, and I saw the sun hopping swiftly across the sky, leaping it every minute, and every minute marking a day. I suppose the laboratory had been destroyed, and I had come into the open air.

"I had a dim impression of scaffolding, but I was already going too fast to be conscious of any moving things. The slowest snail that ever crawled dashed by too fast for me. The twinkling succession of darkness and light was excessively painful to the eye. Then in the intermittent darkness, I saw the moon spinning swiftly through her quarters from new to full, and had a faint glimpse of the circling stars. Presently, as I went on, still gaining velocity, the palpitation of night and day merged into one continuous grayness; the sky took on a wonderful deepness of blue, a splendid luminous color like that of early twilight; the jerking sun became a streak of fire, a brilliant arch in space, the moon a fainter fluctuating band; and I could see nothing of the stars, save now and then a brighter circle flickering in the blue.

"The landscape was misty and vague. I was still on the hillside upon which this house now stands, and the shoulder rose above me gray and dim. I saw trees growing and changing like puffs of vapor, now brown, now green; they grew, spread, fluctuated, and passed away. I saw huge buildings rise up faint and fair, and pass like dreams. The whole surface of the earth seemed changing—melting and flowing under my eyes. The little hands upon the dials that registered my speed raced round faster and faster. Presently I noted that the sun belt swayed up and down, from solstice to solstice, in a minute or less, and that, consequently, my pace was over a year a minute; and minute by minute the white snow flashed across the world and vanished, and was followed by the bright, brief green of spring.

"The unpleasant sensations of the start were less poignant now. They merged at last into a kind of hysterical exhilaration. I remarked, indeed, a clumsy swaying of the machine, for which I was unable to account. But my mind was too confused to attend to it, so with a kind of madness growing upon me I flung myself into futurity. At first I scarce thought of stopping, scarce thought of anything but these new sensations. But presently a fresh series of impressions grew up in my mind—a certain curiosity, and therewith a certain dread—until they at last took complete possession of me. What strange developments of humanity, what wonderful advances upon our rudimentary civilization, I thought, might not appear when I came to look nearly into the dim, elusive world that raced and fluctuated before my eyes!

"I saw great and splendid architectures rising about me, more massive than any buildings of our own time, and yet, as it seemed, built of glimmer and mist. I saw a richer green flow up the hillside, and remain there without any wintry intermission. Even through the veil of my confusion the earth seemed very fair. And so my mind came round to the business of stopping.

"THE peculiar risk lay in the possibility of my finding some substance in the space which I, or the machine, occupied. So long as I traveled at a high velocity through time, this scarcely mattered: I was, so to speak, attenuated—was slipping like a vapor through the interstices of intervening substances! But to come to a stop involved the jamming of myself, molecule by molecule, into whatever lay in my way, meant bringing my atoms into such intimate contact with those of the obstacle that a profound chemical reaction—possibly a far-reaching explosion—would result, and blow myself and my apparatus out of the Rigid Universe—out of all possible dimensions—into the Unknown.

"This possibility had occurred to me again and again while I was making the machine; but then I had cheerfully accepted it as an unavoidable risk—one of the risks a man has got to take! Now the risk was inevitable, I no longer saw it in the same cheerful light. The fact is that, insensibly, the absolute strangeness of everything, the sickly jarring and swaying of the machine, above all the feeling of prolonged falling, had absolutely upset my nerve. I told myself that I could never stop, and with a gust of petulance I resolved to stop forthwith. Like an impatient fool, I

lugged over the lever, and incontinently the thing went reeling over, and I was flung headlong through the air.

"There was the sound of a clap of thunder in my ears. I may have been stunned for a moment. A pitiless hail was hissing round me, and I was sitting on soft turf in front of the overset machine. Everything still seemed gray, but presently I remarked that the confusion in my ears was gone. I looked round me. I was on what seemed to be a little lawn in a garden, surrounded by rhododendron bushes, and I noticed that their mauve and purple blossoms were dropping in a shower under the beating of the hailstones. The rebounding, dancing hail hung in a little cloud over the machine, and drove along the ground like smoke. In a moment I was wet to the skin. 'Fine hospitality,' said I, 'to a man who has traveled innumerable years to see you!'

"Presently I thought what a fool I was to get wet. I stood up and looked round me. A colossal figure, carved apparently in some white stone, loomed indistinctly beyond the rhododendrons through the hazy downpour. But all else of the world was invisible.

"My sensations would be hard to describe. As the columns of hail grew thinner, I saw the white figure more distinctly. It was very large, for a silver birch tree touched its shoulder. It was of white marble, in shape something like a winged sphinx, but the wings, instead of being carried vertically at the sides, were spread so that it seemed to hover. The pedestal, it appeared to me, was of bronze, and was thick with verdigris.

"It chanced that the face was toward me; the sightless eyes seemed to watch me; there was the faint shadow of a smile on the lips. It was greatly weatherworn, and that imparted an unpleasant suggestion of disease. I stood looking at it for a little space—half a minute, perhaps, or half an hour. It seemed to advance and to recede as the hail drove before it denser or thinner. At last I tore my eyes from it for a moment, and saw that the hail curtain had worn threadbare, and that the sky was lightening with the promise of the sun.

"I looked up again at the crouching white shape, and the full temerity of my voyage came suddenly upon me. What might appear when that hazy curtain was altogether withdrawn? What might not have happened to men? What if cruelty had grown into a common passion? What if in this interval the race had lost its manliness, and had developed into something inhuman, unsympathetic, and overwhelmingly powerful? I might seem some old-world savage animal, only the more dreadful and disgusting for our common likeness—a foul creature to be incontinently slain.

"Already I saw other vast shapes—huge buildings with intricate parapets and tall columns, with a wooded hillside dimly creeping in upon me through the lessening storm. I was seized with a panic fear. I turned frantically to the Time Machine, and strove hard to readjust it. As I did so the shafts of the sun smote through the thunderstorm. The gray downpour was swept aside and vanished like the trailing garments of a ghost. Above me, in the intense blue of the summer sky, some faint brown shreds of clouds whirled into nothingness.

"The great buildings about me stood out clear and distinct, shining with the wet of the thunderstorm, and picked out in white by the unmelted hailstones piled along their courses. I felt naked in a strange world. I felt as perhaps a bird may feel in the clear air, knowing the hawk wings above will swoop.

"My fear grew to frenzy. I took a breathing space, set my teeth, and again grappled fiercely, wrist and knee, with the machine. It gave under my desperate onset and turned over. It struck my chin violently. One hand on the saddle, the other on the lever, I stood panting heavily in attitude to mount again.

"But with this recovery of a prompt retreat my courage recovered. I looked more curiously and less fearfully at this world of the remote future. In a circular opening, high up in the wall of the nearer house, I saw a group of figures clad in rich soft robes. They had seen me, and their faces were directed toward me.

"Then I heard voices approaching me. Coming through the bushes by the white sphinx were the heads and shoulders of men running. One of these emerged in a pathway leading straight to the little lawn upon which I stood with my machine. He was a slight creature—perhaps four feet high—clad in a purple tunic, girdled at the waist with a leather belt. Sandals or buskins—I could not clearly distinguish which—were on his feet; his legs were bare to the knees, and his head was bare. Noticing that, I noticed for the first time how warm the air was.

"He struck me as being a very beautiful and graceful creature, but indescribably

frail. His flushed face reminded me of the more beautiful kind of consumptive—that hectic beauty of which we used to hear so much. At the sight of him I suddenly regained confidence. I took my hands from the machine.

"IN ANOTHER moment we were standing face to face, I and this fragile thing out of futurity. He came straight up to me and laughed into my eyes. The absence of any sign of fear from his bearing struck me at once. Then he turned to the two others who were following him and spoke to them in a strange and very sweet and liquid tongue.

"There were others coming, and presently a little group of perhaps eight or ten of these exquisite creatures were about me. One of them addressed me. It came into my head, oddly enough, that my voice was too harsh and deep for them. So I shook my head and pointing to my ears shook it again. He came a step forward, hesitated, and then touched my hand. Then I felt other soft little tentacles upon my back and shoulders. They wanted to make sure I was real. There was nothing in this at all alarming. Indeed, there was something in these pretty little people that inspired confidence—a graceful gentleness, a certain childlike ease. And besides, they looked so frail that I could fancy myself flinging the whole dozen of them about like ninepins. But I made a sudden motion to warn them when I saw their little pink hands feeling at the Time Machine.

"Happily then, when it was not too late, I thought of a danger I had hitherto forgotten, and reaching over the bars of the machine I unscrewed the little levers that would set it in motion, and put these in my pocket. Then I turned again to see what I could do in the way of communication.

"And then, looking more nearly into their features, I saw some further peculiarities in their Dresden china type of prettiness. Their hair, which was uniformly curly, came to a sharp end at the neck and chest; there was not the faintest suggestion of it on the face, and their ears were singularly minute. The mouths were small, with bright red, rather thin lips, and the little chins ran to a point. The eyes were large and mild; and—this may seem egotism on my part—I fancied even then that there was a certain lack of the interest I might have expected in them.

"As they made no effort to communicate with me, but simply stood round me

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smiling and speaking in soft cooing notes to each other, I began the conversation. I pointed to the Time Machine and to myself. Then, hesitating for a moment how to express Time, I pointed to the sun. At once a quaintly pretty little figure in checkered purple and white followed my gesture, and then astonished me by imitating the sound of thunder.

"For the moment I was staggered, though the import of his gesture was plain enough. The question had come into my mind abruptly: Were these creatures fools? You may hardly understand how it took me. You see I had always anticipated that the people of the year Eight Hundred Thousand odd would be incredibly in front of us in knowledge, art, everything. Then one of them suddenly asked me a question that showed him to be on the intellectual level of one of our five-year-old children—asked me, in fact, if I had come from the sun in a thunderstorm! It let loose the judgment I had suspended upon their clothes, their frail, light limbs, and fragile features. A flow of disappointment rushed across my mind. For a moment I felt that I had built the Time Machine in vain.

"I nodded, pointed to the sun, and gave them such a vivid rendering of a thunderclap as startled them. They all withdrew a pace or so and bowed. Then came one laughing toward me, carrying a chain of beautiful flowers, altogether new to me, and put it about my neck. The idea was received with melodious applause; and presently they were all running to and fro for flowers, and laughingly flinging them upon me until I was almost smothered with blossoms.

"You who have never seen the like can scarcely imagine what delicate and wonderful flowers countless years of culture had created. Then someone suggested that their plaything should be exhibited in the nearest building, and so I was led past the sphinx of white marble, which had seemed to watch me all the while with a smile at my astonishment, toward a vast gray edifice of fretted stone. As I went with them the memory of my confident anticipations of a profoundly grave and intellectual posterity came, with irresistible merriment, to my mind.

"The building had a large entry and was altogether of colossal dimensions. I was naturally most occupied with the growing crowd of little people, and with the big open portals that yawned before me shadowy and mysterious. My general impression of the world I saw over their heads was of a tangled waste of beautiful bushes and flowers, a long neglected and yet weedless garden. I saw a number of tall spikes of strange white flowers, measuring a foot perhaps across the spread of the waxen petals. They grew scattered, as if wild, among the variegated shrubs, but, as I say, I did not examine them closely at this time. The Time Machine was left deserted on the turf among the rhododendrons.

"THE arch of the doorway was richly carved, but naturally I did not observe the carving very narrowly, though I fancied I saw suggestions of old Phoenician decorations as I passed through, and it struck me that they were very badly broken and weather-worn. Several more brightly clad people met me in the doorway, and so we entered, I, dressed in dingy nineteenth century garments, looking grotesque enough, garlanded with flowers, and surrounded by an eddying mass of bright, soft-colored robes and shining white limbs, in a melodious whirl of laughter and laughing speech.

"The big doorway opened into a proportionately great hall hung with brown. The roof was in shadow, and the windows, partially glazed with colored glass, and partially unglazed, admitted a tempered light. The floor was made up of huge blocks of some very hard white metal, not plates nor slabs—blocks, and it was so much worn, as I judged by the going to and fro of past generations, as to be deeply channeled along the more frequented ways. Transverse to the length were innumerable tables made of slabs of polished stone, raised, perhaps, a foot from the floor, and upon these were heaps of fruits. Some I recognized as a kind of hypertrophied raspberry and orange, but for the most part they were strange.

"Between the tables were scattered a great number of cushions. Upon these my conductors seated themselves, signing for me to do likewise. With a pretty absence of ceremony they began to eat the fruit with their hands, flinging peel, and stalks, and so forth, into the round openings in the sides of the tables. I was not loth to follow their example, for I felt thirsty and hungry. As I did so I surveyed the hall at my leisure.

"And perhaps the thing that struck me most was its dilapidated look. The stained-glass windows, which displayed only a geometrical pattern, were broken in many places, and the curtains that hung across

the lower end were thick with dust. And it caught my eye that the corner of the marble table near me was fractured. Nevertheless, the general effect was extremely rich and picturesque.

"There were, perhaps, a couple of hundred people dining in the hall, and most of them, seated as near to me as they could come, were watching me with interest, their little eyes shining over the fruit they were eating. All were clad in the same soft, and yet strong, silky material.

"Fruit, by the bye, was all their diet. These people of the remote future were strict vegetarians, and while I was with them, in spite of some carnal cravings, I had to be frugivorous also. Indeed, I found afterward that horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, had followed the ichthyosaurus into extinction. But the fruits were very delightful; one, in particular, that seemed to be in season all the time I was there—a floury thing in a three-sided husk—was especially good, and I made it my staple. At first I was puzzled by all these strange fruits, and by the strange flowers I saw, but later I began to perceive their import.

"However, I am telling you of my fruit dinner in the distant future now. So soon as my appetite was a little checked, I determined to make a resolute attempt to learn the speech of these new men of mine. Clearly that was the next thing to do. The fruits seemed a convenient thing to begin upon, and holding one of these up I began a series of interrogative sounds and gestures. I had considerable difficulty in conveying my meaning. At first my efforts met with a stare of surprise or inextinguishable laughter, but presently a fair-haired little creature seemed to grasp my intention and repeated a name.

"They had to chatter and explain their business at great length to each other, and my first attempts to make their exquisite little sounds of the language caused an immense amount of genuine, if uncivil amusement. However, I felt like a schoolmaster amid children, and persisted, and presently I had a score of noun substantives at least, at my command; and then I got to demonstrative pronouns, and even the verb 'to eat.' But it was slow work, and the little people soon tired and wanted to get away from my interrogations so I determined, rather of necessity, to let them give their lessons in little doses when they felt inclined. And very little doses I found they were before long, for I never met people more indolent or more easily fatigued.

"A QUEER thing I soon discovered about my little hosts, and that was their lack of interest. They would come to me with eager cries of astonishment, like children, but, like children, they would soon stop examining me, and wander away after some other toy. The dinner and my conversational beginnings ended, I noted for the first time that almost all those who had surrounded me at first were gone.

"It is odd, too, how speedily I came to disregard these little people. I went out through the portal into the sunlit world again as soon as my hunger was satisfied. I was continually meeting more of these men of the future, who would follow me a little distance, chatter and laugh about me, and, having smiled and gesticulated in a friendly way, leave me again to my own devises.

"The calm of evening was upon the world as I emerged from the great hall, and the scene was lit by the warm glow of the setting sun. At first things were very confusing. Everything was so entirely different from the world I had known—even the flowers. The big building I had left was situated on the slope of a broad river valley, but the Thames had shifted, perhaps a mile from its present position. I resolved to mount to the summit of a crest, possibly a mile and a half away, from which I could get a wider view of this our planet in the year 802,701, A.D. For that, I should explain, was the date the little dials of my machine recorded.

"As I walked I was watchful of every impression that could possibly help to explain the condition of ruinous splendor in which I found the world—for ruinous it was. A little way up the hill, for instance, was a great heap of granite, bound together by masses of aluminum, a vast labyrinth of precipitous walls and crumbled heaps, amid which were thick heaps of very beautiful pagoda-like plants—nettles possibly, but wonderfully tinted with brown about the leaves, and incapable of stinging.

"It was evidently the derelict remains of some vast structure, built to what end I could not determine. It was here that I was destined, at a later date, to have a very strange experience—the first intimation of a still stranger discovery—but of that I will speak in its proper place.

"Looking round, with a sudden thought, from a terrace on which I had rested for a while, I realized that there were no small houses to be seen. Apparently the single house, and possibly even the household,

had vanished. Here and there among the greenery were palace-like buildings, but the house and the cottage, which form such characteristic features of our own English landscape, had disappeared.

"'Communism,' said I to myself.

"And on the heels of that came another thought. I looked at the half dozen little figures that were following me. Then, in a flash, I perceived that all had the same form of costume, the same soft hairless visage, and the same girlish rotundity of limb. It may seem strange, perhaps, that I had not noticed this before. But everything was so strange. Now, I saw the fact plainly enough. In costume, and in all the differences of texture and bearing that now mark off the sexes from each other, these people of the future were alike. And the children seemed to my eyes to be but the miniatures of their parents. I judged then that children of that time were extremely precocious, physically at least, and I found afterward abundant verification of my opinion.

"Seeing the ease and security in which these people were living, I felt that this close resemblance of the sexes was, after all, what one would expect; for the strength of a man and the softness of a woman, the institution of the family, and the differentiation of occupations are mere militant necessities of an age of physical force. Where population is balanced and abundant, much child-bearing becomes an evil rather than a blessing to the State; where violence comes but rarely and offspring are secure, there is less necessity—indeed there is no necessity—of an efficient family, and the specialization of the sexes with reference to their children's needs disappears. We see some beginnings of this even in our own time, and in this future age it was complete. This, I must remind you, was my speculation at the time. Later, I was to appreciate how far it fell short of the reality.

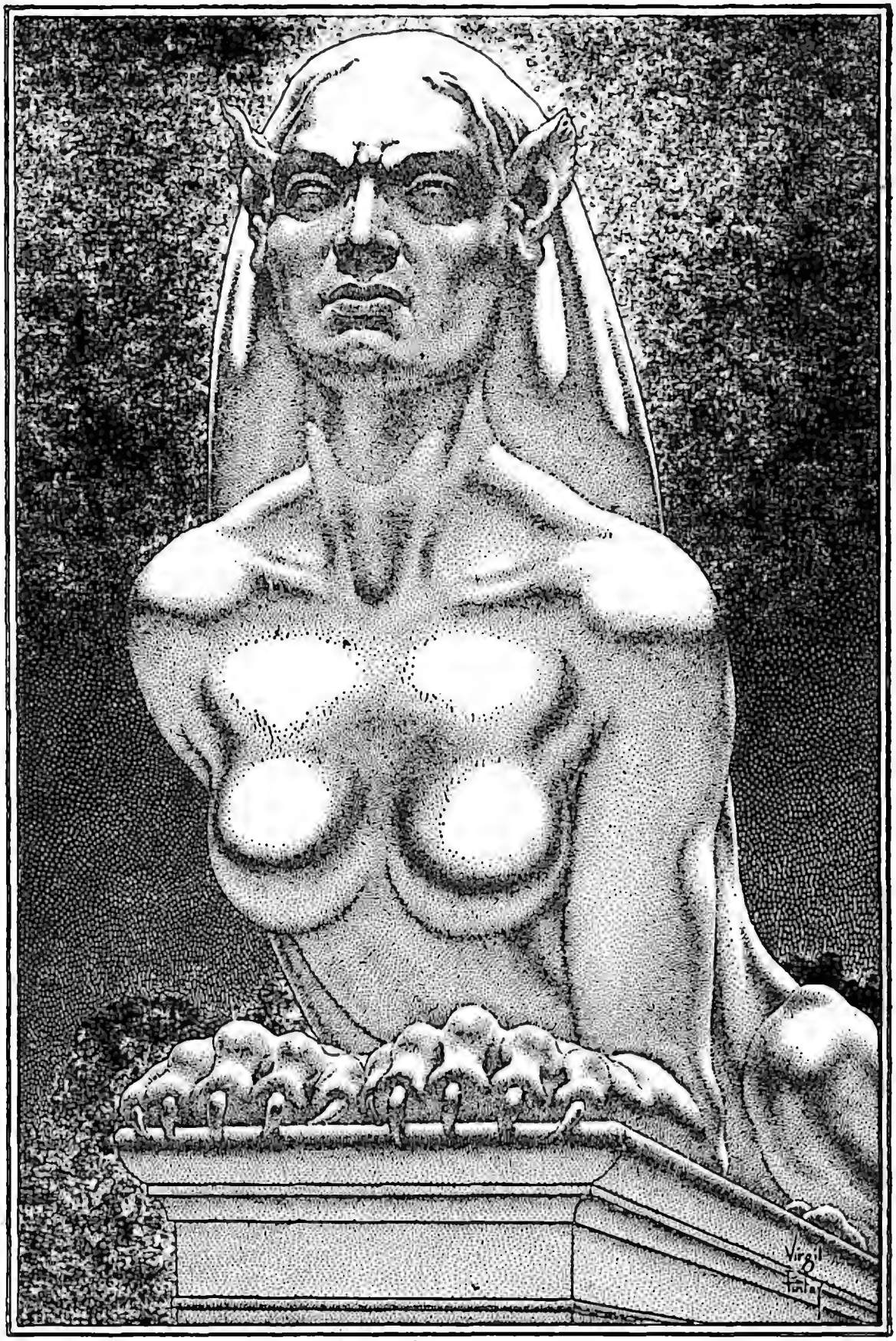
"While I was musing upon these things, my attention was attracted by a pretty little structure, like a well under a cupola. I thought in a transitory way of the oddness of wells still existing, and then resumed the thread of my speculations. There were no large buildings toward the top of the hill, and as my walking powers were evidently miraculous, I was presently left alone for the first time. With a strange sense of freedom and adventure I pushed up to the crest.

"There I found a seat of some yellow metal that I did not recognize, corroded in places with a kind of pinkish rust and half smothered in soft moss, the arm rests cast and filed into the resemblance of griffins' heads. I sat down on it, and surveyed the broad view of our old world under the sunset of that long day. It was as sweet and fair a view as I have ever seen. The sun had already gone below the horizon and the west was flaming gold, touched with some horizontal bars of purple and crimson. Below was the valley of the Thames, in which the river lay like a band of burnished steel. I have ready spoken of the great palaces dotted about among the variegated greenery, some in ruins and some still occupied. Here and there rose a white or silvery figure in the waste garden of the earth, here and there came the sharp vertical line of some cupola or obelisk. There were no hedges, no signs of proprietary rights, no evidences of agriculture; the whole earth had become a garden.

"SO watching, I began to put my interpretation upon the things I had seen, and as it shaped itself to me that evening, my interpretation was something in this way (afterward I found I had got only a half truth, or only a glimpse of one facet of the truth).

"It seemed to me that I had happened upon humanity upon the wane. The ruddy sunset set me thinking of the sunset of mankind. For the first time I began to realize an odd consequence of the social effort in which we are at present engaged. And yet, come to think, it is a logical consequence enough. Strength is the outcome of need; security sets a premium on feebleness. The work of ameliorating the conditions of life—the true civilizing process that makes life more and more secure—had gone steadily on to a climax. One triumph of a united humanity over Nature had followed another. Things that are now mere dreams had become projects deliberately put in hand and carried forward. And the harvest was what I saw!

"After all, the sanitation and the agriculture of to-day are still in the rudimentary stage. The science of our time has attacked but a little department of the field of human disease, but, even so, it spreads its operations very steadily and persistently. Our agriculture and horticulture destroy just here and there a weed and cultivate perhaps a score or so of wholesome plants, leaving the greater number to fight out a balance as they can. We im-



Above me towered the sphinx . . . white, shining, leprous in the light of the rising moon.

prove our favorite plants and animals—and how few they are—gradually by selective breeding; now a new and better peach, now a seedless grape, now a sweeter and larger flower, now a more convenient breed of cattle.

"We improve them gradually, because our ideals are vague and tentative, and our knowledge is very limited; because Nature, too, is shy and slow in our clumsy hands. Some day all this will be better organized, and still better. That is the drift of the current in spite of the eddies. The whole world will be intelligent, educated, and cooperating; things will move faster and faster toward the subjugation of Nature. In the end, wisely and carefully we shall readjust the balance of animal and vegetable life to suit our human needs.

"This adjustment, I say, must have been done, and done well: done indeed for all time, in the space of Time across which my machine had leaped. The air was free from gnats, the earth from weeds or fungi; everywhere were fruits and sweet and delightful flowers; brilliant butterflies flew hither and thither. The ideal of preventive medicine was attained. Diseases had been stamped out. I saw no evidence of any contagious diseases during my stay. And I shall have to tell you later that even the processes of putrefaction and decay had been profoundly affected by these changes.

"Social triumphs, too, had been effected. I saw mankind housed in splendid shelters, gloriously clothed, and as yet I had found them engaged in no toil. There were no signs of struggle, neither social nor economical struggle. The shop, the advertisement, traffic, all that commerce which constitutes the body of our world, was gone. It was natural on that golden evening that I should jump at the idea of a social paradise.

"The difficulty of increasing population had been met, I guessed, and population had ceased to increase.

"But with this change in condition come inevitably adaptations to the change. What, unless biological science is a mass of errors, is the cause of human intelligence and vigor? Hardship and freedom: conditions under which the active, strong, and subtle survive and the weaker go to the wall; conditions that put a premium upon the loyal alliance of capable men, upon self-restraint, patience, and decision. And the institution of the family, and the emotions that arise therein, the fierce jealousy, the tenderness for offspring, parental self-devotion, all found their justification and support in the imminent dangers of the young. *Now*, where are those imminent dangers? There is a sentiment arising, and it will grow, against passion of all sorts; unnecessary things now, and things that make us uncomfortable, savage survivals, discords in a refined and pleasant life.

"I thought of the physical slightness of the people, their lack of intelligence, and those big abundant ruins, and it strengthened my belief in a perfect conquest of Nature. For after the battle comes Quiet. Humanity had been strong, energetic, and intelligent, and had used all its abundant vitality to alter the conditions under which it lived. And now came the reaction of the altered conditions.

"UNDER the new conditions of perfect comfort and security, that restless energy, that with us is strength, would become weakness. Even in our own time certain tendencies and desires, once necessary to survival, are a constant source of failure. Physical courage and the love of battle, for instance, are no great help—may even be hindrances—to a civilized man. And in a state of physical balance and security, power, intellectual as well as physical, would be out of place. For countless years I judged there had been no danger of war or solitary violence, no danger from wild beasts, no wasting disease to require strength of constitution, no need of toil. For such a life, what we should call the weak are as well equipped as the strong, are, indeed, no longer weak. Better equipped indeed, they are, for the strong would be fretted by an energy from which there was no outlet.

"No doubt the exquisite beauty of the buildings I saw was the outcome of the last surgings of the now purposeless energy of mankind before it settled down into perfect harmony with the conditions under which it lived—the flourish of that triumph which began the last great peace. This has ever been the fate of energy in security; it takes to art and to eroticism, and then come languor and decay.

"Even this artistic impetus would at last die away—had almost died in the Time I saw. To adorn themselves with flowers, to dance, to sing in the sunlight; so much was left of the artistic spirit, and no more. Even that would fade in the end into a contented inactivity. We are kept keen on the grindstone of pain and necessity, and it seemed to me that here was that hateful grindstone broken at last!

"As I stood there in the gathering dark,

I thought that in this simple explanation I had mastered the problem of the world—mastered the whole secret of these delicious people. Possibly the checks they had devised for the increase of population had succeeded too well, and their numbers had rather diminished than kept stationary. That would account for the abandoned ruins. Very simple was my explanation, and plausible enough—as most wrong theories are.

"As I stood there musing over this too perfect triumph of man, the full moon, yellow and gibbous, came up out of an overflow of silver light in the northeast. The bright little figure ceased to move about below, a noiseless owl flitted by, and I shivered with the chill of the night. I determined to descend and find where I could sleep.

"I looked for the building I knew. Then my eye traveled along to the figure of the white sphinx upon the pedestal of bronze, growing distinct as the light of the rising moon grew brighter. I could see the silver birch against it. There was the tangle of rhododendron bushes, black in the pale light, and there was the little lawn. I looked at the lawn again. A queer doubt chilled my complacency. 'No,' said I stoutly to myself, 'that was not the lawn.'

"But it *was* the lawn. For the white leprous face of the sphinx was toward it. Can you imagine what I felt as this conviction came home to me? But you cannot. The Time Machine was gone!

"At once, like a slap across the face, came the possibility of losing my own age, of being left helpless in this strange new world. The bare thought of it was an actual physical sensation. I could feel it grip me at the throat and stop my breathing.

CHAPTER III

THE MACHINE IS LOST

"IN ANOTHER moment I was in a passion of fear, and running with great, leaping strides down the slope. Once I fell headlong and cut my face. I lost no time in stanching the blood, but jumped up and ran on, with a warm trickle down my cheek and chin. All the time I ran I was saying to myself: 'They have moved it a little—pushed it under the bushes out of the way.' Nevertheless, I ran with all my might. All the time, with the certainty that sometimes comes with excessive dread, I knew that such assurance was folly, knew instinctively that my machine was removed out of my reach.

"My breath came with pain. I suppose I covered the whole distance, from the hill crest to the little lawn, two miles perhaps, in ten minutes. And I am not a young man. I cursed aloud as I ran at my confident folly in leaving the machine, wasting good breath thereby. I cried aloud, and none answered. Not a creature seemed to be stirring in that moonlit world.

"When I reached the lawn my worst fears were realized. Not a trace of the thing was to be seen. I felt faint and cold when I faced the empty space among the black tangle of bushes. I ran round it furiously, as if the thing might be hidden in a corner, and then stopped abruptly with my hands clutching my hair. Above me towered the sphinx upon the bronze pedestal, white, shining, leprous in the light of the rising moon. It seemed to smile in mockery of my dismay.

"I might have consoled myself by imagining the little people had put the mechanism in some shelter for me, had not I felt assured of their physical and intellectual inadequacy. That is what dismayed me: the sense of some hitherto unsuspected power through whose intervention my invention had vanished. Yet of one thing I felt assured: unless some other age had produced its exact duplicate, the machine could not have moved in Time. The attachment of the levers—I will show you the method later—prevented anyone from tampering with it in that way when they were removed. It had been moved, and was hid only in Space. But, then, where could it be?

"I think I must have had a kind of frenzy. I remember running violently in and out among the moonlit bushes all round the sphinx, and startling some white animal that in the dim light I took for a small deer. I remember, too, late that night, beating the bushes with my clenched fists until my knuckles were gashed and bleeding from the broken twigs.

"Then, sobbing and raving in my anguish of mind, I went down to the great building of stone. The big hall was dark, silent, and deserted. I slipped on the uneven floor and fell over one of the malachite tables, almost breaking my shin. I lit a match and went on past the dusty curtains of which I have told you.

"There I found a second great hall covered with cushions, upon which perhaps a score or so of the little people were

sleeping. I have no doubt they found my second appearance strange enough, coming suddenly out of the quiet darkness with inarticulate noises and the splutter and flare of a match. For they had forgotten about matches.

"'Where is my Time Machine?' I began, bawling like an angry child, laying hands upon them and shaking them up together. It must have been very queer to them. Some laughed, most of them looked sorely frighted. When I saw them standing round me, it came into my head that I was doing as foolish a thing as it was possible for me to do under the circumstances, in trying to revive the sensation of fear. For reasoning from their daylight behavior I thought that fear must be forgotten.

"Abruptly I dashed down the match, and knocking one of the people over in my course, went blundering across the big dining hall again out under the moonlight. I heard cries of terror and their little feet running and stumbling this way and that. I do not remember all I did as the moon crept up the sky. I suppose it was the unexpected nature of my loss that maddened me. I felt hopelessly cut off from my own kind, a strange animal in an unknown world.

"I must have raved to and fro, screaming and crying upon God and Fate. I have a memory of horrible fatigue, as the long night of despair wore away, of looking in this impossible place and that, of groping among moonlit ruins and touching strange creatures in the black shadows; at last, of lying on the ground near the sphinx and weeping with absolute wretchedness, even anger at the folly of leaving the machine having leaked away with my strength. I had nothing left but misery.

"Then I slept, and when I woke again it was full day, and a couple of sparrows were hopping around me upon the turf within reach of my arm.

"I sat up in the freshness of the morning trying to remember how I had got there, and why I had such a profound sense of desertion and despair. Then things came clear in my mind. With the plain, reasonable daylight I could look my circumstances fairly in the face. I saw the wild folly of my frenzy overnight, and I could reason with myself.

"'Suppose the worst,' said I, 'suppose the machine altogether lost—perhaps destroyed. It behooves me to be calm and patient, to learn the way of the people, to get a clear idea of the method of my loss and the means of getting materials and tools, so that in the end, perhaps, I may make another. That would be my only hope, a poor hope, perhaps, but better than despair. And, after all, it was a beautiful and curious world.

"'But probably the machine had only been taken away. Still, I must be calm and patient, find its hiding place, and recover it by force or cunning.' And with that I scrambled to my feet and looked about me, wondering where I could bathe. I felt weary, stiff, and travel-soiled. The freshness of the morning made me desire an equal freshness. I had exhausted my emotion. Indeed, as I went about my business, I found myself wondering at my intense excitement overnight.

"THAT morning I made a careful examination of the ground about the little lawn. I wasted some time in futile questionings conveyed as well as I was able to such of the little people as came by. They all failed to understand my gestures—some were simply stolid; some thought it was a jest, and laughed at me. I had the hardest task in the world to keep my hands off their pretty, laughing faces. It was a foolish impulse, but the devil begotten of fear and blind anger was ill curbed, and still eager to take advantage of my perplexity. The turf gave better counsel. I found a groove ripped in it, about midway between the pedestal of the sphinx and the marks of my feet where, on arrival, I had struggled with the overturned machine.

"There were other signs of the removal of a heavy body about, of queer, narrow footprints like those I could imagine made by a sloth. This directed my closer attention to the pedestal. It was, as I think I have said, of bronze. It was not a mere block, but highly decorated with deep-framed panels on either side. I went and rapped at these. The pedestal was hollow. Examining the panels with care, I found them discontinuous with the frames. There were no handles nor keyholes, but possibly the panels, if they were doors, as I supposed, opened from within. One thing was clear enough to my mind. It took no very great mental effort to infer that my Time Machine was inside that pedestal. But how it got there was a different problem.

"I saw the heads of two orange-clad people coming through the bushes and under some blossom-covered apple trees toward me. I turned, smiling, to them, and beckoned them to me. They came, and

then, pointing to the bronze pedestal, I tried to intimate my wish to open it. But at my first gesture toward this, they behaved very oddly. I don't know how to convey their expression to you. Suppose you were to use a gross gesture to a delicate-minded woman—it is how she would look. They went off as if they had received the last possible insult.

"However, I wanted access to the Time Machine; so I tried a sweet-looking little chap in white next, with exactly the same result. Somehow, his manner made me ashamed of myself. But, as I say, I wanted the Time Machine. I tried one more. As he turned off like the others, my temper got the better of me. In three strides I was after him, had him by the loose part of his robe round the neck, and began dragging him toward the sphinx. Then I saw the horror and repugnance of his face, and all of a sudden I let him go.

"But I was not beaten yet. I banged with my fist at the bronze panels. I thought I heard something stir inside—to be explicit, I thought I heard a sound like a chuckle—but I must have been mistaken. Then I got a big pebble from the river, and came and hammered till I had flattened a coil in the decorations, and the verdegris came off in powdery flakes.

"The delicate little people must have heard me hammering in gusty outbreaks a mile away on either hand, but nothing came of it. I saw a crowd of them upon the slopes, looking furtively at me. At last, hot and tired, I sat down to watch the place. But I was too restless to watch long, and, besides, I am too Occidental for a long vigil. I work at a problem for years, but to wait inactive for twenty-four hours—that is another matter.

"I got up after a time, and began walking aimlessly through the bushes toward the hill again.

"'Patience,' said I to myself. 'If you want your machine again, you must leave that sphinx alone. If they mean to take your machine away, it's little good your wrecking their bronze panels, and if they don't, you will get it back so soon as you can ask for it. To sit among all those unknown things before a puzzle like that is hopeless. That way lies monomania. Face this world. Learn its way; watch it; be careful of too hasty guesses at its meaning. In the end you will find clews to it all."

"Then suddenly the humor of the situation came into my mind: the thought of the years I had spent in study and toil to get into the future age, and now my passion of anxiety to get out of it. I had made myself the most complicated and the most hopeless trap that ever a man devised. Although it was at my own expense, I could not help myself. I laughed aloud.

"Going through the big palace it seemed to me that the little people avoided me. It may have been my fancy, or it may have had something to do with my hammering at the gates of bronze. Yet I felt tolerably sure of the avoidance. I was careful, however, to show no concern, and to abstain from any pursuit of them, and in the course of a day or two things got back to the old footing.

I MADE what progress I could in the language, and in addition I pushed my explorations here and there. Either I missed some subtle point or their language was excessively simple, almost exclusively composed of concrete substantives and verbs. There seemed to be few, if any, abstract terms, or little use of figurative language. Their sentences were usually simple and of two words, and I failed to convey or understand any but the simplest

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propositions. I determined to put the thought of my Time Machine, and the mystery of the bronze doors under the sphinx, as much as possible in a corner of my memory until my growing knowledge would lead me back to them in a natural way. Yet a certain feeling you may understand tethered me in a circle of a few miles round the point of my arrival.

"So far as I could see, all the world displayed the same exuberant richness as the Thames valley. From every hill I climbed I saw the same abundance of splendid buildings, endlessly varied in material and style, the same clustering thickets of ever-greens, the same blossom-laden trees and tree ferns. Here and there water shone like silver, and beyond, the land rose into blue undulating hills and so faded into the serenity of the sky.

"A peculiar feature that presently attracted my attention was certain circular wells that appeared to sink to a profound depth. One lay by the path up the hill which I had followed during my first walk. There wells were rimmed with bronze, curiously wrought, and often protected by small cupolas from the rain. Sitting by the side of these, and peering down, I failed to see any gleam of water, and could catch no reflection from a lighted match. I heard a peculiar dull sound: thud, thud, thud, like the beating of some big engine, and I discovered from the flaring of the match that a steady current of air went down the shaft.

"Moreover, I carelessly threw a scrap of paper into the throat of the well, and instead of fluttering slowly down, it was at once sucked swiftly out of sight. After a time, too, I came to connect with these wells certain tall towers that stood here and there upon the hill slopes. Above these there was often apparent a peculiar flicker of the air, much as one sees it on a hot day above a sun-scorched beach.

"Putting these things together there certainly seemed to me a strong suggestion of an extensive system of subterraneous ventilation, though its true import was difficult to imagine. I was at first inclined to associate it with the sanitary apparatus of these people. It was the obvious suggestion of these things, but it was absolutely wrong.

"And here I must admit that I learned very little of drains, and bells, and modes of conveyance and the like conveniences during my time in this real future. In some of the fictitious visions of Utopias and coming times I have read, there is a vast amount of detail about building construction and social arrangements and so forth. But while such details are easy enough to obtain when the whole world lies in one's imagination, they are altogether inaccessible to a real traveler amid such realities as surrounded me. Conceive what tale of London a native from Central Africa would take back to his tribe. What would he know of railway companies, of social movements, of telephone and telegraph wires, of the parcels delivery company, and postal orders? And yet we at least would be willing enough to explain these things. And even of what he knew, how much could he make his untraveled friend believe? Then think how little is the gap between an uncivilized native and a man of our times, and how wide the interval between myself and the Golden Age people. I was sensible of much that was unseen, and which contributed to my comfort, but save for a general impression of automatic organization, I fear I can convey very little of the difference to your minds.

"In the matter of sepulcher, for instance, I could see no traces of crematoria or anything suggestive of tombs. But it occurred to me that possibly cemeteries or crematoria existed at some spot beyond the range of my explorations. This again was a question I deliberately put to myself, and upon which my curiosity was at first entirely defeated. Neither were there any old or infirm among them.

"I must confess that my satisfaction with my first theories at an automatic civilization and a decadent humanity did not endure. Yet I could think of none other. Let me put my difficulties. The several big palaces I had explored were mere living places, great dining halls and sleeping apartments. I could find no machinery, no appliances of any kind. Yet these people were clothed in pleasant fabrics that must at times need renewal, their sandals though without ornament were fairly complex specimens of metal work. Somehow such things must be made. And the little people displayed no vestige of the creative tendencies of our time. There were no shops, no workshops, no indications of importations from any other part of the earth. They spent all their time in playing gently, in bathing in the river, in making love in a half playful fashion, in eating fruit, and sleeping. I could not see how things were kept going.

"Then again about the Time Machine. Something, I knew not what, had taken it

into the hollow pedestal of the sphinx. Why? For the life of me I could not imagine.

"Then there were those wells without water, those flickering pillars. I felt I missed a clew somewhere. I felt—how shall I say it? Suppose you found an inscription with sentences here and there in excellent plain English, and interpolated therewith others made up of words, even of letters, absolutely unknown to you. That was how the world of 802,701 presented itself to me on the third day of my stay.

"ON THAT day, too, I made a friend —of a sort. It happened that as I was watching some of the little people bathing in a shallow of the river, one of them was seized with cramp and began drifting down the stream. The main current of the stream ran rather swiftly there, but not too swiftly for even a moderate swimmer. It will give you an idea, therefore, of the strange want of ideas of these people, when I tell you that none made the slightest attempt to rescue the weakly, crying little creature who was drowning before their eyes.

"When I realized this I hurriedly slipped off my garments, and wading in from a point lower down, caught the poor little soul and brought her to land.

"A little rubbing of the limbs soon brought her round, and I had the satisfaction of seeing that she was all right before I left her. I had got to such a low estimate of these little folks that I did not expect gratitude. In that, however, I was wrong.

"The incident happened in the morning. In the afternoon I met my little woman, as I believe it was, when I was returning toward my center from one of my explorations, and she received me with cries of delight and presented me with a big garland of flowers—evidently prepared for me.

"The action took my imagination. Very possibly I had been feeling desolate. At any rate I did my best to display my appreciation of the gift.

"We were soon seated together in a little stone arbor, engaged in a conversation that was chiefly smiles.

"The little creature's friendliness affected me exactly as a child's might. We passed each other flowers and she kissed my hands. I did the same to hers. Then I tried conversation and found out her name was Weena, which, though I don't know what it meant, somehow seemed appropriate enough. That was the beginning of a queer friendship that lasted altogether a week and ended—as I will tell you.

"She was exactly like a child. She wanted to be with me always. She tried to follow me everywhere, and it went to my heart to tire her out upon my next exploration and leave her behind at last exhausted, and calling after me rather plaintively. But the problems of the world had to be mastered. I had not, I said to myself, come into the future to carry on a miniature flirtation. Yet her distress when I left her was very great, her expostulations at the parting sometimes frantic, and I think altogether I had as much trouble as comfort from her affection. And yet she was, somehow, a very great comfort.

"I thought it was mere childish affection that made her cling to me. Until it was too late, I did not clearly know what I had inflicted upon her when I left her. Nor, until it was too late, did I clearly understand what she was to me. For the little doll of a creature, by merely seeming fond of me and showing in her weak futile way that she cared for me, presently gave my return to the neighborhood of the white sphinx, almost the feeling of coming home. I would watch for her little figure of white and gold so soon as I came over the hill.

"It was from her, too, that I learned that fear had not altogether left the world. She was fearless enough in the daylight, and she had the oddest confidence in me—for once in a foolish moment I made threatening grimaces at her, and she simply laughed at them. But she dreaded the dark, dreaded shadows, dreaded black things. Darkness to her was the one fearful thing. It was a singularly passionate dread, and it set me thinking and observing. I discovered then, among other things, that these little people gathered into the great houses after dark, and slept a number together. To enter upon them without a light was to put them into a tumult of apprehension. I never found one out of doors or one sleeping alone within doors after dark.

"Yet I was still such a blockhead that I missed the lesson of that fear, and in spite of Weena's evident distress insisted upon sleeping away from these slumbering heaps of humanity. It troubled her greatly, but usually her odd affection for me triumphed, and for five of the nights of our acquaintance, including the last night of

all, she slept with her head pillowed beside mine. But my story slips away from me as I speak of her.

"It must have been on the night before I rescued Weena that I woke up about dawn. I had been restless, dreaming most disagreeably that I was drowned and that sea anemones were feeling over my face with their soft palps. I awoke with a start, and with an odd fancy that some grayish animal had just rushed out of the chamber in which I slept.

"I tried to get to sleep again, but I felt restless and uncomfortable. It was that dim gray hour when things are just creeping out of the darkness, when everything is colorless and clear cut and yet unreal. I got up and went down into the great hall and out upon the flagstones in front of the palace. I thought I would make a virtue of necessity and see the sunrise.

"The moon was setting, and the dying moonlight and first pallor of dawn mingled together in a ghastly half-light. The bushes were inky black, the ground a somber gray, the sky colorless and cheerless. And up the hill slope I thought I saw ghosts. Then several times as I scanned the slope I saw white figures. Twice I fancied I saw a solitary white ape-like creature running rather quickly up the hill, and once near the ruins I saw a group of two carrying some dark body. They moved hastily. I did not see what became of them. It seemed that they vanished among the bushes.

"The dawn was still indistinct, you must understand. I was feeling that chill, uncertain, early morning feeling you may have experienced. I doubted my eyes. As the eastern sky grew brighter, and the light of the day increased, and vivid coloring came back to the world once more, I scanned the view keenly, but I saw no confirmation of my white figures. They were mere creatures of the half light.

"'They must have been ghosts,' said I; 'I wonder whence they darted.'

"For a queer notion of Grant Allen's came into my head and amused me. If each generation dies and leaves ghosts, he argues, the world at last will get overcrowded with them. On that theory they would have become very thick in eight hundred thousand years from now, and it was no great wonder to see four all at once. But the jest was unsatisfactory, and I was thinking of these figures all the morning until the rescue of Weena drove the subject out of my head. I associated them in some indefinite way with the white animal I had startled in my first passionate search for the Time Machine. But Weena was a pleasant substitute for such a topic.

"THESE ghostly shapes were soon destined to take possession of my mind in a far more vivid fashion. I think I have said how much hotter than our own was the weather of this future age. I cannot account for it. It may be the sun was hotter, or else the earth was nearer the sun. It is usual to assume that the sun will go on cooling steadily in the future, but people unfamiliar with such speculations as those of the younger Darwin, forget that the planets must ultimately, one by one, fall back into the parent body. As these catastrophies occur the sun will blaze out again with renewed energy. It may be that some inner planet had suffered this fate. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that the sun was very much hotter than it is now.

"It was one very hot morning, my fourth morning, I think, as I was seeking a refuge from the heat and glare in a colossal ruin near the great house where I sheltered, that this remarkable incident occurred. Clambering among these heaps of masonry, I found a long narrow gallery, the end and side windows of which were blocked by fallen masses of masonry and which by contrast with the brilliance outside seemed at first impenetrably dark to me.

"I entered it groping, for the change from light to blackness made spots of color swim before me. Suddenly I halted spellbound. A pair of eyes, luminous by reflection against the daylight without, was watching me out of the obscurity!

"The old instinctive dread of wild animals came upon me. I clenched my hands and steadfastly looked into the glaring eyeballs. I feared to turn. Then the thought of the absolute security in which humanity appeared to be living came to my mind. Then I remembered that strange dread of the dark.

"Overcoming my fear to some extent, I advanced a step, and spoke. I will admit that my voice was hoarse. I put out my hand, and touched something soft.

"At once the eyes darted sideways, and something white ran past me. I turned, with my heart in my mouth, and saw a queer little ape-like figure, with the head held down in a peculiar manner, running across the sunlit space behind me. It blundered against a block of granite, staggered aside, and in a moment was hidden

in a black shadow beneath another pile of ruined masonry.

"My impression of it was of course very imperfect. It was of a dull white color, and had strange, large, grayish-red eyes. There was some flaxen hair on its head and down its back. But, as I say, it went too fast for me to see distinctly. I cannot even say whether it ran on all fours, or only with its forearms held very low.

"After a momentary hesitation, I followed the creature into the second heap of ruins. I could not find it there at first, but after a time, in the profound obscurity I came upon one of those round, well-like openings, of which I have told you, half closed by a fallen pillar. A sudden thought came to me. Could the thing have vanished down the shaft? I lit a match, and, looking down, saw a small white moving figure, with large bright eyes, that regarded me steadfastly as it retreated.

"The thing made me shudder. It was so like a human spider. It was clambering down the wall of the shaft, and now I noticed for the first time a number of metal projections for foot and hand, forming a kind of ladder down.

"Suddenly the light burned my fingers and fell out of my hand, going out as it dropped; and when I had lit another, the little monster had disappeared.

"I do not know how long I sat peering down the portentous well. Very slowly could I persuade myself that thing I had seen was a man. But gradually the real truth dawned upon me; that man had not remained one species, but had differentiated into two distinct animals; that my graceful children of the upperworld were not the only descendants of the men of my generation, but that this bleached, nocturnal thing that had flashed before me, was also heir to our age.

"I thought of the flickering pillars, and of my theory of an underground ventilation. I began to suspect their true import.

"But what was this creature doing in my scheme of a perfectly balanced organization? How was it related to the indolent serenity of the beautiful overworld people? And what was hidden down below there? I sat upon the edge of the well, telling myself I had nothing to fear in descending, and that there must I go for the solution of my difficulties, and withal I was absolutely afraid to go down.

"As I hesitated, two of the beautiful upperworld people came running in their amorous sport, across the daylight into the shadow. One pursued the other, flinging flowers at her as he ran. They seemed disappointed when they found me with my arm against the overturned pillar, peering down the well. Apparently, it was considered bad form to notice these apertures, for when I pointed to it, and tried to frame a question about it in their tongue, they seemed distressed, and turned away. They were, however, interested by my matches, and I struck several to amuse them.

"However, all my attempts to woo them toward the subject I wanted failed; and presently I left them. I resolved to go back to Weena, and see what I could get from her.

"But my mind was already in revolution, my guesses and impressions slipping and sliding to a new adjustment. I had now the clew to these wells, to the ventilating towers, to the problem of the ghosts, and a hint, indeed, of the meaning of the bronze gates and the fate of the Time Machine. Vaguely indeed, there came a suggestion toward the economic problem that had puzzled me.

"Here was the new view: Evidently this second species of man was subterranean. There were three circumstances in particular that made me think its rare emergence upon the surface was the outcome of long subterraneous habit. In the first place, the bleached appearance, common in most animals that live largely in the dark—the white fish of the Kentucky caves, for instance. Then the large eyes and their capacity for reflecting the light—a common feature of nocturnal eyes, witness the owl and the cat. And finally the evident confusion in the sunlight, the hasty flight toward dark shadow, and the carriage of the head while in the light, re-enforced the idea of an extremely sensitive retina.

"BENEATH my feet, then, the earth must be tunneled out to an enormous extent, and in these caverns the new race lived. The presence of ventilating shafts and wells all along the hill slopes—everywhere, in fact, except along the river valley—showed how universally the ramifications of the underworld extended.

"And it was natural to assume that it was in the underworld that the necessary work of the overworld was performed. This was so plausible that I accepted it unhesitatingly. From that I went on to assume how the splitting of the human species came about. I dare say you will

anticipate what shape my theory took, though I soon felt it was still short of the truth of the case.

"But at first, starting from the problems of our own age, it seemed as clear as daylight to me that the gradual widening of the present merely temporary and social difference of the capitalist from the laborer was the key to the explanation.

"No doubt it will seem grotesque enough to you and wildly incredible, and yet even now there are circumstances that point in the way things have gone. There is a tendency plainly enough to utilize underground space for the less ornamental purposes of civilization; there is the Metropolitan Railway in London, for instance, and all these new electric railways; there are subways, and underground workrooms, restaurants, and so forth.

"Evidently, I thought, this tendency had increased until industry had gradually lost sight of the day, going into larger and larger underground factories, in which the workers would spend an increasing amount of their time. Even now, an East End worker lives in such artificial conditions as practically to be cut off from the natural surface of the earth and the clear sky altogether.

"Then again, the exclusive tendency of richer people, due, no doubt, to the increasing refinement of their education and the widening gulf between them and the rude violence of the poor, is already leading to the closing of considerable portions of the surface of the country against these latter. About London, for instance, perhaps half the prettier country is shut up from such intrusion. And the same widening gulf, due to the length and expense of the higher education process and the increased facilities for, and temptation toward, forming refined habits among the rich, will make that frequent exchange between class and class, that promotion and intermarriage which at present retards the splitting of our species along the lines of social stratification, less and less frequent.

"So, in the end, you would have above ground the Haves, pursuing health, comfort, and beauty, and below ground the Have-nots; the workers, getting continually adapted to their labor. No doubt, once they were below ground, considerable rents would be charged for the ventilation of their caverns. Workers who struck work would starve or be suffocated for arrears of ventilator rent; workers who were too miserable and rebellious would die.

"In the end, if the balance was held permanent, the survivors would become as well adapted to the conditions of their subterranean life as the overworld people were to theirs, and as happy in their way. It seemed to me that the refined beauty of the overworld, and the etiolated pallor of the lower, followed naturally enough.

"The great triumph of humanity I had dreamed of now took a different shape in my mind. It had been no triumph of universal education and general co-operation, such as I had imagined at the first. Instead, I saw a real aristocracy, armed with a perfected science and working out of a logical conclusion the industrial system of to-day. The triumph of the overworld humanity had not been simply a triumph over nature, but a triumph over nature and their fellowmen.

"I must warn you this was my theory at the time. I had no convenient Cicerone on the pattern of the Utopian books. My explanation may be absolutely wrong. I still think it the most plausible one. But even on this supposition the balanced civilization that was at last attained must have long since passed its zenith, and was now far gone in decay. The too perfect security of the overworld had led these to a slow movement of degeneration at last—to a general dwindling of size, strength, and intelligence. That I already saw clearly enough, but what had happened to the lower world I did not yet suspect. Yet from what I had seen of the Morlocks—that, by the bye, was the name by which these creatures were called—I could imagine the modification of the human type was far more profound in the underworld than among the Eloi, the beautiful races that I already knew.

"Then came some troublesome doubts. Why had the Morlocks taken my Time Machine? For I felt sure these underpeople had taken it. Why, too, if the Eloi were masters, could they not restore the thing to me?"

"And why were the Eloi so afraid of the dark?

"I determined, as I have said, to question Weena about this underworld, but here again I was disappointed. At first she would not understand my questions, and then she refused to answer. She shivered as though the topic was unendurable. And when I pressed her, perhaps a little harshly, she burst into tears.

"They were the only tears I ever saw in that future age, except my own. When I saw them I ceased abruptly to trouble

about the Morlocks, and was only concerned in driving these signs of her human inheritance out of her eyes again. And presently she was smiling and clapping her hands while I solemnly burnt a match.

CHAPTER IV

THE MORLOCKS

"IT MAY seem odd, but it was two days before I could follow the clew of the Morlocks in what was manifestly the proper way, and descend into the well. I felt a peculiar shrinking from their pallid bodies. They were just the half-bleached color of the worms and things one sees preserved in spirit in a zoological museum. And they were cold to the touch. Probably my shrinking was largely due to the sympathetic influence of the Eloi, whose disgust of the Morlocks I now began to appreciate.

"The next night I did not sleep very well. Possibly my health was a little disordered: I was oppressed with doubt and perplexity. Once or twice I had a feeling of intense fear for which I could perceive no definite reason. I remember creeping noiselessly into the great hall where the little people were sleeping in the moonlight—that night it was that Weena was among them—and feeling reassured by their presence. It occurred to me even then that when in the course of a few days the moon passed through its last quarter and the nights became dark, the appearance of these unpleasant creatures from below, these whitened Lemurs, these new vermin that had replaced the old, might be more abundant.

"On both these days I had the restless feeling of one who shirks an inevitable duty. I felt assured that the Time Machine was only to be recovered by boldly penetrating these subterranean mysteries. Yet I could not face it. If I had only had a companion it would have been different. But I was so horribly alone, and even to clamber down into the darkness of the well appalled me.

"I don't know if you will understand my feeling, but I never felt quite safe at my back.

"It was this restless feeling, perhaps, that drove me further than I had hitherto gone in my exploring expeditions. Going to the southwestward toward the rising country that is now called Combe Wood, I observed far off, in the direction of nineteenth century Banstead, a vast green pile, of a different character from any I had hitherto seen. It was larger than even the largest of the palaces or ruins I knew, and the façade appeared to me oriental in its character. The face of it had the luster as well as the pale green tint, a kind of bluish green, of a certain type of Chinese porcelain.

"The difference in appearance in the building suggested a difference in its use. I was minded to push on and explore it. But the day was growing late and I had come upon the sight of the place after a long and tiring circuit. I resolved to postpone this examination for the following day, and returned to the welcome and caresses of little Weena.

"But the next morning I was in a mood of remorse for my hesitation in descending the well and facing the Morlocks in their caverns. I perceived my curiosity regarding this great pile of Green Porcelain was a mere self-deception to shirk the experience I dreaded by another day. I resolved I would make the descent without further waste of time, and started out in the early morning toward a well near the ruins of granite and aluminum.

"Little Weena ran by my side. She followed me to the well dancing, but when she saw me lean over the mouth and look downward, she seemed strangely disconcerted.

"'Good-by, little Weena,' said I, kissing her, and then putting her down I began to feel over the parapet for the climbing hooks—rather hastily, for I feared my courage might leak away.

"At first Weena watched me in amazement, and then she gave a most piteous cry, and running to me began to pull at me with her little hands. I think her opposition nerved me rather to proceed. I shook her off, perhaps a little roughly, and in another moment I was in the throat of the well.

"I saw her agonized face over the parapet, and smiled to reassure her. Then I had to look down at the unstable hooks by which I hung.

"I had to clamber down a shaft of perhaps two hundred yards. The descent was effected by means of metallic bars projecting from the sides of the well, and since they were adapted to the needs of a creature much smaller and lighter than myself, I was speedily cramped and fatigued by the descent. And not simply fatigued. My weight suddenly bent one of the hooks and almost swung me off it down into the blackness beneath.

"For a moment I hung by one hand, and after that experience I didn't dare to rest again, and though my arms and back were presently acutely painful, I continued to clamber with as quick a motion as possible down the sheer descent. Glancing upward I saw the aperture, a mere small blue disk above me, in which a star was visible, and little Weena's head appeared as a round black projection. The thudding sound of some machine below me grew louder and more oppressive. Everything save that minute circle above was profoundly dark. When I looked up again Weena had disappeared.

"I was in an agony of discomfort. I had some thought of trying to go up the shaft again, and leave the underworld alone. But while I turned this over in my mind I continued to descend.

"It was with intense relief that I saw dimly coming up a foot to the right of me, a slender loophole in the wall of the shaft, and swinging myself in, found it was the aperture of a narrow horizontal tunnel in which I could lie down and rest.

"It was not too soon. My arms ached, my back was cramped, and I was trembling with the prolonged fear of falling. Besides this, the unbroken darkness had had a distressing effect upon my eyes. The air was full of the throbbing and hum of the machinery that pumped the air down the shaft.

"I DO not now how long I lay in that tunnel. I was roused by a soft hand touching my face. Starting up in the darkness, I snatched at my matches and hastily striking one saw three grotesque, white creatures, similar to the one I had seen above ground in the ruin, hastily retreating before the light. Living as they did in what appeared to me impenetrable darkness, their eyes were abnormally large and sensitive, just as are the eyes of the abyssmal fishes or of any purely nocturnal creatures and they reflected the light in the same way.

"I have no doubt they could see me in that rayless obscurity, and they did not seem to have any fear of me apart from the light. But so soon as I struck a match in order to see them, they fled incontinently, vanishing up dark gutters and tunnels from which their eyes glared at me in the strangest fashion.

"I tried to call to them, but what language they had was apparently a different one from that of the overworld people. So that I was needs left to my own unaided exploration. The thought of flight rather than exploration was even at that time in my mind.

" 'You are in for it now,' said I to myself, and went on.

"Feeling my way along this tunnel of mine, the confused noise of machinery grew louder, and presently the walls fell away from me and I came to a large open space, and striking another match saw I had entered a vast arched cavern extending into darkness, at last, beyond the range of my light.

"The view I had of this cavern was as much as one could see in the burning of a match. Necessarily my memory of it is very vague. Great shapes like big machines rose out of the dim and threw grotesque black shadows, in which the spectral Morlocks sheltered from the glare. The place, by the bye, was very stuffy and oppressive, and the faint *halitus* of freshly shed blood was in the air.

"Some way down the central vista was a little table of white metal upon which a meal seemed to be spread. The Morlocks at any rate were carnivorous. Even at the time I remember thinking what large animal could have survived to furnish the red joint I saw. It was all very indistinct, the heavy smell, the big unmeaning shapes, the white figures lurking in the shadows, and only waiting for the darkness to come at me again. Then the match burned down and stung my fingers and fell, a wriggling red spot in the black.

"I have thought since how particularly ill equipped I was. When I had started with the Time Machine I had started with the absurd assumption that the men of the future would certainly be infinitely in front of us in all their appliances. I had come without arms, without medicine, without anything to smoke—at times I missed tobacco frightfully—even without enough matches. If I had only thought of a kodak! I could have flashed that glimpse of the underworld in a second and examined it at leisure. But as it was, I stood there with only the weapons and powers that Nature had endowed me with—hands, feet and teeth—except four safety matches that still remained to me.

"I was afraid to push my way in among all this machinery in the dark, and it was only with my last glimpse of light I discovered that my store of matches had run low. It had never occurred to me until that moment that there was any need to economize them, and I had wasted almost half of the box in astonishing the

above-ground people, to whom fire was a novelty. As I say, I had four left.

"Then while I stood in the dark a hand touched mine; then some lank fingers came feeling over my face. I was sensible of a dull, unpleasant odor. I fancy I detected the breathing of a number of those little beings about me. I felt the box of matches in my hand being gently disengaged, and other hands behind me plucking at my clothing.

"The sense of these unseen creatures examining me was indescribably unpleasant. The sudden realization of my ignorance of their ways of thinking and possible actions came home to me very vividly in the darkness. I shouted at them as loudly as I could. They started away from me, and then I could feel them approaching me again. They clutched at me more boldly, whispering odd sounds to each other. I shivered violently and shouted again, rather discordantly. This time they were not so seriously alarmed and made a queer laughing noise as they came toward me again.

"I will confess I was horribly frightened. I determined to strike another match and escape under its glare. Eking it out with a scrap of paper from my pocket, I made good my retreat to the narrow tunnel. But hardly had I entered this when my light was blown out, and I could hear them in the blackness rustling like wind among leaves and pattering like the rain, as they hurried after me.

"In a moment I was clutched by several hands again, and there was no mistake now that they were trying to draw me back. I struck another light and waved it in their dazzled faces. You can scarcely imagine how nauseatingly inhuman those pale, chinless faces and great lidless, pinkish-gray eyes seemed, as they stared stupidly, evidently blinded by the light.

"So I gained time and retreated again, and when my second match had ended struck my third. That had almost burned through as I reached the opening of the tunnel upon the well. I lay down on the edge, for the throbbing whirl of the air-pumping machine below made me giddy, and felt sideways for the projecting hooks. As I did so my feet were grasped from behind and I was violently tugged backward. I lit my last match—and it incontinently went out. But I had my hand on the climbing bars now, and kicking violently disengaged myself from the clutches of the Morlocks, and was speedily clambering up the shaft again.

"They remained peering and blinking up the shaft, except one little wretch who followed me for some way, and indeed well-nigh captured my boot as a trophy.

"That upward climb seemed unending. While I still had the last twenty or thirty feet of it above me, a deadly nausea came upon me. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my hold. The last few yards was a frightful struggle against this faintness. Several times my head swam and I felt all the sensations of falling.

"At last I got over the well mouth somehow and staggered out of the ruin into the blinding sunlight. I fell upon my face. Even the soil seemed sweet and clean.

"Then I remember Weena kissing my hands and ears, and the voices of others of the Eloi. Then probably I was insensible for a time.

"NOW, indeed, I seemed in a worse case than before. Hitherto, except during my anguish at the loss of the Time Machine, I had felt a sustaining hope of ultimate escape, but my hope was staggered by these new discoveries. Hitherto, I had merely thought myself impeded by the childish simplicity of the little people and by some unknown forces which I had only to understand in order to overcome. But there was an altogether new element in the sickening quality of the Morlocks, something inhuman and malign. Instinctively I loathed them. Before, I had felt as a man might feel who had fallen into a pit; my concern was with the pit and how to get out again. But now I felt like a beast in a trap, whose enemy would presently come.

"The enemy I dreaded may surprise you. It was the darkness of the new moon. Weena had put this into my head by some, at first, incomprehensible remarks about the Dark Nights. It was not now such a very difficult problem to guess what the coming Dark Nights might mean. The moon was on the wane; each night there was a longer interval of darkness. And I now understood, to some slight degree, at least, the reason of the fear of the little upperworld people for the dark. I wondered vaguely what foul villainy it might be that the Morlocks did under the darkness of the new moon.

"Whatever the origin of the existing conditions, I felt pretty sure now that my second hypothesis was all wrong. The upperworld people might once have been the favored aristocracy of the world, and the Morlocks their mechanical servants,

but that state of affairs had passed away long since. The two species that had resulted from the evolution of man were sliding down toward, or had already arrived at, an altogether new relationship. The Eloi, like the Carlovingian kings, had decayed to a mere beautiful futility. They still possessed the earth on sufferance, since the Morlocks, subterranean for innumerable generations, had come at last to find the daylit surface unendurable. And the Morlocks made their garments, I inferred, and maintained them in their habitual need, perhaps through the survival of an old habit of service. They did it, as a standing horse paws with his foot, or as a man enjoys killing animals in sport—because ancient and departed necessities had impressed it on the organism.

"But clearly the old order was already in part reversed. The Nemesis of the delicate one was creeping on apace. Ages ago, thousands of generations ago, man had thrust his brother man out of the ease and sunlight of life. And now that brother was coming back—changed. Already the Eloi had begun to learn one old lesson anew. They were becoming acquainted again with Fear.

"Then suddenly came into my head the memory of the meat I had seen in the underworld. It seemed odd how this memory floated into my mind, not stirred up, as it were, by the current of my meditations, but coming in almost like a question from outside. I tried to recall the form of it. I had a vague sense of something familiar, but at that time I could not tell what it was.

"Still, however helpless the little people might be in the presence of their mysterious Fear, I was differently constituted. I came out of this age of ours, this ripe prime of the human race, when fear does not paralyze and mystery has lost its terrors. I at least would defend myself. Without further delay I determined to make myself arms and a fastness where I might sleep with some security. From that refuge as a base I could face the strange world with some confidence again, a confidence I had lost now that I realized to what uncanny creatures I nightly lay exposed. I felt I could never sleep again until my bed was secure from them. I shuddered with horror to think how they must already have examined me during my sleep.

"I wandered during the afternoon along the valley of the Thames, but found nothing that commended itself to my mind as a sufficiently inaccessible retiring place. All the buildings and trees seemed easily practicable to such dexterous climbers as the Morlocks—to judge by their well—must be. Then the tall pinnacles of the Palace of Green Porcelain, and the polished gleam of its walls, came back to my memory, and in the evening, taking Weena like a child upon my shoulder, I went up the hills toward the southwest.

"Now the distance I had reckoned was seven or eight miles, but it must have been nearer eighteen. I had first seen the Palace on a moist afternoon when distances are deceptively diminished. In addition, the heel of one of my shoes was loose, and a nail was working through the sole—they were comfortable old shoes I wear about indoors—so that I was lame. It was already long past sunset before I came in sight of the Palace, standing out in black silhouette against the pale yellow of the sky.

"WEENA had been much delighted when first I carried her, but after a time she desired me to let her down and ran along by the side of me, occasionally darting off on either hand to pick flowers to stick in my pockets. My pockets had always puzzled Weena, but at the last she had concluded they were an eccentric kind of vases for floral decoration. At least she utilized them for that purpose.

"And that reminds me! As I changed my jacket I found—"

(The Time Traveler paused, put his hand into his pocket, and silently placed two withered flowers, not unlike very large white mallows, upon the little table. Then he resumed his narrative.)

"As the hush of evening crept over the world and we proceeded over the hill-crest toward Wimbledon, Weena became tired and wanted to return to the house of gray stone. But I pointed out the distant pinnacles of the Palace of Green Porcelain to her and contrived to make her understand that we were seeking a refuge there from her Fear.

"You know that great pause that comes upon things before the dusk. Even the breeze stops in the trees. There is to me always an air of expectation about that evening stillness. The sky was clear, remote, and empty, save for a few horizontal bars far down in the sunset.

"That night the expectation took the color of my fears. In the darkling calm my senses seemed preternaturally sharpened. I fancied I could even feel the hollowness of the ground beneath my feet,

could indeed almost see through it, the Morlocks in their ant-hill going hither and thither and waiting for the dark. In this excited state I fancied that they would take my invasion of their burrows as a declaration of war. And why had they taken my Time Machine?

"So we went on in the quiet, and the twilight deepened into night. The clear blue of the distance faded and one star after another came out. The ground grew dim and the trees black. Weena's fear and her fatigue grew upon her. I took her in my arms and talked to her and caressed her. Then as the darkness grew profounder she put her arms around my neck, and closing her eyes tightly pressed her face against my shoulder.

"We went down a long slope into a valley, and there in the dimness I almost walked into a little river. This I waded, and went up the opposite side of the valley, past a number of sleeping houses, and by a statue that appeared to me in the indistinct light to represent a faun, or some such figure, minus the head. Here, too, were acacias. So far, I had seen nothing of the Morlocks, but it was yet early in the night, and the darker hours before the old moon rose were still to come.

"From the brow of the next hill I saw a thick wood spreading wide and black before me. At this I hesitated. I could see no end to it either to the right or to the left. Feeling tired—my feet in particular, were very sore—I carefully lowered Weena from my shoulder as I halted, and sat down upon the turf. I could no longer see the Palace of Green Porcelain, and I was in doubt of my direction.

"I looked into the thickness of the wood, and thought of what it might hide. Under that dense angle of branches one would be out of sight of the stars. Even were there no other lurking danger there—a danger I did not care to let my imagination loose upon—there would still be all the roots to stumble over, and the tree boles to strike myself against. I was very tired, too, after the excitements of the day, and I decided that I would not face it, but would pass the night upon the open hill.

"Weena, I was glad to discover, was fast asleep. I carefully wrapped her in my jacket, and sat down beside her to wait for the moonrise. The hillside upon which I sat was quiet and deserted, but from the black of the wood there came now and then a stir of living things.

"Above me shone the stars, for the night was clear. I felt a certain sense of friendly comfort in their twinkling. All the old constellations had gone from the sky, however, for that slow movement that is imperceptible in a dozen human lifetimes, had long ago rearranged them in unfamiliar groupings. But the Milky Way, it seemed to me, was still the same tattered streamer of star dust as of yore. Southward—as I judged it—was a very bright red star that was new to me. It was even more splendid than our own green Sirius. Amid all these scintillating points of light, one planet shone kindly and steadily like the face of an old friend.

"Looking at these stars suddenly dwarfed my own troubles and all the gravities of terrestrial life. I thought of their unfathomable distance, and the slow, inevitable drift of their movements out of the unknown past into the unknown future. I thought of the great precessional cycle that the pole of the earth describes in the heavens. Only forty times had that silent revolution occurred during all the years I had traversed. And during those few revolutions, all the activity, all the traditions, the carefully planned organizations, the nations, languages, literature, aspirations, even the mere memory of man as I knew

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man, had been swept out of existence. Instead were these frail creatures who had forgotten their high ancestry, and the white animals of which I went in fear. Then I thought of the great fear there was between these two species, and for the first time, with a sudden shiver, came the clear knowledge of what the meat I had seen might be. Yet it was too horrible! I looked at little Weena sleeping beside me, her face white and starlike under the stars, and forthwith dismissed the thought from my mind.

"THROUGHOUT that long night I kept my mind off the Morlocks as well as I could, and whiled away the time by trying to fancy I could find traces of the old constellations among the new confusion. The sky kept very clear, except a hazy cloud or so. No doubt I dozed at times. Then, as my vigil wore on, came a faintness in the eastward sky like the reflection of some colorless fire, and the old moon rose thin and peaked and white. And close behind and overtaking it and overflowing it the dawn came, pale at first and then growing pink and warm.

"No Morlocks had approached us. Indeed, I had seen none upon the hill that night. And in the confidence of renewed day it almost seemed to me that my fear had been unreasonable. I stood up, and found my foot with the loose heel swollen at the ankle and painful under the heel. I sat down again, took off my shoes, and flung them away.

"I awakened Weena, and forthwith we went down into the wood, now green and pleasant, instead of black and forbidding. And there we found some fruit wherewith to break our fast. We soon met others of the dainty ones, laughing and dancing in the sunlight, as though there was no such thing in nature as the night.

"Then I thought once more of the meat that I had seen. I felt assured now of what it was, and, from the bottom of my heart, I pitied this last feeble rill from the great flood of humanity. Clearly, somewhere in the long ages of human decay, the food of the Morlocks had run short. Possibly they had lived on rats and such-like vermin. Even now, man is far less discriminative and exclusive in his food than he was, far less than any monkey. His prejudice against human flesh is no deep-seated instinct. And so these inhuman sons of men—

"I tried to look at the thing in a scientific spirit. After all, these were scarcely to be counted human beings; less human they were and more remote than our cannibal ancestors of three or four thousand years ago. And the minds that would have made this state torment were gone. Why should I trouble? The Eloi were mere fatted cattle, which the antlike Morlocks preserved and preyed upon, probably saw to the breeding of. And there was Weena dancing by my side!

"Then I tried to preserve myself from the horror that was coming upon me by regarding it as a rigorous punishment of human selfishness; man had been content to live in ease and delight upon the labors of his felow-men; had taken Necessity as his watchward and excuse, and in fullness of time Necessity had come home to him. I tried even a Carlyle-like scorn of these wretched aristocrats in decline.

"But this attitude of mind was impossible. However great their intellectual degradation, the Eloi had kept too much of the human form not to claim my sympathy, and to make me perforce a participant in their degradation and their Fear.

"I had at this time very vague ideas of what course I should pursue. My first idea was to secure some safe place of refuge for Weena and myself, and to make myself such arms of metal or stone as I could contrive. That necessity was immediate. In the next place, I hoped to procure some means of fire, so that I should have the weapon of a torch at hand, for nothing, I knew, would be more efficient against these Morlocks. Then I wanted to arrange some contrivance to break open the doors of bronze under the white sphinx. I had in mind a battering ram. I had a persuasion that if I could enter these doors and carry a blaze of light before me, I should discover the Time Machine and escape. I could not imagine the Morlocks were powerful enough to remove it far. Weena I had resolved to bring with me to our own Time.

"Turning such schemes over in my mind, I pursued our way toward the building which my fancy had chosen as our dwelling-place.

CHAPTER V

THE PALACE OF GREEN PORCELAIN

"THIS Palace of Green Porcelain, when we approached it at noon, was, I found, deserted and falling into ruin. Only ragged vestiges of glass remained in its windows and great sheets of the green facing had fallen away in

places from the corroded metallic framework. It lay very high upon a turfy down, and, looking northeastward before I entered it, I was surprised to see a large estuary, or an arm of the sea, where I judged Wandsworth and Battersea must once have been. I thought then—though I never followed the thought up—of what might have happened, or might be happening, to the living things in the sea.

"The material of the Palace proved, on examination, to be indeed porcelain, and above the face of it I saw an inscription in some unknown characters. I thought, rather foolishly, that Weena might help me to interpret this, but I only learned that the bare idea of writing had never entered her head. She always seemed to me, I fancy, more human than she was, perhaps because her affection was so human.

"Within the big valves of the door—which were open and broken—we found, instead of the customary hall, a long gallery lit by many side windows. Even at the first glance I was reminded of a museum. The tiled floor was thick with dust, and a remarkable array of miscellaneous objects were shrouded in the same gray covering. Clearly, the place had been derelict for a very considerable time.

"Then I perceived, standing strange and gaunt in the center of the hall, what was clearly the lower part of the skeleton of some huge animal. As I approached this I recognized by the oblique feet that it was some extinct creature after the fashion of the *megatherium*. The skull and the upper bones lay beside it in the thick dust, and in one place where rain water had dripped through some leak in the roof, the skeleton had decayed away.

"Further along the gallery was the huge skeleton barrel of a *brontosaurus*. My museum hypothesis was confirmed. Going toward the side of the gallery I found what appeared to be sloping shelves, and clearing away the thick dust, I found the old familiar glass cases of our own time. But these must have been air-tight to judge from the fair preservation of some of their contents.

"Clearly we stood among the ruins of some latter day South Kensington. Here apparently was the Palæontological Section, and a very splendid array of fossils it must have been; though the inevitable process of decay that had been warded off for a time, and had, through the extinction of bacteria and fungi, lost ninety-nine-hundreths of its force, was nevertheless, with extreme sureness, if with extreme slowness, at work again upon all its treasures. Here and there I found traces of the little people in the shape of rare fossils broken to pieces or threaded in strings upon reeds. And the cases had in some instances been bodily removed—by the Morlocks, as I judged.

"The place was very silent. The thick dust deadened our footsteps. Weena, who had been rolling a sea urchin down the sloping glass of a case, presently came, as I stared about me, and very quietly took my hand and stood beside me.

"At first I was so much surprised by this ancient monument of an intellectual age that I gave no thought to the possibilities it presented me. Even my preoccupation about the Time Machine and the Morlocks receded a little from my mind. The curiosity concerning human destiny that had led to my time traveling was removed. Now, judging from the size of the place, this Palace of Green Porcelain had a great deal more in it than a gallery of palæontology; possibly historical galleries, it might even be a library. To me, at least in my present circumstances, these would be vastly more interesting than this spectacle of old-time geology in decay.

"Exploring, I found another short gallery running transversely to the first. This appeared to be devoted to minerals, and the sight of a block of sulphur set my mind running on gunpowder. But I could find no saltpeter; indeed no nitrates of any kind. Doubtless they had deliquesced ages ago. Yet the sulphur hung in my mind and set up a train of thinking. As for the rest of the contents of that place, though on the whole they were the best preserved of all I saw—I had little interest. I am no specialist in mineralogy, and I soon went on down a very ruinous aisle running parallel to the first hall I had entered.

"Apparently this section had been devoted to Natural History, but here everything had long since passed out of recognition. A few shriveled vestiges of what had once been stuffed animals, dried-up mummies in jars that had once held spirit, a brown dust of departed plants, that was all. I was sorry for this, because I should have been glad to trace the patient readjustments by which the conquest of animated nature had been attained.

"From this we came to a gallery of simply colossal proportions, but singularly

ill lit, and with its floor running downward at a slight angle from the end at which I entered it. At intervals there hung white globes from the ceiling—many of them cracked and smashed—which suggested that originally the place had been artificially lit. Here I was more in my element, for I found rising on either side of me the huge bulks of big machines, all greatly corroded, and many broken down, but some still fairly complete in all their parts. You know I have a certain weakness for mechanism, and I was inclined to linger among these, the more so since for the most part they had the interest of puzzles, and I could make only the vaguest guesses of what they were for. I fancied if I could solve these puzzles I should find myself in the possession of powers that might be of use against the Morlocks.

"Suddenly Weena came very close to my side, so suddenly that she startled me.

"Had it not been for her I do not think I should have noticed that the floor of the gallery sloped at all.* The end I had entered was quite above ground, and was lit by rare slit-like windows. As one went down the length of the place, the ground came up against these windows, until there was at last a pit like the 'area' of a London house, before each, and only a narrow line of daylight at the top. I went slowly along, puzzling about the machines, and had been too intent upon them to notice the gradual diminution of the light, until Weena's increasing apprehension attracted my attention.

"Then I saw that the gallery ran down at last into a thick darkness. I hesitated about proceeding, and then as I looked around me, I saw that the dust was here less abundant and its surface less even. Further away toward the dim, it appeared to be broken by a number of small narrow footprints. At that my sense of the immediate presence of the Morlocks revived. I felt that I was wasting my time in my academic examination of this machinery. I called to mind that it was already far advanced in the afternoon, and that I had still no weapon, no refuge, and no means of making a fire. And then, down in the remote black of the gallery, I heard a peculiar pattering and those same odd noises I had heard when I was down the well.

"I TOOK Weena's hand. Then struck with a sudden idea, I left her, and turned to a machine from which projected a lever not unlike those in a signal box. Clambering upon the stand of the machine and grasping this lever in my hands, I put all my weight upon it sideways. Weena, deserted in the central aisle, began suddenly to whimper. I had judged the strength of the lever pretty correctly, for it snapped after a minute's strain, and I rejoined Weena with a mace in my hand more than sufficient, I judged, for any Morlock skull I might encounter.

"And I longed very much to kill a Morlock or so. Very inhuman, you may think, to want to go killing one's own descendants, but it was impossible somehow to feel any humanity in the things. Only my disinclination to leave Weena, and a persuasion that if I began to slake my thirst for murder my Time Machine might suffer, restrained me from going straight down the gallery and killing the brutes I heard there.

"Mace in one hand and Weena in the other we went out of that gallery and into another still larger, which at the first glance reminded me of a military chapel hung with tattered flags. The brown and charred rags that hung from the sides of it, I presently recognized as the decaying vestiges of books. They had long since dropped to pieces and every semblance of print had left them. But here and there were warped and cracked boards and metallic clasps that told the tale well enough.

"Had I been a literary man I might perhaps have moralized upon the futility of all ambition, but as it was, the thought that struck me with keenest force, was the enormous waste of labor rather than of hope, to which this somber gallery of rotting paper testified. At the time I will confess, though it seems a petty trait now, that I thought chiefly of the Philosophical Translations, and my own seventeen papers upon physical optics.

"Then going up a broad staircase we came to what may once have been a gallery of technical chemistry. And here I had not a little hope of discovering something to help me. Except at one end where the roof had collapsed, this gallery was well preserved. I went eagerly to every unbroken case. And at last, in one of the really air-tight cases, I found a box of matches. Very eagerly I tried them. They were perfectly good. They were not even damp.

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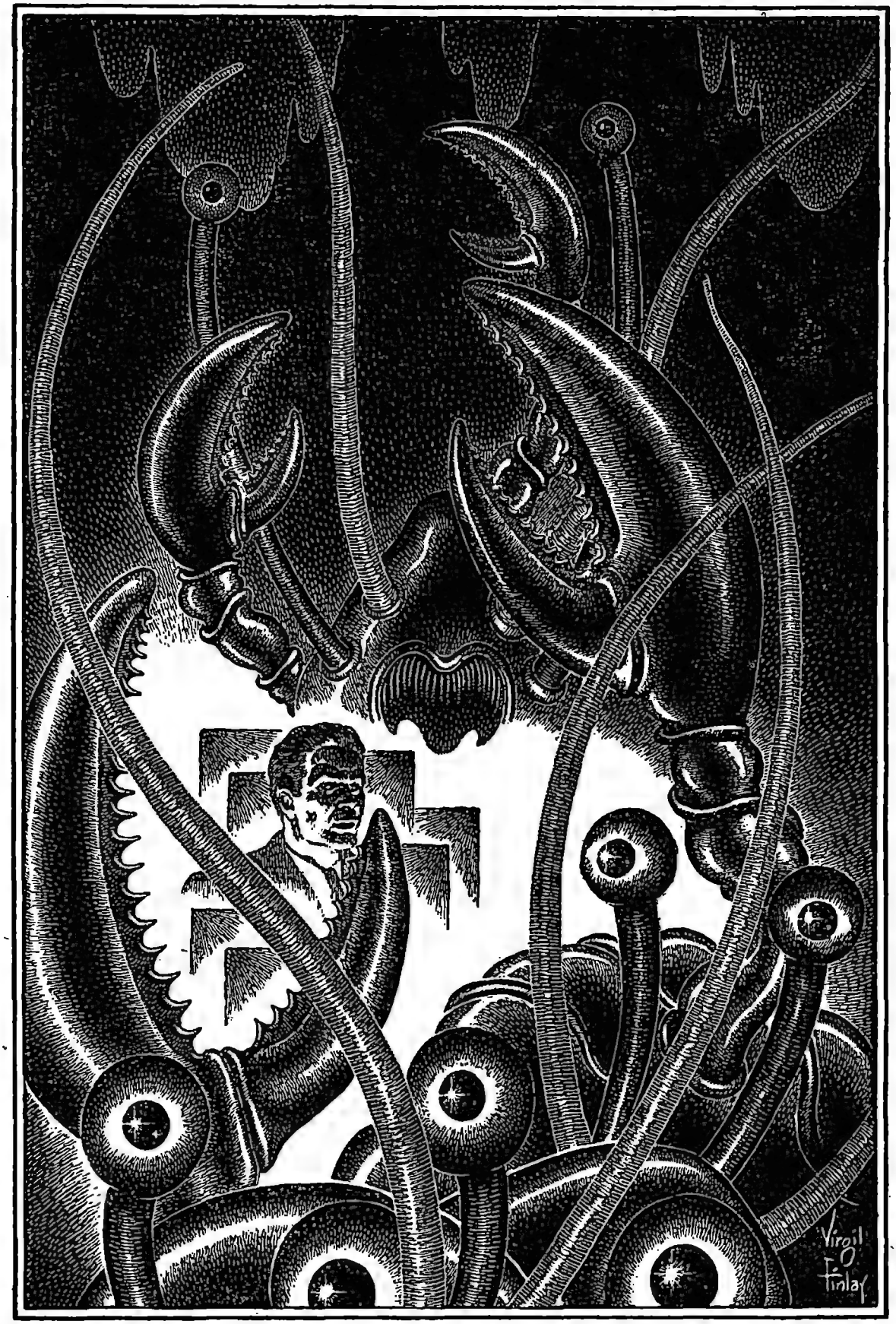
* *It may be, of course, that the floor did not slope, but that the museum was built upon the side of the hill.—Editor.*



"As I stared at this sinister apparition, I felt a tickling on my cheeks. . . ."

"At that discovery I suddenly turned to Weena. 'Dance!' I cried to her in her own tongue. For now I had a weapon indeed against the horrible creatures we feared. And so in that derelict museum, upon the thick soft coating of dust, to Weena's huge delight, I solemnly performed a sort of composite dance, whistling 'The Land of the Leal' as cheerfully as I could. In part it was a modest cancan, in part a step dance, in part a skirt dance—so far as my tail coat permitted—and in part original. For naturally I am inventive, as you know.

"Now, I still think that for this box of matches to have escaped the wear of time for immemorial years was a strange, and for me, a most fortunate thing. Yet oddly enough I found here a far more unlikely substance, and that was camphor. I found it in a sealed jar, that, by chance, I supposed had been really hermetically sealed. I fancied at first the stuff was paraffin wax, and smashed the jar accordingly. But the odor of camphor was unmistakable. It struck me as singularly odd, that among the universal decay, this volatile substance had chanced to survive, perhaps through many thousand years. It reminded me of a sepia painting I had once seen done from the ink of a fossil Belemnite that must have perished and become fossilized millions of years ago. I was about to throw this camphor on one side, and then remembering that it was inflammable and burnt with a good bright flame, I put it into my pocket.

"I found no explosives, however, or any means of breaking down the bronze doors. As yet my iron crowbar was the most hopeful thing I had chanced upon. Nevertheless I left that gallery greatly elated by my discoveries.

"I cannot tell you the whole story of my exploration through that long afternoon. It would require a great effort of memory to recall it at all in the proper order.

"I remember a long gallery containing the rusting stands of arms of all ages, and that I hesitated between my crowbar and a hatchet or a sword. I could not carry both, however, and my bar of iron, after all, promised best against the bronze gates. There were rusty guns, pistols, and rifles here; most of them were masses of rust, but many of aluminum, and still fairly sound. But any cartridges of powder there may have been had rotted into dust. One corner I saw was charred and shattered; perhaps, I thought, by an explosion among the specimens there. In another place was a vast array of idols—Polynesian, Mexican, Grecian, Phoenician, every country on earth, I should think. And here, yielding to an irresistible impulse, I wrote my name upon the nose of a steatite monster from South America that particularly took my fancy.

"As the evening drew on my interest waned. I went through gallery after gallery, dusty, silent, often ruinous, the exhibits sometimes mere heaps of rust and lignite, sometimes fresher. In one place I suddenly found myself near a model of a tin mine, and then by the merest accident I discovered in an air-tight case two dynamite cartridges; I shouted 'Eureka!' and smashed the case joyfully. Then came a doubt. I hesitated, and then selecting a little side gallery I made my essay. I never felt such a bitter disappointment as I did then, waiting five, ten, fifteen minutes for the explosion that never came.

"Of course the things were dummies, as I might have guessed from their presence there. I really believe had they not been so, I should have rushed off incontinently there and then, and blown sphinx, bronze doors, and, as it proved, my chances of finding the Time Machine all together into non-existence.

"It was after that, I think, that we came to a little open court within the palace, turfed and with three fruit trees. There it was that we rested and refreshed ourselves.

"Toward sunset I began to consider our position. Night was now creeping upon us and my inaccessible hidingplace was still to be found. But that troubled me very little now. I had in my possession a thing that was perhaps the best of all defenses against the Morlocks. I had matches again. I also had the camphor in my pocket if a blaze were required. It seemed to me that the best thing we could do would be to pass the night in the open again, protected by a fire.

"In the morning there was the Time Machine to obtain. Toward that as yet I had only my iron mace. But now with my growing knowledge I felt very differently toward the bronze doors than I had done hitherto. Up to this I had refrained from forcing them, largely because of the mystery on the other side. They had never impressed me as being very strong, and I hoped to find my bar of iron not altogether inadequate for the work.

"WE EMERGED from the Palace of Green Porcelain while the sun was still in part above the horizon. I was determined to reach the white sphinx early the next morning, and I proposed before the dusk came to push through the woods that had stopped me on the previous journey. My plan was to go as far as possible that night, and then, building a fire about us, to sleep under the protection of its glare. Accordingly as we went along I gathered any sticks or dried grass I saw, and presently had my arms full of such litter. So loaded, our progress was slower than I had anticipated, and besides, Weena was tired. I, too, began to suffer from sleepiness, and it was fully night before we reached the wood.

"Now, upon the shrubby hill upon the edge of this, Weena would have stopped, fearing the darkness before us. But a singular sense of impending calamity, that should indeed have served me as a warning, drove me onward. I had been without sleep for the length of a night and two days, and I was feverish and irritable. I felt sleep coming upon me, and with it the Morlocks.

"While we hesitated I saw among the bushes up the slope behind us, and dim against the sky, three crouching figures. There was scrub and long grass all about us, and I did not feel safe from their insidious approach. The forest, I calculated, was rather less than a mile in breadth. If we could get through it, the hillside beyond was bare, and to me it seemed an altogether safer resting-place. I thought that with my matches and the camphor I could contrive to keep my path illuminated through the woods. Yet it was evident that if I was to flourish matches with my hands I should have to abandon my firewood. So rather reluctantly I put this down.

"Then it came into my head that I would amaze our friends behind by lighting it. Ultimately I was to discover the atrocious folly of this proceeding, but just then it came to my mind as an ingenious move for covering our retreat.

"I don't know if you have ever thought what a rare thing in the absence of man and in a temperate climate, flames must be. The sun's heat is rarely strong enough to burn even when focussed by dewdrops, as is sometimes the case in more tropical districts. Lightning may blast and blacken, but it rarely gives rise to widespread fire. Decaying vegetation may occasionally smoulder with the heat of its fermentation, but this again rarely results in flames. Now in this decadent age the art of firemaking had been altogether forgotten on the earth. The red tongues that went licking up my heap of wood were an altogether new and strange thing to Weena.

"She wanted to run to it and play with it. I believe she would have cast herself into it had I not restrained her. But I caught her up and in spite of her struggles plunged boldly before me into the wood. For a little way the glare of my fire lit the path. Looking back presently I could see, through the crowded tree stems, that from my heap of sticks the blaze had spread to some bushes adjacent, and a curved line of fire was creeping up the grass of the hill. I laughed at that.

"Then I turned toward the dark trees before me again. It was very black and Weena clung to me convulsively, but there was still, as my eyes accustomed to the darkness, sufficient light for me to avoid blundering against the stems. Overhead it was simply black, except when here and there a gap of remote blue sky shone down upon me. I lit none of my matches because I had no hand free. Upon my left arm I carried my little one, in my right hand I had the iron bar I had wrenched from the machine.

"For some way I heard nothing but the crackling twigs under my feet, the faint rustle of the breeze above, and my breathing and the throb of the blood vessels in my ears. Then I seemed to hear a pattering about me.

"I pushed on grimly. The pattering became more distinct, and then I heard the same queer sounds and voices I had heard before in the underworld. There were evidently several of the Morlocks, and they were closing in upon me.

"In another minute I felt a tug at my coat, then something at my arm. Weena shivered violently and became quite still.

"It was time for a match. But to get at that I must put her down. I did so, and immediately as I fumbled with my packet a struggle began in the darkness about my knees, perfectly silent on her part and with the same peculiar cooing sounds on the part of the Morlocks. Soft little hands, too, were creeping over my coat and back, touching even my neck.

"The match scratched and fizzed. I held it flaring, and immediately the white backs of the Morlocks became visible as they fled amid the trees. I hastily took a lump of camphor from my pocket and prepared

to light it as soon as the match waned.

"Then I looked at Weena. She was lying clutching my feet and quite motionless, with her face to the ground. With a sudden fright I stooped to her. She seemed scarcely to breathe. I lit the block of camphor and flung it to the ground, and as it spit and flared up and drove back the Morlocks and the shadows, I knelt down and lifted up Weena. The wood behind seemed full of the stir and murmur of a great company of creatures.

"Apparently she had fainted. I put her carefully upon my shoulder and rose to push on, and then came a horrible realization.

"While maneuvering with my matches and Weena, I had turned myself about several times, and now I had not the faintest idea in what direction my path lay. For all I knew I might be facing back toward the Palace of Green Porcelain.

"I found myself in a cold perspiration. I had to think rapidly what to do. I determined to build a fire and encamp where we were. I put the motionless Weena down upon a turfy bole. Very hastily, as my first lump of camphor waned, I began collecting sticks and leaves.

"Here and there out of the darkness round me the eyes of the Morlocks shone like carbuncles.

"Presently the camphor flickered and went out. I lit a match, and as I did so saw two white forms that had been approaching Weena dash hastily back. One was so blinded by the light that he came straight for me, and I felt his bones grind under the blow of my fist. He gave a whoop of dismay, staggered a little way, and fell down.

"I lit another piece of camphor and went on gathering my bonfire. Presently I noticed how dry was some of the foliage above me, for since I had arrived on the Time Machine, a matter of a week, no rain had fallen. So instead of casting about among the trees for fallen twigs I began leaping up and dragging down branches. Very soon I had a choking smoky fire of green wood and dry sticks, and could save my other lumps of camphor.

"Then I turned to where Weena lay beside my iron mace. I tried what I could to revive her, but she lay like one dead. I could not even satisfy myself whether or not she breathed.

"Now the smoke of the fire beat over toward me, and it must have made me suddenly heavy. Moreover the vapor of camphor was in the air. My fire would not want replenishing for an hour or so. I felt very weary after my exertion and sat down. The wood, too, was full of a slumberous murmur that I did not understand.

"I SEEMED merely to nod and open my eyes. Then it was all dark around me, and the Morlocks had their hands upon me. Flinging off their clinging fingers I hastily felt in my pocket for the match-box, and—it had gone! Then they gripped and closed with me again.

"In a moment I knew what had happened. I had slept, and my fire had gone out, and the bitterness of death came over my soul. The forest seemed full of the smell of burning wood. I was caught by the neck, by the hair, by the arms, and pulled down. It was indescribably horrible in the darkness to feel all these soft creatures heaped upon me. I felt as if I was in a monstrous spider's web. I was overpowered. Down I went.

"I felt some little teeth nipping at my neck. Abruptly I rolled over, and as I did so, my hand came against my iron lever. Somehow this gave me strength for another effort. I struggled up, shaking off these human rats from me, and then holding the bar short, I thrust where I judged their faces might be. I could feel the succulent giving of flesh and bone under my blows, and for a moment I was free.

"The strange exultation that so often seems to accompany fighting came upon me. I knew that both I and Weena were lost, but I determined to make the Morlocks pay for their meat. I stood with my back to a tree swinging the iron bar before me. The whole wood was full of the stir and cries of them.

"A minute passed. Their voices seemed to rise to a higher pitch of excitement and their movements became faster. Yet none came within reach of me. I stood glaring at the blackness. Then suddenly came hope.

"What if the Morlocks had no courage?

"And close on the heels of that came a strange thing. The darkness seemed to grow luminous. Very dimly I began to see the Morlocks about me—three, battered at my feet—and then I perceived with incredulous surprise that the others were running, in an incessant stream, as it seemed to me, from behind me, and away through the wood in front of me. And their backs seemed no longer white, but reddish.

"Then as I stood agape I saw, across a gap of starlight between the branches, a little red spark go drifting and vanish. And at that I understood the smell of burning wood, the slumberous murmur that was growing now into a gusty roaring, the red glow, and the flight of the Morlocks.

"Stepping out from behind my tree and looking back, I saw through the back pillars of the nearer trees the flames of the burning forest. No doubt it was my first fire coming after me. With that I hastily looked round for Weena, but she was gone. The hissing and crackling behind me, the explosive thud as each fresh tree burst into flame, left little time for reflection. With my iron bar still in hand I followed in the path of the Morlocks.

"It was a close race. Once the flames crept forward so swiftly on my right as I ran, that I was outflanked and had to strike off to the left. But at last I emerged upon a small open place, and as I did so, a Morlock came blundering toward me and passed me, and went on straight into the fire.

"And now I was to see the most weird and horrible scene, I think, of all that I beheld in that future age.

"This whole space was as bright as day with the reflection of the fire. In the center was a small hillock or tumulus surmounted by a scorched hawthorn. Beyond this hill was another arm of the burning forest from which yellow tongues were already writhing, and completely encircling the space with a fence of fire. Upon the hillside were perhaps thirty or forty Morlocks, dazzled by the light and heat of the fire which was now very bright and hot, blundering hither and thither against each other in their bewilderment. At first I did not realize their blindness, and struck furiously at them with my bar in a frenzy of fear as they approached me, killing one and crippling several others. But when I had watched the gestures of one of them groping under the hawthorn against the red sky, and heard the moans to which they all gave vent, I was assured of their absolute helplessness and refrained from striking any of them again.

"Yet every now and then one came straight toward me, setting loose a quivering horror, that made me quick to elude him. At one time the flames died down somewhat, and I feared these foul creatures would presently be able to see me, and I was even thinking of beginning the fight by killing some of them before this should happen, but the fire burst out again brightly and I stayed my hand. I walked about the hill among them and avoiding them, looking for some trace of Weena, but I found nothing.

"At last I sat down upon the summit of the hillock and watched this strange incredible company of the blind, groping to and fro and making uncanny noises to one another, as the glare of the fire beat upon them. The coiling uprush of smoke streamed across the sky, and through the rare tatters of that red canopy, remote as though they belonged to another universe, shone the little stars.

"Two or three Morlocks came blundering into me and I drove them off, trembling myself as I did so, with blows of my fists. For the most of that night I was persuaded it was a nightmare.

"I bit myself and screamed aloud in a passionate desire to awake. I beat on the ground with my hands, and got up, and sat down again, and wandered here and there, and again sat down on the crest of the hill. Then I would fall to rubbing my eyes and calling upon God to let me awake. Thrice I saw Morlocks put their heads down in a kind of agony and rush into the flames. But at last, above the subsiding red of the fire, above the streaming masses of black smoke and the whitening and blackening tree stumps, and the diminishing number of these dim creatures, came the white light of day.

"I searched again over the open space for some traces of Weena, but could find none. I had half feared to discover her mangled remains, but clearly they had left her poor little body in the forest. I cannot describe how it relieved me to think that it had escaped the awful fate to which it seemed destined. As I thought of that I was almost moved to begin a massacre of the defenseless abominations about me, but I contained myself. This hillock, as I have said, was a kind of island in the forest.

"From its summit I could now make out, through a haze of smoke, the Palace of Green Porcelain, and from that I could get my bearings for the white sphinx. And so leaving the remnant of these damned souls going hither and thither and moaning, as the day grew clearer, I tied some grass about my feet and limped on across smoking ashes and among black stems that still pulsated internally with fire, toward the hiding place of the Time Machine.

"I walked slowly, for I was almost exhausted as well as lame, and I felt the most intense wretchedness on account of the horrible death of little Weena, which then seemed an overwhelming calamity. Yet even now, as I tell you of it in this old familiar room, it seems more like the sorrow of a dream than an actual loss. But it left me absolutely lonely again that morning—terribly alone. I began to think of this house of mine, of this fireside, of some of you, and with such thoughts came a longing that was pain.

"As I walked over the smoking ashes under the bright morning sky I made a discovery. In my trouser pocket were still some loose matches.

"The box must have leaked before it was lost!

CHAPTER VI

THE TRAP OF THE WHITE SPHINX

"SO ABOUT eight in the morning I came to the seat of yellow metal from which I had viewed the world upon the evening of my arrival. I thought of my hasty conclusions upon that evening and could not refrain from laughing bitterly at my confidence. Here was the same beautiful scene, the same abundant foliage, the same spendid palaces and magnificent ruins, the same silver river running between its fertile banks. The gay robes of the beautiful people moved hither and thither among the trees. Some were bathing in exactly the place where I had saved Weena, and that suddenly gave me a keen stab of pain. And like blots upon the landscape rose the cupolas above the ways to the underworld. I understood now what all the beauty of the overworld people covered. Very pleasant was their day, as pleasant as the day of the cattle in the field. Like the cattle they knew of no enemies, and provided against no needs. And their end was the same.

"I grieved to think how brief the dream of the human intellect had been. It had committed suicide. It had set itself steadfastly toward comfort and ease, a balanced society with security and permanence as its watchwords, it had attained its hopes—to come to this at last. Once, life and property must have reached almost absolute safety. The rich man had been assured of his wealth and comfort, the toiler assured of his life and work. No doubt in that perfect world there had been no unemployed problem, no social question left unsolved. And a great quiet had followed.

"It is a law of nature we overlook that intellectual versatility is the compensation for change, danger, and trouble. An animal perfectly in harmony with its environment is a perfect mechanism. Nature never appeals to intelligence until habit and instinct are useless. There is no intelligence where there is no change and no need of change. Only those animals partake of intelligence that have to meet a huge variety of needs and dangers.

"So, as I see it, the upperworld man had drifted toward his feeble prettiness, and the underworld to mere mechanical industry. But that perfect state had lacked one thing even of mechanical perfection—absolute permanency. Apparently as time went on the feeding of the underworld, however it was effected, had become disjointed. Mother Necessity, who had been staved off for a few thousand years, came back again, and she began below.

"The underworld, being in contact with machinery which, however perfect, still needs some little thought outside of habit, had probably retained, perforce, rather more initiative, if less of every other human character, than the upper. And when other meat failed them, they turned to what old habit had hitherto forbidden. So I say I saw it in my last view of the world of 810,701. It may be as wrong an explanation as mortal wit could invent. It is how the thing shaped itself to me, and as that I give it to you.

"After the fatigues, excitements, and terrors of the past days, and in spite of my grief, this seat and the tranquil view and the warm sunlight were very pleasant. I was very tired and sleepy, and soon my theorizing passed into dozing. Catching myself at that I took my own hint, and spreading myself out upon the turf had a long and refreshing sleep.

"I awoke a little before sunsetting. I now felt safe against being caught napping by the Morlocks, and stretching myself I came on down the hill toward the white sphinx. I had my crowbar in one hand, and the other played with the matches in my pocket.

"And now came a most unexpected thing. As I approached the pedestal of the sphinx I found the bronze panels were open. They had slid down into grooves.

"At that I stopped short before them, hesitating to enter.

"Within was a small apartment, and on a raised place in the corner of this was

the Time Machine. I had the small levers in my pocket. So here, after all my elaborate preparations for the siege of the white sphinx, was a meek surrender. I threw my iron bar away, almost sorry not to use it.

"A sudden thought came into my head as I stooped toward the portal. For once at least I grasped the mental operations of the Morlocks. Suppressing a strong inclination to laugh, I stepped through the bronze frame and up to the Time Machine. I was surprised to find it had been carefully oiled and cleaned. I have suspected since that the Morlocks had even partially taken it to pieces while trying in their dim way to grasp its purpose.

"Now, as I stood and examined it, finding a pleasure in the mere touch of the contrivance, the thing I had expected happened. The bronze panels suddenly slid up and struck the frame with a clang. I was in the dark—trapped. So the Morlocks thought. At that I chuckled gleefully.

"I could already hear their murmuring laughter as they came toward me. Very calmly I tried to strike the match. I had only to fix on the levers and depart then like a ghost. But I had overlooked one little thing. The matches were of that abominable kind that light only on the box.

"You may imagine how all my calm vanished. The little brutes were close upon me. One touched me. I made a sweeping blow in the dark at them with the lever, and began to scramble into the saddle of the Machine. Then came one hand upon me and another.

"Then I had simply to fight against their persistent fingers for my levers, and at the same time feel for the studs over which these fitted. One, indeed, they almost got away from me. As it slipped from my hand I had to butt in the dark with my head—I could hear the Morlock's skull ring—to recover it. It was a nearer thing than the fight in the forest, I think, this last scramble.

"But at last the lever was fixed and pulled over. The clinging hands slipped from me. The darkness presently fell from my eyes. I found myself in the same gray light and tumult I have already described.

"I HAVE already told you of the sickness and confusion that comes with time traveling. And this time I was not seated properly in the saddle, but sideways and in an unstable fashion. For an indefinite time I clung to the machine as it swayed and vibrated, quite unheeding how I went, and when I brought myself to look at the dials again I was amazed to find where I had arrived. One dial records days, and another thousands of days, another millions of days, and another thousands of millions.

"Now instead of reversing the levers I had pulled them over so as to go forward with them, and when I came to look at these indicators I found that the thousands hand was sweeping round as fast as the seconds hand of a watch, into futurity.

"Very cautiously, for I remembered my former headlong fall, I began to reverse my motion. Slower and slower went the circling hands, until the thousands one seemed motionless and the daily one was no longer a mere mist upon its scale. Still slower, until the gray haze around me became distincter, and dim outlines of a low hill and a sea became visible.

"But as my motion became slower there was, I found, no blinking change of day and night. A steady twilight brooded over the earth. And the band of light that had indicated the sun had, I now noticed, become fainter, had faded indeed to invisibility in the east and in the west was increasingly broader and redder. The circling of the stars grew slower and slower and gave place to creeping points of light. At last, some time before I stopped, the sun, red and very large, halted motionless upon the horizon, a vast dome glowing with a full heat. The work of the tidal drag was accomplished. The earth had come to rest with one face to the sun even as in our own time the moon faces the earth.

"I stopped very gently and sat upon the Time Machine looking around me.

"The sky was no longer blue. Northeastward it was inky black, and out of the blackness shone brightly and steadily the pale white stars. Overhead it was a deep Indian red, and starless, and southeastward it grew brighter to where, cut by the horizon, lay the motionless hull of the huge red sun.

"The rocks about me were of a harsh reddish color, and all the trace of life that I could see at first was the intensely green vegetation that covered every projecting point on its southeastern side. It was the same rich green that one sees on forest moss or on the lichen in caves, plants which, like these, grow in a perpetual twilight.

"The Machine was standing on a sloping beach. The sea stretched away to

the southwest to rise into a sharp bright horizon against the wan sky. There were no breakers and no waves, for not a breath of wind was stirring. Only a slight oily swell rose and fell like a gentle breathing, and showed that the eternal sea was still moving and living. And along the margin where the water sometimes broke was a thick incrustation of salt—pink under the lurid sky.

"There was a sense of oppression in my head and I noticed that I was breathing fast. The sensations reminded me of my only experience of mountaineering, and from that I judged the air was more rarified than it is now.

"Far away up the desolate slope I heard a harsh scream, and saw a thing like a huge white butterfly go slanting and fluttering up into the sky and, circling, disappear over some low hillocks beyond.

"The sound of its voice was so dismal that I shivered, and seated myself more firmly upon the Machine.

"Looking round me I saw that, quite near to me, what I had taken to be a reddish mass of rock was moving slowly toward me. Then I saw the thing was really a monstrous crab-like creature. Can you imagine a crab as large as yonder table, with its numerous legs moving slowly and uncertainly, its big claws swaying, its long antennae like carters' whips, waving and feeling, and its stalked eyes gleaming at you on either side of its metallic front? Its back was corrugated and ornamented with ungainly bosses, and a greenish incrustation blotched it here and there. I could see the numerous palps of its complicated mouth flickering and feeling as it approached.

"As I stared at this sinister apparition crawling toward me, I felt a tickling on my cheeks as though a fly had lighted there.

"I tried to brush it away with my hand, but in a moment it returned, and almost immediately after another came near my ear. I struck at this and caught something threadlike. It was drawn swiftly out of my hand. With a frightful qualm I turned and saw I had grasped the antennae of another monster crab that stood immediately behind me. Its evil eyes were wriggling on their stalks, its mouth was all alive with appetite, and its vast ungainly claws, smeared with green slime, were descending upon me.

"In a moment my hand was on the lever of the Time Machine and I had placed a month between myself and these monsters. But I found I was still on the same beach and I saw them distinctly now as soon as I stopped. Dozens of them seemed to be crawling here and there in the somber light among the foliated sheets of intense green.

"I CANNOT convey the sense of abominable desolation that hung over the world. The red eastern sky, the northward blackness, the salt Dead Sea, the stony beach crawling with these foul, slow-stirring monsters, the uniform, poisonous-looking green of the lichenous plants, the thin air that hurt one's lungs; all contributed to an appalling effect.

"I moved on a hundred years, and there was the same red sun, the same dying sea, the same chill air, and the same crowd of earthly crustacea creeping in and out among the green weed and the red rocks.

"So I traveled, stopping ever and again, in great strides of a thousand years or more, drawn on by the mystery of the earth's fate, tracing with a strange fascination how the sun was growing larger, duller in the westward sky, and the life of the old earth ebbing out. At last, more than thirty million years hence, the huge red-hot dome of the sun had come to obscure nearly a sixth part of the darkling heavens. Then it was I stopped, for the crawling multitude of crabs had disappeared, and the red beach, save for its livid green liverworts and lichens, seemed lifeless again.

"As soon as I stopped a bitter cold assailed me. The air felt keenly cold, and rare white flakes ever and again came eddying down. To the northeastward the glare of snow lay under the starlight of the sable sky, and I could see an undulating crest of pinkish white hillocks. There were fringes of ice along the sea margin, drifting masses further out, but the main expanse of that salt ocean, all bloody under the eternal sunset, was still unfrozen.

"I looked about me to see if any traces of animals remained. A certain indefinable apprehension still kept me in the saddle of the Machine. I saw nothing moving, on earth or sky or sea. The green slime on the rocks alone testified that life was not extinct. A shallow sandbank had appeared in the sea and the water had receded from the beach. I fancied I saw some black object flopping about on this bank, but it became motionless as I looked at it, and I judged my eye had been deceived and that the object was merely a rock. The stars in the sky were intensely bright and

seemed to me to be twinkling very little.

"Suddenly I noticed that the circular outline, westward, of the sun had changed, that a concavity, a bay, had appeared in the curve. I saw this grow larger. For a minute, perhaps, I stared aghast at this blackness that was creeping over the day, and then I realized that an eclipse was beginning. No doubt, now that the moon was creeping ever nearer to the earth, and the earth to the sun, eclipses were of frequent occurrence.

"The darkness grew apace, a cold wind began to blow in freshening gusts from the east, and then the white flakes that were falling out of the air increased. The tide was creeping in with a ripple and a whisper. Beyond these lifeless sounds the world was silent—silent! It would be hard to convey to you the stillness of it. All the sounds of man, the bleating of sheep, the cries of birds, the hum of insects, the stir that makes the background of our lives, were over. As the darkness thickened the eddying flakes became more abundant, dancing before my eyes; and the cold of the air more intense.

"At last, swiftly, one after the other, the white peaks of the distant hills vanished into blackness. The breeze grew to a moaning wind. I saw the black central shadow of the eclipse sweeping toward me. In another moment the pale stars alone were visible. All else was rayless obscurity. The sky was absolutely black.

"A horror of this great darkness came upon me. The cold that smote to my marrow, and the pain I felt in breathing, overcame me. I shivered and a deadly nausea seized me. Then like a red-hot bow in the sky appeared the edge of the sun.

"I got off the Machine to recover myself. I felt giddy and incapable of facing the return journey. As I stood sick and confused I saw again the moving thing upon the shoal—there was no mistake now that it was a moving thing—against the red water of the sea. It was a round thing, of the size of a football perhaps, or bigger; it seemed black against the weltering blood-red water, and it was hopping fitfully about. Then I felt I was fainting. A terrible dread of lying helpless in that remote twilight sustained me while I clambered upon the saddle.

"So I came home. For a long time I must have been insensible upon the Machine. The blinking succession of the days and nights was resumed, the sun grew golden again, the sky blue. I breathed with greater freedom. The fluctuating contours of the land ebbed and flowed. The hands spun backward upon the dials. At last I saw again the dim shadows of homes, the evidences of decadent humanity. These, too, changed and passed, and others came.

"Presently when the millions dial was at zero I slackened speed, and began to recognize our own pretty and familiar architecture. The thousands hand ran back to the starting point, the night and day flapped slower and slower. Then the old walls of the laboratory came around me. Very gently now I diminished the pace of the mechanism.

"I saw one little thing that seemed odd to me. I think I have told you that when I set out, before my velocity became very high, Mrs. Watchett had walked across the room, traveling, as it seemed to me, like a rocket. As I returned I passed again across that minute when she traversed the laboratory. But now every motion appeared to be the exact inversion of her previous one. The door at the lower end opened and she glided quietly up the laboratory, back foremost, and disappeared behind the door by which she had previously entered.

"Then I stopped the Machine, and saw about me again the old familiar laboratory, my tools, my appliances, just as I had left them. I got off the thing very shakily and sat down upon my bench. For several minutes I trembled violently. Then I became calmer. Around me was my old workshop again, exactly as it had been. I might have slept there and the whole thing have been a dream.

"And yet not exactly. The thing had started from the southeast corner of the laboratory. It had come to rest again in the northwest, against the wall, where you will find it. That gives you the exact distance from my little lawn to the pedestal of the white sphinx.

"For a time my brain became stagnant. Presently I got up and came through the passage here, limping, because my heel was still painful, and feeling sorely begrimed. I saw the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the table by the door. I found the date was indeed today, and looking at the timepiece, saw the hour was almost eight o'clock. I heard your voices and the clatter of plates. I hesitated—I felt so sick and weak. Then I sniffed good wholesome meat, and opened the door. You know the rest. I washed and dined, and now I am telling you the story.

* * *

"I know," he said after a while, "that all

this will be absolutely incredible to you, but to me the one incredible thing is that I am here tonight in this old familiar room, looking into your wholesome faces, and telling you all these strange adventures."

He looked at the Medical Man.

"No; I cannot expect you to believe it. Take it as a lie, or a prophecy. Say I dreamed it in the workshop. Consider I have been speculating upon the destinies of our race, until I have hatched this fiction. Treat my assertion of its truth as a mere stroke of art to enhance its interest. And taking it as a story, what do you think of it?"

He took up his pipe and began in his old accustomed manner to tap upon the bars of the grate.

CHAPTER VII

AFTER THE TIME TRAVELER'S STORY

THERE was a momentary stillness. Then chairs began to creak and shoes to scrape upon the carpet. I took my eyes off the Time Traveler's face and looked round at his audience. They were in the dark and little spots of color swam before them. The Medical Man seemed absorbed in the contemplation of our host. The Editor was looking hard at the end of his cigar—the sixth. The Journalist fumbled for his watch. The others as far as I remember were motionless.

The Editor stood up with a sigh.

"What a pity it is you're not a writer of stories!" he said, putting his hand on the Time Traveler's shoulder.

"You don't believe it?"

"Well—"

"I thought not." The Time Traveler turned round to us. "Where are the matches?" he said. He lit one and spoke over his pipe, puffing, "To tell you all the truth— I hardly believe it myself—and yet—"

His eyes fell with a mute inquiry upon the withered white flowers upon the table. Then he turned over the hand holding his pipe, and I saw he was looking at some half healed scars on his knuckles.

The Medical Man rose, came to the lamp, and examined the flowers. "The gynœcium's odd," he said.

The Psychologist leaned forward to see.

"I'm hanged if it isn't a quarter to one," said the Journalist. "How shall we get home?"

"Plenty of cabs at the station," said the Psychologist.

"It's a curious thing," said the Medical Man; "but I certainly don't know the natural order of these flowers. May I have them?"

The Time Traveler hesitated. Then suddenly, "Certainly not."

"Where did you really get them?" said the Medical Man.

The Time Traveler put his hand to his head. He spoke like one who was trying to keep hold of an idea that eluded him. "They were put into my pocket by Weena —when I traveled into Time." He stared round the room. "I'm damned if it isn't all going. This room and you and the atmosphere of everyday is too much for my memory. Did I ever make a Time Machine, or a model of a Time Machine, or is it all only a dream? They say life is a dream, a precious poor dream at times—but I can't stand another that won't fit. It's madness. And where did the dream come from? I must look at that Machine. If there *is* one."

He caught up the lamp swiftly and carried it flaring redly through the door into the corridor.

We followed him.

There in the flickering light of the lamp was the Machine, sure enough, squat, ugly, and askew, a thing of brass, ebony, ivory, and translucent, glimmering quartz. Solid to the touch—for I put out my hand and felt the rail of it—and with brown spots and smears upon the ivory, and bits of grass and moss upon the lower parts, and one rail bent awry.

The Time Traveler put the lamp down on the bench, and ran his hand along the broken rail.

"It's all right now," he said. "The story I told you was true. I'm sorry to have brought you out here—in the cold."

He took up the lamp, and in an absolute silence we all returned to the smoking room.

The Time Traveler came into the hall with us and helped the Editor on with his coat. The Medical Man looked into our host's face and, with a certain hesitation, told him he was suffering from overwork, at which he laughed hugely. I remember him standing in the open doorway bawling good-night.

I shared a cab with the Editor. He thought the tale a "gaudy lie." For my own part I was unable to come to any conclusion about the matter. The story was so fantastic and incredible, the telling so credible and sober. I lay awake most of the night thinking about it. I determined to go next day and see the Time Traveler again.

I WAS told he was in the laboratory, and being on easy terms in the house I went up to him. The laboratory, however, was empty. I stared for a minute at the Time Machine and put out my hand and touched a lever. At that the squat, substantial-looking mass swayed like a bough shaken by the wind. Its instability startled me extremely, and I had a queer reminiscence of childish days when I used to be forbidden to meddle. I came back through the corridor. The Time Traveler met me in the smoking room. He was coming from the house. He had a small camera under one arm and a knapsack under the other. He laughed when he saw me and gave me an elbow to shake.

"I'm frightfully busy," he said; "with that thing in there."

"But is it not some hoax?" said I. "Do you really travel through Time?"

"Really and truly I do." And he looked frankly into my eyes.

He hesitated. His eye wandered round the room. "I only want half an hour," he said. "I know why you came, and it's awfully good of you. There's some magazines here. If you'll stop to lunch I'll prove this time traveling to you up to the hilt. Specimens and all. If you'll forgive my leaving you now?"

I consented, hardly comprehending then the full import of his words, and he nodded and went on down the corridor. I heard the door of the laboratory slam, seated myself in a chair, and took up the *New Review*. What was he going to do before lunch time? Then suddenly I was reminded by an advertisement that I had promised to meet Richardson the publisher at two. I looked at my watch, and saw I could barely save that engagement. I got up and went down the passage to tell the Time Traveler.

As I took hold of the handle of the door I heard an exclamation oddly truncated at the end, and a click and a thud. A gust of air whirled round me as I opened the door, and from within came the sound of broken glass falling on the floor. The Time Traveler was not there. I seemed to see a ghostly indistinct figure sitting in a whirling mass of black and brass for a moment, a figure so transparent that the bench behind with its sheet of drawings was absolutely distinct; but this phantasm I immediately perceived was illusory. The Time Machine had gone. Save for a subsiding stir of dust the central space of the laboratory was empty. A pane of the skylight had apparently just been blown in.

I felt an unreasonable amazement. I knew that something strange had happened, and for a moment could not distinguish what the strange thing might be. As I stood staring, the door into the garden opened, and the man-servant appeared.

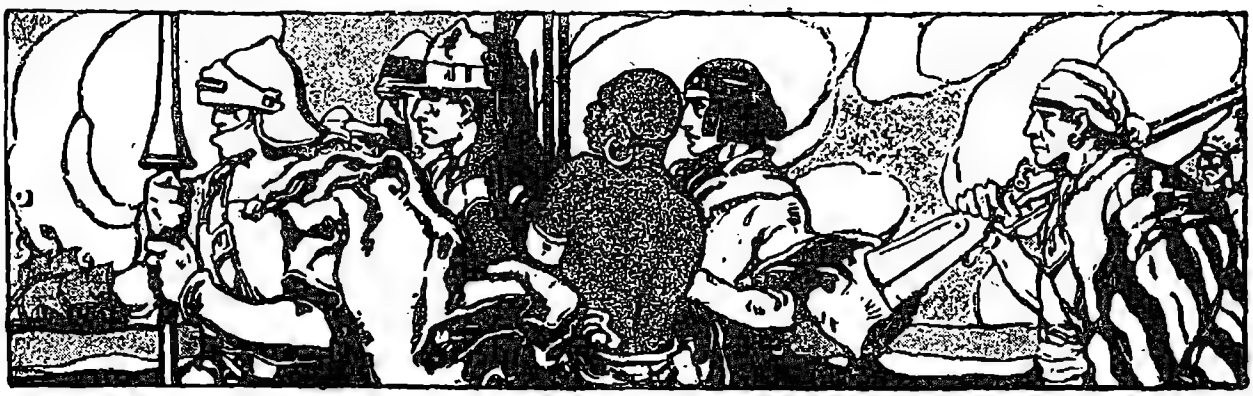
We looked at each other. Then ideas began to come.

"Has Mr. —— gone out that way?" said I.

"No, sir. No one has come out this way. I was expecting to find him here."

At that I understood. At the risk of disappointing Richardson I remained waiting for the Time Traveler, waiting for the second, perhaps still stranger, story and the specimens and photographs he would bring with him.

But I am beginning to fear now that I must wait a lifetime for that. The Time Traveler vanished three years ago. Up to the present he has not returned, and when he does return he will find his home in the hands of strangers and his little gathering of auditors broken up forever. Filby has exchanged poetry for playwriting, and is a rich man—as literary men go—and extremely unpopular. The Medical Man is dead, the Journalist is in India, and the Psychologist has succumbed to paralysis. Some of the other men I used to meet there have dropped as completely out of existence as if they, too, had traveled off upon some similar anachronisms. And so, ending in a kind of dead wall, the story of the Time Machine must remain for the present at least.



DONOVAN'S BRAIN

The power of the brain was unlimited! It could will the hands of another to do murder!

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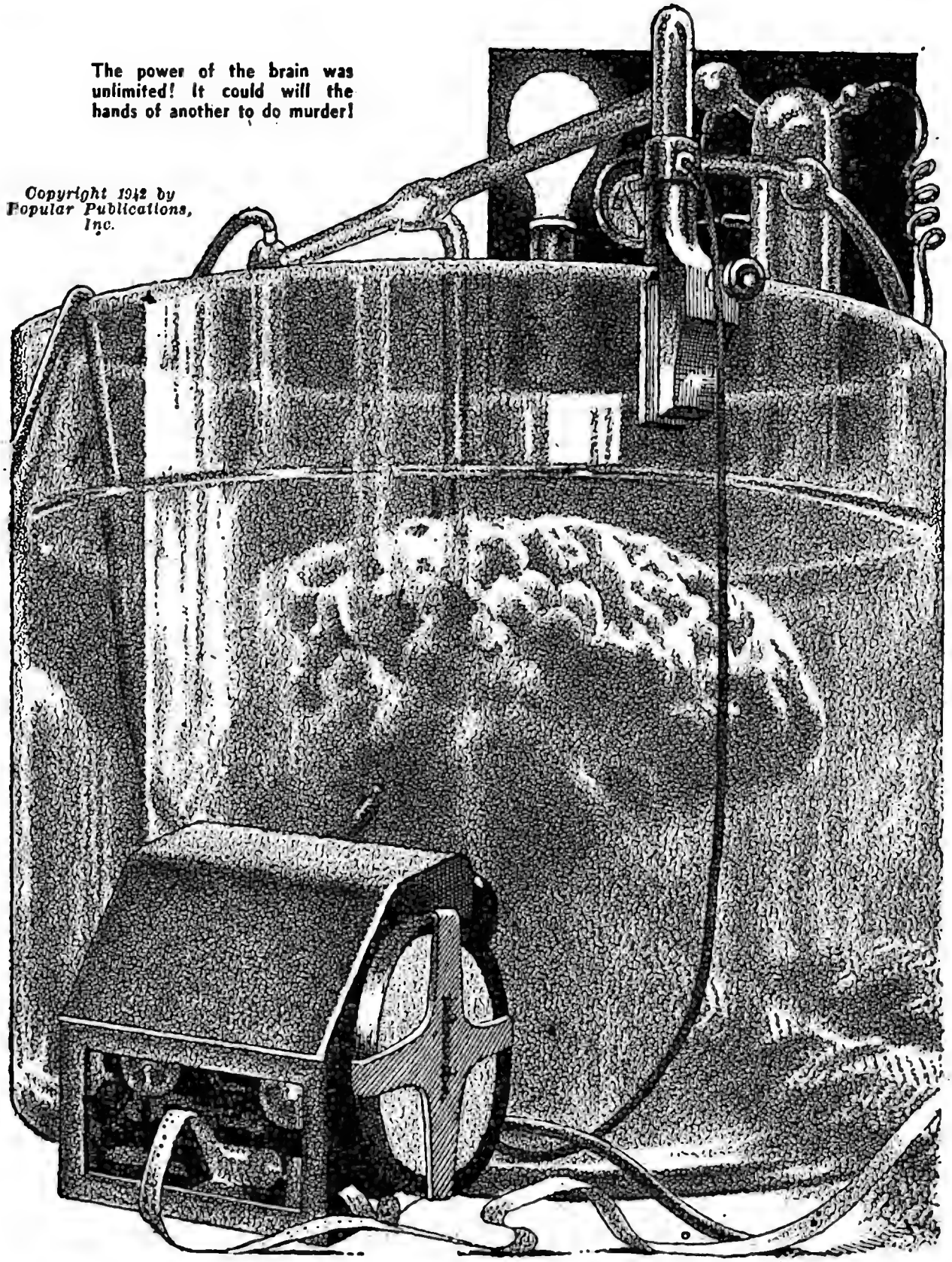
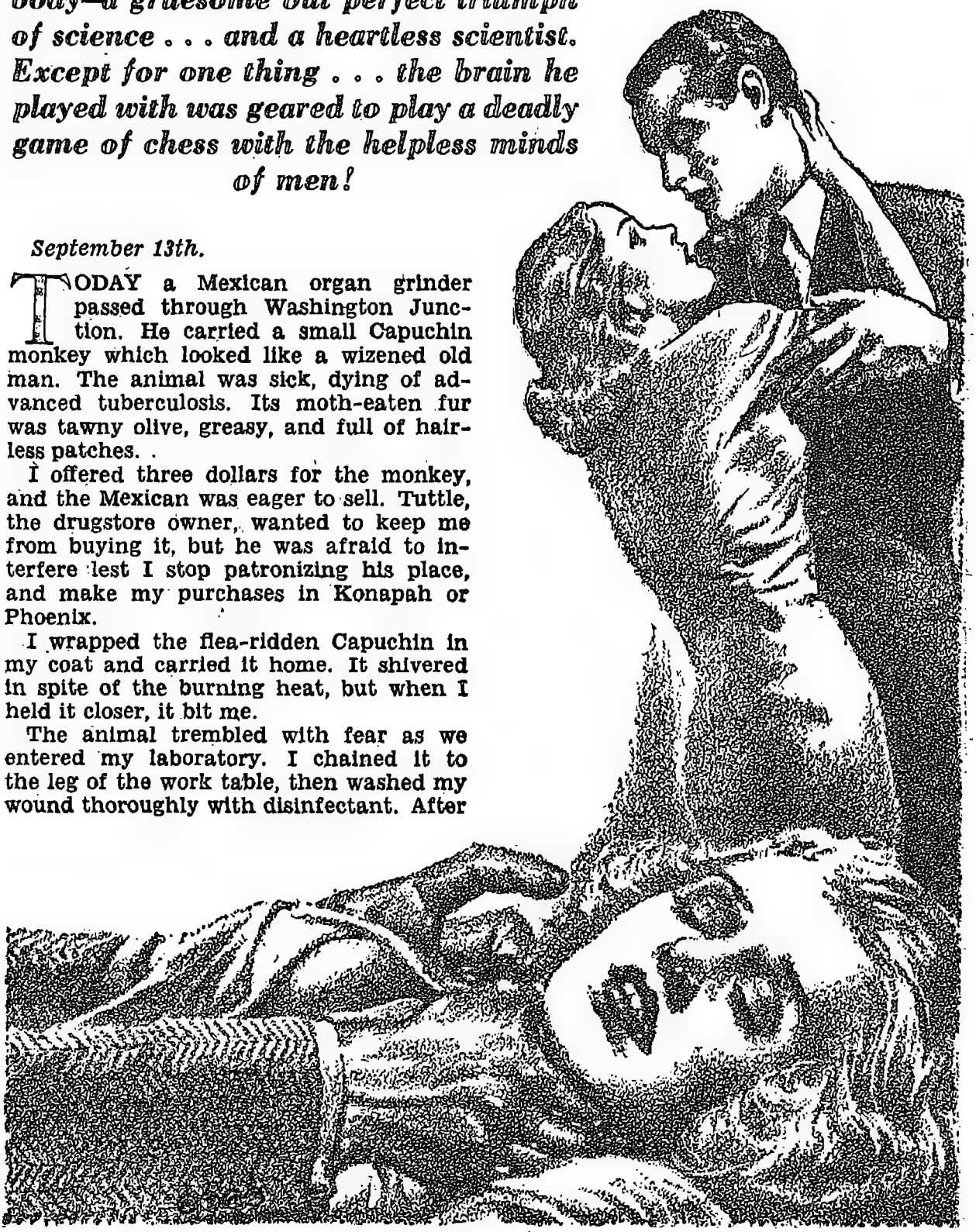


By Curt Siodmak

A brain that functioned outside its body—a gruesome but perfect triumph of science . . . and a heartless scientist. Except for one thing . . . the brain he played with was geared to play a deadly game of chess with the helpless minds of men!



September 13th.

TODAY a Mexican organ grinder passed through Washington Junction. He carried a small Capuchin monkey which looked like a wizened old man. The animal was sick, dying of advanced tuberculosis. Its moth-eaten fur was tawny olive, greasy, and full of hairless patches. .

I offered three dollars for the monkey, and the Mexican was eager to sell. Tuttle, the drugstore owner, wanted to keep me from buying it, but he was afraid to interfere lest I stop patronizing his place, and make my purchases in Konapah or Phoenix.

I wrapped the flea-ridden Capuchin in my coat and carried it home. It shivered in spite of the burning heat, but when I held it closer, it bit me.

The animal trembled with fear as we entered my laboratory. I chained it to the leg of the work table, then washed my wound thoroughly with disinfectant. After

that, I fed the creature some raw eggs, and talked to it. It calmed down—till I tried to pet it. Then it bit me again.

Franklin, my handyman, brought me a cardboard box which he had half-filled with hemp. The hemp would smother the fleas, he explained. My monkey nimbly hopped into the box and hid there. When I paid it no further attention it soon fell asleep. I studied its almost hairless face, its head covered with short fur that resembled the cowl of a Capuchin monk. The animal was breathing with difficulty and I was afraid it might not live through the night.

September 14th.

The monkey was still alive this morning and screamed hysterically when I tried to grab it. But after I fed it bananas and raw egg again, it let me pet its head a moment. I had to make it trust me completely. Fear causes an excess secretion of adrenalin, resulting in an abnormal condition of the blood stream. This would throw off my observations.

This afternoon, the Capuchin put its long arms around my chest and pressed its face against my shoulder, in perfect confidence. I stroked it slowly, and it uttered small whimpers of content. I tried its pulse, which was way above normal.

When it began to sleep in my arms, I stabbed it between the occipital bone and the first cervical vertebra. It died instantly.

September 15th.

At three o'clock this afternoon, Dr. Schratt came from Konapah to visit me. Though I often do not see him for weeks at a time, we communicate freely by phone and letter. He is very interested in my work, but, as he watches my experiments, he cannot hide his misgivings. He does not conceal his satisfaction when he sees me failing in an experiment. His soul is torn between a scientific compulsion (which is also mine), and a pusillanimous reaction against what he calls "invading God's own hemisphere."

Schratt has lived in Konapah for more than thirty years. The heat has dried up his energies. He has become superstitious as the Indians of his district. If his medical ethics permitted, he would prescribe snake charms and powdered toads for his patients.

He is official physician for the emergency landing field at Konapah and the small sum paid him by the airline keeps him from starving. There is not very much business around here for a country doctor. The few white people go to the hospital in Phoenix when they are ill. The Indians only call a white doctor when all the mystic charms have failed and the patient is dying.

Schratt once had the makings of a Pasteur or a Robert Koch. Half-drowned in cheap tequila now, he has lost the ability to concentrate. But still sometimes a flash of genius illuminates the twilight of his consciousness. Afraid of that lightning-flash of vision, he deliberately withdraws into the haze of his slowly simmering life.

If he could forbid me to do what I am doing, he would. But forgotten wishes and dreams sometimes echo in the ruins of his wretched life. His antagonism to me and my work is pure manifestation of his regret that he has betrayed his own genius.

Sitting in a deep chair near the fireplace, he smoked his pipe nervously. How he can stand the desert heat in that thick old coat he brought from Europe forty years ago I will never know. Maybe it is the only one he has.

I am quite sure that each time he leaves me he takes an oath never to see me again. But every few days my telephone rings and his hoarse, tired voice asks for me—or his aged Ford stops, boiling, in front of my house.

I had dissected the monkey's carcass. The lungs were infected with tuberculosis, which had also attacked the kidneys. But the brain was in good shape. To preserve it, I placed it in an artificial respirator.

I fixed rubber arteries to the vertebral and internal carotid arteries of the brain and the blood substance, forced by a small pump, streamed through the Circle of Willis to supply the brain. It flowed out through the corresponding veins on both sides and passed through glass tubes which I had irradiated with ultra-violet.

The strength and frequency of the infinitesimal electric charges the brain was producing were easy to measure. The electro-encephalograms marked their slow, trembling curves on the paper strip which continuously flowed from the wave-recording machine.

Schratt lifted his thick brown fingers and touched the glass in which the brain was floating. Immediately, disturbed, the brain waves altered, rose and fell with ever-increasing rapidity. The detached organ was reacting to an external stimulus!

"It feels—it *thinks!*" Schratt said. When

he turned around I saw the spark in his eyes I had eagerly expected.

But Schratt sat down heavily. As he thought of what he had seen, he grew pale under the coarse, brownish skin that loosely covered his drink-sodden face.

"You're the godfather of this phenomenon," I said to cheer him up, in spite of my knowing he could not be flattered.

"I don't want any part of anything you are doing, Patrick," he answered. "You—with your mechanistic physiology—reduce life to physical chemistry! This brain may still be able to feel pain, it may suffer, though bodyless, eyeless and deprived of any organ to express its feeling. It may be writhing in agony!"

"We know that the brain itself is *insensitive*," I answered quietly. To please him I added: "At least we *believe* we know that!"

"You have put it in a nutshell," Schratt answered. I perceived that he was trembling. The success of my experiment had unnerved him. "You believe and acknowledge only what you are able to observe and measure. You recklessly push through to your discoveries with no thought of the consequences."

"I only try to cultivate living tissues outside the body," I patiently answered. "You must agree in spite of your abhorrence of everything concerned in the progress of science, that my experiment is a big step forward. You told me the fragility of nervous substance is too great to be studied in the living state. But I have done it!"

I TOUCHED the glass which contained the Capuchin's brain, and the encephalograph at once registered the reaction of the irritated tissues.

I watched Schratt closely. I wanted to have from him again that admixture of genius which fertilized my researches. But Schratt's expression was blank and remote.

"You're synthetic and concise," he finally said unhappily. "There's no human emotion left in you. Your passion for observation and your mathematical precision have killed it, Patrick. Your intelligence is crippled by a profound inability to understand life. I am convinced that life is a synthesis of love and hatred, ambition and aimlessness, vanity and kindness. When you can manufacture kindness in a test tube, I'll be back."

He walked slowly and forlornly to the door, as always when he had made up his mind to break with me. But in the doorway he turned and added in a trembling voice: "Do me a favor, Patrick! Shut off the pump. Let that poor thing in there die!"

September 16th.

After midnight the deflections of the encephalograph ceased, and the monkey's brain died.

The telephone in the living-room rang at three in the morning, while I was still working in the laboratory. I heard the bell shrill faintly again and again. Janice had gone to bed hours ago, after bringing me some supper on a tray.

Obviously she had taken a sleeping draught, or the bell's persistent ringing would have wakened her. Franklin, who slept in the cottage in the back, would never get up.

When I finally took down the receiver, I heard Ranger White's excited voice. A plane had crashed near his station.

"I can't reach Konapah!" White shouted as if he had to talk to me across the distance without the help of a telephone. "Old Doc Schratt is drunk again. . . ."

He began to swear, out of control of himself—a man alone in a blockhouse on top of a mountain, eight hard miles from the nearest dwelling, and a crashed plane close to him.

He had tried Schratt for ten minutes before he switched the call to me. He had only two lines to choose from—Schratt's and mine. The telephone operator leaves these connections open all night in case of emergencies.

I calmed White down and promised speedy help.

Finally I got Schratt on the phone. He could hardly talk or even understand what I was telling him. I repeated the information again and again.

"I can't get up there!" he whined when my words had penetrated his tequila-fogged brain. "I can't. I'm an old man. I can't sit on a horse for hours. I've got a bad heart!"

He was deadly afraid of losing his job, but the alcohol had paralyzed him.

"All right, I'll take over for you," I said. "Meet me at my house tonight."

"At your house tonight, Patrick," he repeated plaintively. "Thanks, Patrick."

To wake Franklin from his sleep was a job. I ordered him to call the neighbors and to get me some help. Then I went back to the laboratory and packed my bag with all the instruments and medication I would need. When I looked up, Janice stood in the door.

She had put on her morning gown and with thin fingers was trying to fasten the belt at her waist. Her eyes were tired and dull. She had drugged herself. I saw that at once.

She cannot bear the climate, the heat of the parched desert, the sudden sandstorms, the stale water that is pumped through miles of hot pipelines. She was withering away slowly, desiccating. I had told her often enough to leave Washington Junction. She should live in New England, where she was born. But she will not leave me.

"Emergency?" she asked, pulling herself together, battling the drug.

I told her about the plane and White's call.

"Let me go with you," she asked, but her tongue was thick. "I can help. . . ."

She was suddenly awake, restless. I knew she only wanted to be with me, close to me, and the crash was a pretext.

"No," I said, "you're not fit for the trip. Go to bed."

I realized I had not talked to her for weeks. Her shadow was always behind me —my food in my room at the right moment, the house cleaned noiselessly, and she never bothered me with questions. She was waiting for me to call her but I had forgotten her shadowy existence.

The men arrived with the horses and mules. We went up the mountain trail.

September 16th.

Our horses had climbed for three hours when we came to White's ranger station. It is a blockhouse of heavy timbers and a tower from which the observer has a wide view over the mountains. White's job is to keep a lookout for fires and see that the batteries for the revolving lights are charged properly. The beacons are landmarks for planes flying to the north and west.

White is a man of about fifty. He lives with only his dog in this lonely place. To him even the few inhabitants of Washington Junction are an unbearable crowd. Now, for the first time, I found him wanting to see someone, anyone. His weather-browned face looked livid.

"Glad you came," he said, helping me from my horse.

As he led me to the plane, he added: "It's a goddam mess!"

There was not much left of the ship. The impact of the crash had disintegrated the wings, cabin and fuselage. Pieces of the plane were scattered over a wide area. It looked as if the pilot had misjudged the height of the mountain.

"It caught fire, but I got out," White said and pointed at a still smoldering patch where the blackened gas tank had burst inside out.

"I hope they're still alive." White had done an efficient job in spite of his shock.

He had carried the two survivors into the shade under a tree. One was a young man, the other an older man whose face seemed familiar. Both were still breathing. The young one had his eyes open, but he did not see me. He was semi-conscious and his teeth were embedded in his lower lip. A trickle of blood was running down his chin.

I gave him a shot of morphine and turned to the other man. This one had compound fractures of both legs. White had twisted a tourniquet above each of the man's knees to keep him from bleeding to death.

TUTTLE and Phillips approached, but I stopped a few yards from the injured men. I did not see Matthews, the third man. He had told me on the way up he could not stand the sight of blood.

Tuttle said, "There's two more guys over there, but they are dead!"

I turned in the indicated direction and saw a propeller buried in the ground, with a part of the motor still attached to it.

"Their heads are off." Phillips' voice was so low I could not understand him at first.

White had found four bodies. The plane, though powerful, was too small to have carried more.

I ordered White and Phillips to take the older man to the blockhouse. I examined the young man where he lay. His chest was crushed and both arms broken. I told Tuttle to cut four straight branches from the tree.

The man was conscious but could not talk. The morphine had lessened his pain, he was perspiring profusely. His pulse was close to a hundred and ten.

"Take it easy, try to doze off," I told him. "Don't fight. You'll be all right."

He seemed to understand and tried to answer. But the drug was already taking effect, closing his eyes.

I moved his arms carefully across his chest, and padding with bandages the four branches Tuttle had brought me, I laid them against both sides of the humerus and tied them securely at wrist and elbow. I gave the man a second injection to keep him asleep until we got him to the hos-

pital and ordered Tuttle to take him down to Washington Junction where he would meet the ambulance.

Tuttle called Phillips and they tied the unconscious man on a stretcher. I went back to the house without waiting for them to leave.

White had placed the old man on a table. He was beginning to stir and groan as I loosened the tourniquets from around his legs, which were swelling rapidly.

"They will have to be amputated," I said to White, "or he will die in a few hours."

White turned his livid face toward me and nodded. He grinned in an effort to control himself, but I was afraid he would never stick it through.

Now I regretted not having brought Janice. Matthews, the grocer, the only other helper I had still with me, was outside being sick. He had never seen broken bones and mangled bodies before. I talked to him, but he was no help.

I gave White a bromide to calm him down. He became very efficient, carried out all my orders with speed and precision. But he could not stop talking. I let him talk, for it seemed to relieve him. He kept explaining just what had happened.

He had heard the ship cruising overhead soon after midnight. It seemed to have lost its bearings. The beacons were all in working order, but the clouds were unusually thick. White was at a loss to know what plane it was. The commercial from Los Angeles had already passed, and no other information had come from Konapah.

White talked in a staccato voice while he gathered fresh bed linen and white shirts from a drawer. He fired the kitchen stove and put water on to heat, efficient but mechanical. I scrubbed the kitchen table with green soap, which he fortunately had in the house.

White's voice while he moved quietly about, was feverish. He had lived at the station eight years. There had never been an accident or irregularity. Once a few trout fishermen stole gasoline from one of the beacons for their stove. That is a federal offense, but White had not bothered reporting it.

He felt strangely responsible and obsessed by the idea that he might be accused of negligence. He tried to drown his guilt in a torrent of explanations.

He took it as a personal misfortune that the crash had occurred near his station.

The water was boiling and I sterilized the instruments. Infection can follow even the most rigid asepsis and this dusty kitchen for an operating theater hardly gave the man on the table a sporting chance. For a minute I considered not operating at all and letting fate decide.

I stepped closer to the man and studied his face. These features were somehow familiar; the thin, colorless mouth, the high cheek bones, the short nose, the prominent forehead. Even the scar which ran from the left ear to the tip of the chin seemed known to me.

White had cut the man's coat from him and thrown it on a chair. I took the wallet from the breast pocket. Blood had soaked it and glued the sheaf of big bills together. The man carried a fortune with him! The wallet was old and worn and stamped with the initials W.H.D. Warren Horace Donovan!

Now that I knew who he was I had to save his life. This man was too important. In a few hours dozens of specialists would be poking their noses into this case and if I did not get him down alive I would be accused of negligence. I had to make a clean job of it.

I did not tell White who the man on his kitchen table was. If I had, he would have been too awed and excited to help me.

After cutting away Donovan's trousers and underwear, I injected a spinal anesthetic between the third and fourth lumbar vertebrae. If the man became conscious now, he would feel no pain.

His respirations were irregular, and I lowered his head by having White place a couple of books under the back legs of the table. The blood pressure was falling alarmingly. I gave Donovan a half c.c. of 1-1000 adrenalin intravenously. The pressure rose again. I began the amputation and finished it in less than an hour.

I was obliged to cut through the femur, because the femur bones had suffered multiple fractures and the arteries were severed. A steady stream of arterial blood gushed forth as soon as the tourniquets were loosened. His toes were ice cold and clammy. Nobody could have saved Donovan's legs. And all the time I was operating I was aware of the futility of my endeavor.

The sun stood high when we tied him to the stretcher to take him down the trail. We fastened the litter between two horses, lowering the rear to carry the body in a fairly level position. The tedious descent began.

I left White behind. Matthews had recovered from the shock and seemed

ashamed of his weakness and desertion. He wanted to make good now and walked beside the stretcher, letting me ride the horse.

Every few minutes we had to stop to take Donovan's pulse. It was around one hundred forty and very weak. I gave him one c.c. of 1-1000 adrenalin intravenously.

When we were two hours on our way, Donovan stopped breathing. I had to pull his tongue forward and administer some oxygen which I carried with me in a small steel flask. He needed an intravenous injection of coramine, but I did not have it.

I had not slept for two days and I could feel I was close to the end of my resistance. A few times the trail blurred before my eyes. I had to hold tight to the neck of the horse.

THE sun seemed to stand still in the sky and the heat became unbearable as we trailed down the pass. Once the horses shied, but Matthews caught the reins in time to keep them from bolting. A rattlesnake was sunning itself across the path. While I held the excited horses, Matthews killed it with a club. Then he threw the crushed body as far as he could, but the dead snake caught in the branches of a nearby tree and we had a bad time leading the horses past. This was torture, climbing downhill with a dying man strung between the horses.

When we finally heard voices hailing us, we stopped at once and sat down, exhausted.

Four men came up the trail to meet us. Schratt had phoned to Phoenix and the hospital had sent an ambulance. But Schratt had declined the assistance of a doctor from Phoenix. It was his job to take care of these injured. He was sticking to his job, and I was doing it!

Phoenix was still unaware that the plane which had crashed was Warren Horace Donovan's. Otherwise all the ethics of the medical profession would not have kept the hospital from sending every available specialist up the mountain to save W. H. Donovan's life!

September 17th.

Just before we got to Washington Junction, Donovan reached a crisis. His strong heart had delayed the coma, but it was too late now to send him on to Phoenix. He could not have arrived alive.

I had him carried into my laboratory and put on the operating table. The men looked around curiously. They had not expected such an elaborate layout. None of them knew my name or anything about me. But people who live in the desert are not very curious or talkative. I lived secludedly. Nobody asked what I was doing.

I sent the men away, then changed to a clean shirt which Janice had left in the laboratory. I found iced coffee on my desk and some food. She was silently waiting in her room for me to call her. The accident had interrupted the monotonous routine of our days and she was hoping I would want to talk to her.

I examined the dying man. His pulse was rapid and his heartsounds so weak I could hardly hear them with my stethoscope.

I called Janice.

"Where is Schratt?" I asked. I could see she had not slept, waiting for me.

"He took the other man to Phoenix," she answered.

"Call up the hospital and tell him to get over here right away. Then come and help me."

She ran out of the room to obey my order.

I had to come to a decision. I had to make up my mind now. At once! Before it was too late. I did not feel exhausted any more. The opportunity was unprecedented. Too tremendous. This man was dying but his brain was still alive. It was an extraordinary brain, the dome large and of perfect shape, the skull broad, the forehead wide.

I tested its reactions with the encephalograph. It showed strong delta deflections.

An animal's brain has weak reactions and very little resistance. An animal gives up when it is going to die. The brain is a minor organ of its body, less important than the weapons of defense. But the man on my table had exercised his brain all his life, trained it, strengthened it.

Here was the perfect specimen a scientist might wish for!

If only Schratt were here. .

Donovan's skull was nearly hairless. That made it easier. He was in a coma, it was not necessary to use an anesthetic.

I switched on the sterilizer and put in a surgical scalpel and a Gigli saw.

When the instruments were ready, I picked out the scalpel and made a semicircular incision in the skin just above the right ear, continuing the incision around the back of the head to the upper surface of the left ear. I pulled the scalpel forward until it completely exposed the top of the calvarium. There was very little

bleeding from the surfaces I had exposed.

Taking the Gigli saw, I made an incision in the bony vault completely around the skull. To leave the brain uninjured, I was very careful not to cut through the duramater. I then lifted off the entire top of the cranial vault in toto.

The glistening surface of the duramater was still warm to my finger's touch.

I made the same semi-circular incision in the duramater that I had in the outer skin.

I pulled the dura forward and there lay exposed—Donovan's brain!

Donovan's breathing stopped. White asphyxis due to cardiac failure began. There was no time to apply stimulants. That would have taken precious minutes. I had to open his brain while he was still alive. I made that mistake before with the Capuchin, and I could not take any risk now.

I heard Janice at the phone talking to Phoenix. Schratt was on his way back. She repeated the information loudly so I could hear.

If Schratt's Ford didn't break down!

Janice came in. She stopped, seeing me at work over the body.

"Come here," I ordered gruffly. I wanted to give her no time to think. She had studied medicine to please me and have the chance to be closer to me. Concentrated, cool, precise even in emergencies, she was an ideal nurse. But, like Schratt, she deeply resented the work I was doing, for it took me away from her and she was jealous. I was married to my apparatus and scalpels.

"The Gigli saw! Quick!" I said. I stretched out my hand without looking at her. She hesitated, standing there in the doorway. Then I heard her move. She stepped close behind my shoulder and passed me the instrument. I pressed the Gigli saw to the occipital bone. I was so concentrated on my work I did not hear Schratt enter.

Finally I felt someone watching me. Schratt was standing two yards behind me, staring. His face twisting, he battled with himself, undecided whether to run away or come to my assistance, but finally he overcame the shock of seeing me steal a man's brain.

I lifted up the cranium, severed it by cutting the medulla oblongata just above the foramen magnum.

"We would like to be alone, Janice," I said.

She left at once, relieved to go, I felt, and for a second I regretted having called her to help me. I did not want witnesses!

"Put on those gloves and a smock," I said to Schratt, while I loosened the frontal gyrus with a blunt dissector, feeling my way not to injure the eyes.

SCHRATT impulsively hid his face in his hands and stood motionless for seconds. When he uncovered his face again, his expression had changed. He had known what I was going to do as soon as he entered the laboratory. I was violating his creed and ethics, but he did not refuse to help me, though I had no power to coerce him.

The potential frustrated Pasteur had broken through and Schratt's vocation was stronger than his conscience. I knew that afterwards he would have pangs of remorse, fits of repentance he would try to drown in tequila. He knew it too but he helped me.

He stepped over to the table and pulled on the gloves. Without waiting to put on a smock, he grabbed the knife. His hands, heavy and coarse-fingered, became subtle. He worked with great speed.

"I'll have to cut here," he muttered, and as I nodded he severed the medulla oblongata.

I took blood serum from the heater, affixed the rubber tube to the rotary pump, and turned on the ultra-violet lights.

"Ready?" Schratt asked.

I nodded, took a steaming towel from the sterilizer, and held it over the brain which Schratt was lifting out of the lower cranium. He carried it over to the glass bowl and submerged it in the serum, fastened the rubber tubes to the vertebral and internal carotid arteries and set the pump in motion.

"Better hurry," Schratt said, pulling off his gloves. "They may come for the body any minute." His face suddenly looked gray and shriveled. He nodded toward the body.

"Better get him in shape. Stuff some cotton in the skull or the eyes might fall in."

I filled the skull cavity with cotton bandages and replaced the cranium, taping it with adhesive. I pulled the scalp back over the calvarium, then I bandaged the head carefully and had foresight enough to soak a few drops of Donovan's blood into the bandages as if a wound from the accident had bled through.

I eagerly turned to see if the brain was still alive but Schratt stopped me.

"We have done all we can," he said.

"Let's get the body out of here. You wouldn't want them to see *that?*" He indicated the brain with a jerky movement of his head. "If we get the body out into the sun, it will decompose fast. I don't want an autopsy."

Excitement had fuddled my judgment, and I submitted to Schratt. But he did not seem to enjoy his new authority.

For years Schratt had been inhibited in my presence. I knew that. He had lost his own ambition and drive, and he envied me my persistence in carrying through the researches. But now, though he had the upper hand at last, he did not take advantage of me. Cowardly he walked out on his opportunity to revenge himself for the humiliations I had involuntarily inflicted upon him through all these years.

We put Donovan's body on a stretcher, covered it with a sheet, and carried it outside. The heat would do fast work. We returned to the laboratory and proceeded to wash up.

"Write the death certificate before the ambulance gets here," I told Schratt calmly.

He did not answer and I divined remorse had started to affect him.

Now he must register his crime in black and white, set down evidence that could send him to jail at any time. He was not afraid of the prison so much, but he had lost his last shred of self-respect.

"Sorry. I would write it myself, but I'm not the coroner. Besides it was your duty to take care of the victims of the crash."

"I'm being blackmailed," he said with a wan smile, but I knew he meant it. He was dangerous. He might give us both away in one of his fits of pathological depression.

"Want a drink?" I asked.

He looked up, astonished, read my thoughts and shook his head.

"You don't have to get me drunk for me to write the certificate," he muttered, walking over to the desk. "What's the man's name?"

When I told him he paled.

"W. H. Donovan," he repeated and sat down trembling. I waited for him to recover. "We have stolen Donovan's brain!"

He laughed suddenly, turned to the desk, picked up a pen and took a blank coroner's report from his pocket.

"I had better leave the name off," he said. "I just hope the heat melts that carcass away before every doctor in the country comes poking his nose into it."

He wrote and passed the paper to me.

"Death due to bleeding and shock following amputation of both legs," I read.

"They can see for themselves it's true what I wrote down."

He spoke swaggeringly to hide his uneasiness and walked over to the door. "I'll see that Phoenix collects it."

He put on his big hat and walked away without glancing at me or saying goodbye. He was walking out on me again.

HE STOPPED outside for a moment to talk to Janice. They have a curious conspiracy I have never bothered to intrude on and I was not interested now in what they were saying to each other, but I went into my bedroom and called her.

Janice entered at once.

"You ought to sleep a little." She dropped the suggestion casually. For the first time in years she was telling me what to do. She was tapping hesitantly at the door to my consciousness, timidly trying to remind me of her.

"The ambulance from Phoenix will call for the body. If anyone calls, don't disturb me whoever it is." I sank on the bed. I really needed some sleep.

Even as I turned toward the wall, I could feel sleep blacking out my mind.

September 18th.

I woke at a very early morning hour. There was food near the bed, where Janice had left it in a thermos to keep warm. I ate hastily and went back to the laboratory. I heard Janice moving in her room, but she did not leave it.

Through the garden window I could see that the body had been taken away. On my desk lay the evening paper and a message. The hospital at Phoenix had phoned for me to come over and report to the coroner. Since Schratt was the coroner in the case, I tossed the paper into the wastebasket.

The Phoenix *Herald* had a big headline: *Tycoon Dies. W. H. Donovan Killed in Plane Crash in Snake Mountains.*

I put the paper into a drawer of my desk and turned to Donovan's brain.

The pump was faithfully supplying blood to the main artery and the ultra-violet lights shone through the glass tubes in which the serum circulated.

I wheeled the table with the encephalograph close to the vessel which contained the brain and fastened the five electrodes to the cortical tissue. One near the right ear, two high on the forehead, one above each eye cavity.

The brain of any living creature has an electric beat that is conducted by neurons, not by blood vessels or connecting tissue. All cells show varying degrees of mechanical, thermal, electrical and chemical activity.

I switched on the current that drove the small motor, which, in turn, drew out a white paper strip an inch per second at a frequency of sixty cycles. A pen scratched a faint line on the moving paper. I amplified the infinitesimally small currents the brain was sending until their power was great enough to move the pen.

On the paper strip the activity of Donovan's thought processes showed in exact, equal curves. The curves repeated themselves; the brain was at rest, not really thinking now. The pen drew smooth alpha curves, concise as breathing.

I tested the occipital lead. The deflections were continuous, 10 cycles per second, with very low seven-to-eight cycles per second waves.

I touched the glass and at once the alpha waves disappeared. The brain in the glass was aware that I was standing there!

Delta waves appeared on the moving strip, a sure indication that the brain was emotionally disturbed.

It seemed fatigued, however, and suddenly it fell asleep again. I saw the repeating pattern reappear. The brain slept deeply, its strength exhausted by the grave operation.

I watched its depthless slumber while the pattern of this sleep, drawn by a pen on white paper, slipped through my fingers.

I watched for hours. I knew I had succeeded.

Donovan's brain would live though his body had died.

September 19th.

The hospital in Phoenix phoned three times asking me to come over and answer some questions about Donovan's death.

Janice told them I was too busy now and would see them later.

Schratt called too. Janice took the phone into her room and had a long conversation with him. Generally she dislikes talking at length, so I anticipated that the situation in Phoenix was becoming involved.

When the hospital called for the fourth time, I decided to go before they became suspicious.

Janice wanted to ride into town with me. She sat silent and tense in the car. It annoyed me to feel her watching me out of the corner of her eye.

I made up my mind to clear all the accumulated issues between us as soon as possible. I resented her intensity which interfered with my work. I had to end this household disharmony.

When we arrived in town, Janice decided to stay in the car. I did not ask why she suddenly changed her mind or why she had ridden with me at all.

I went into the hospital.

At the entrance a thin shabby-looking man with a camera took pictures of me and I did not like it.

The nurse at the reception desk sent me straight up to Dr. Higgins, the superintendent.

In Higgins' waiting-room sat Schratt, dilapidated and looking greenish. I nodded at him, but his shifting eyes registered no recognition. As I was walking over to speak to him, Higgins opened a door and called me inside.

Webster, a manager of the airline, was with him. Webster did not wait for formalities. "Dr. Cory," he said, "Schratt tells me you led the emergency party to the ranger station."

"Yes," I replied. "It was the obvious thing to do. If Dr. Schratt had had to form a rescue party in Konopah, he would have arrived much later."

"As I understand it, you are not a practicing physician in this district?" Higgins spoke sharply, but I was prepared for the question.

"I am a medical doctor, Dr. Higgins." I spoke as sharply as he. "In an emergency every physician has his duty to perform."

I turned to Webster. He nodded perfunctorily as if I had ordered him to affirm my statement.

Webster was uneasy. The man who had died was too important to be disposed of with just an ordinary report.

EVERY newspaper in the country will blow up this incident. Webster's activities the night of the disaster will be discussed in detail.

Donovan could not have been saved if all the specialists of the Mayo clinic had been waiting at the spot of the accident, and Higgins seemed to know it. But Webster *was* to blame that an old crackpot doctor was in charge the night of the disaster and an unknown physician undertook a major operation on one of the richest men in America.

It was to my advantage that Webster

urgently wished to hush up the facts and have the incident closed as quickly as possible. But Higgins, on the warpath, was out for blood. He called Schratt in.

Schratt was shaky on his feet. He looked far from presentable as the physician for an emergency airfield. Webster gazed at him with misgivings and Higgins turned away as if disgusted by Schratt's demoralized appearance.

He said hurriedly, "Please follow me!"

I walked beside Webster with Higgins in front. Ignored and left to trail behind, Schratt grew increasingly desperate.

Schratt is so unpredictable. I was afraid he might blurt out the truth in a fit of repentance. He had tried to drown his conscience in alcohol, but like most heavy drinkers he got no relief, only a still more desperate feeling of remorse.

I slowed down a little for Schratt to catch up with me. His steps were faltering, but I was afraid to touch him for fear he would imagine I meant to help him walk straight. Even such a small gesture might have provoked a display of nerves.

Higgins was leading us to the morgue. At the door, Schratt in a brave effort of self-control, pulled himself together and straightened his shoulders.

Only the one body covered with a sheet lay in the small tiled room. I knew the corpse was Donovan's for the linen caved in at the foot of the bier where a man's legs would ordinarily have been.

Higgins uncovered the body and we all stared at Donovan's decaying face. I felt a chill creeping up my spine. The bandages around the head had been tampered with.

Schratt, too, observed that they were wound differently. He stepped back, but his expression did not change. He always accepts misfortune fatalistically.

"Dr. Schratt states in the death certificate that Mr. Donovan died following amputation of both legs. You did not, by any chance, bring those extremities back with you, Dr. Cory?" Higgins inquired.

"If you doubt the necessity for the operation, you had better exhume the legs. You'll find them buried at the ranger station," I said coldly, resenting the insinuation.

Webster, who wanted least of all a further medical inquiry, quickly interrupted.

"If Donovan had died instantly, we would have been spared these fruitless post-mortems." He turned to the door. "I think there is no use discussing the case further. It won't bring Donovan back to life and it may only arouse controversy."

He was putting it plainly to Higgins that he wanted the incident closed, but Higgins ignored the plea.

"The report did not mention a head injury," Higgins continued stubbornly.

"You found the ribs are broken, too," I answered quietly, knowing what he was up to. "Do you want that stated also? Are you trying to charge me with negligence? Just what is the complaint? I did all I could do."

Higgins pondered. He sensed Schratt's mounting panic, but he did not know what caused it, and that made him uncertain.

"Let's go," Webster urged. "I'm feeling a little weak. I'm not accustomed to. . . ."

He opened the door of the morgue and inhaled deeply, as if trying to keep from fainting.

We left. I felt cold sweat on my forehead and did not raise my head for fear of betraying myself. We went back to Higgins' office.

"You'd better change physicians, Mr. Webster." Higgins had to slaughter some scapegoat. "Dr. Schratt has clearly neglected his duty. It was up to him to go at once to the scene of the disaster, not to send anyone else. But, as I understand it, Dr. Schratt was incapacitated."

Schratt lifted his flabby, bloated face. He looked crushed.

"I'm obliged to dismiss you," Webster said to him hurriedly, glad to have found a way to satisfy Higgins. "Sorry, Dr. Schratt."

Webster looked at me inquisitively and added, "Since I must have a physician in residence near the emergency field, perhaps Dr. Cory could take over these duties."

He looked at Higgins for approval, but I was in a mood to put both men in their places.

"I'm not interested," I said gruffly and walked to the door.

Higgins followed me. His attitude changed at once when he saw I could not be bullied.

"Dr. Cory!" His tone was conciliatory. "I'm sorry. You see I had to investigate. . . ."

I looked at him coldly.

"Donovan's family are here. At the De Anza. Please do me a favor. Go and see them. They are anxious to talk to you."

"All right," I answered, grabbing my hat, and left without saying goodbye to anyone.

I still felt uneasy. Higgins had acted

strangely. Did he know I had removed Donovan's brain?

Who had looked beneath Donovan's bandages?

I heard steps behind me. It was Schratt, who passed without looking up, as if I were responsible for his misfortune.

I left the hospital and walked straight across the market place to the De Anza Hotel. I passed my car and Janice was not in it.

When I asked for Mr. Donovan, the room clerk treated me as if I were a millionaire too.

A bellboy took me all the way up to the fourth floor. He confided in an awed voice that the management had closed all the rooms on that floor except the suite occupied by Howard Donovan and his sister Chloe Barton.

The way he spoke Chloe Barton's name told me she was good-looking.

It was her brother who received me, a man of forty-five, heavily built and tall, with the same skull conformation as his father's. He stood back of the writing desk, rustled through papers a moment as if he were looking for something, then suddenly, straight into my face he said, "I'm glad you came, Dr. Cory."

Howard Donovan continued to scrutinize me embarrassingly, as if I were here for a cross-examination and he were the prosecuting attorney. His money had given him an exaggerated conception of his own importance and a fine contempt for other people. He ignored my resentment.

On his desk lay his father's worn, blood-stained wallet, an old-fashioned watch, and the small notebook that had been found on Donovan, Senior.

Howard Donovan spoke almost without moving his lips, as if he were miserly even with words.

"I wanted to thank you, Dr. Cory," he said slowly as if the words had been torn from his mouth. "I'm sure you did everything for my father that could be done!"

I was tempted not to answer in the affirmative, just to study his reaction. When I said nothing, he moved his hulk nimbly across the thick carpet toward a door.

"I want you to meet my sister," he muttered. He stopped at the door, turned toward me with his hand on the knob, then knocked rather softly and called his sister's name.

CHLOE BARTON entered. She was a dark-haired girl with white teeth and straight shoulders, very conscious of her looks. She greeted me and sat down, folding her hands in her lap in a graceful, unnatural pose.

I knew women like this well from my years at the hospital. They are erotomaniacs, only happy as long as they are sure of a man's adoration.

Her nose, short and turned up, showed a slight thickening of the lesser alar cartilage, a sure sign that it had been worked on by a plastic surgeon.

I remembered her story. She had been a stout, plain girl with a hooked nose, had married three times in quick succession and always big brutal men. After the third unhappy marriage, which ended in a scandal, she had her nose remodeled and changed her character completely.

She dieted away forty pounds and when she found she had become handsome, she enwrapped herself in a new aura as in a cloak, became elusive with her friends, egocentric to the point of mental unbalance. She gave up her promiscuousness and concentrated on herself in a quiet, narcissistic way.

"We wanted to thank you for making my poor father's death easier."

Chloe Barton spoke as if she had studied the sentence. Not a muscle in her face twitched. The transparent skin remained pale. "We want to know what he said before he died. What message he left for his children."

Howard Donovan had stepped behind the desk again and was watching me intently. The light from the window fell hard on my face while he was in semi-darkness. Chloe's lips were curved in a frozen smile. I could not make out what they expected to hear, but it seemed of great importance to them.

"I must disappoint you," I said. "I don't remember."

Mrs. Barton seemed shocked by my words and turned to Howard Donovan.

"I wish he could remember," the girl said, as if it was up to Howard to make me do it.

Howard nodded and said to me, "It's extremely important to us. Just try to remember a few words."

They stared at me again as if to read some secret they thought I was hiding. I could only shrug my shoulders.

"Listen, Dr. Cory," Howard Donovan insisted, "we'll make it worth your while." He seemed to think I was purposely holding something back. With a quick gesture, he snatched up the bloodstained wallet as if to give it to me.

"I can't tell you anything." I was annoyed. "Your father was unconscious all the time. Anything he did say didn't make sense."

"Are you sure?" Howard asked sharply.

The scene was embarrassing.

"Quite sure!" I took my hat. "Following extreme loss of blood no one can talk coherently."

I walked toward the door, but Chloe called after me.

"We want to pay you for trying to save my father's life."

"No charge," I answered, and walked out.

Their behavior was very mysterious. Obviously, they were afraid the old man had confided in me. I thought of Donovan, but could not recall anything he had said.

I went to my car and drove off. I wanted to get out of this town, fast. Watching so many faces, listening to so many voices, being cross-charged with so many mental currents upset me.

My work demanded concentration. I was groping in the dark tunnel of science, developing my sense of touch. These annoying disturbances were blinding lights in the darkness that stunned and left me bewildered.

I had to get hold of myself, calm down, arrest the wildly swinging membrane of my powers of concentration.

Higgins, Webster, Schratt—I wanted to banish them all from my mind, but they kept creeping back.

When I had driven a few miles, I realized I had forgotten Janice. She should have stayed in the car!

Moving along the straight highway and concentrating on the point of the end where the macadam seemed to lance the horizon, I suddenly knew how to watch and study the brain more attentively.

At rest, relaxing, it was sending out ten-cycle alpha waves. As soon as it reacted to a stimulus, the alpha frequencies changed to beta, with twenty fluctuations per second.

If I sent the amplified alpha wave through an alternate circuit which in turn was connected with an electric bulb, any change of frequency would change the circuit, and switch on the lamp.

When the brain was thinking the bulb would burn. When the bulb was dark the brain would be at rest. How simple.

I drove home as fast as I could, jumped out of the car and rushed to the door of the laboratory, but entered quietly so as not to disturb the brain.

It was asleep, the encephalograph showed.

Silently I went to work, connected the amplifier with the relay and connected an electric bulb on the circuit.

I switched on the current and watched the lamp.

Producing alpha frequencies, the brain was at rest.

I tapped at the vessel in which the organ was suspended and at once it became aware of the disturbance. The encephalograph registered delta waves, the alpha cycles were blocked out, the relay cut in on the current and lighted the bulb!

I stared at the miracle and sat down to rejoice.

The lamp went out again; the brain was relaxing. But when I got up, it felt my movement and the light reappeared.

Crossing to my desk to register the time of my discovery, I had another idea. If the brain had emotions and perceptions, it was thinking systematically. It was aware of outside disturbances, certainly, or its alpha waves would not have changed to beta or delta frequencies. Without a doubt a precise thought process was going on in this eyeless, earless matter.

It might, like a blind man, feel the light or, like a deaf one, perceive sound. It might, in its dark mute existence, produce thoughts of immense clarity and inspiration. It might, just because it was cut off from the distractions of the senses, be able to concentrate all its brain power on thoughts of great significance.

I wanted to know those thoughts! But how could I get in touch with the brain?

I heard a car stop. It was Schratt bringing Janice home. I was disturbed, of course. The noise of the auto, Janice's footsteps, the pronounced quiet opening of the front door, shoved my thoughts off their narrow track.

I WAITED till Janice had gone to her room, but I could not concentrate again. I left the laboratory and knocked at her door.

She called to me and I entered.

Janice was sitting on the bed, her face turned toward me, her hands on her knees, her body hunched over as if she were weighed down in thought.

"Sorry I had to leave Phoenix without you," I said, to begin this conversation which must clear the issues between us once and for all.

"Schratt brought me home," she answered soberly.

"May I sit down?" I asked. I had not been in her room for months.

She nodded and went on in the same quiet voice. "Schratt lost his job." She looked at me as if I could have prevented his misfortune.

"I know. What could I do?" I replied.

She nodded again, but not in confirmation of my words. "You did nothing to help him."

For a moment I was stunned. Was this a rebuke from Janice?

"Did he say so?"

"He's desperate," she answered.

"Like most drunkards, he shows signs of Korrsakow's psychosis, if you remember the symptoms from your lectures. Lessening of the power of observation, inability to correlate new experiences with the apperceptive mass, conjectures, retrograde amnesia. . . ."

Her face was sad.

"I've invited him to live with us," she said. "I hope you won't refuse. He can have the room off the back garden, and he won't disturb you."

Her kindness had no limits. She would have filled the house with hoboes if I were willing.

"Now we're stuck with him for the rest of his life! Pretty smart! I have to buy his discretion. He knows that he knows too much about my activities and he means to cash in on it."

She did not answer, but she paled and her mouth grew very white.

It was her house. She could do whatever she liked with it. She paid for all the machines and experiments. I was completely dependent on her and she never said a word about it. She may even never have thought of it.

But I wanted to be free!

Janice did not want to fight. Her expression grew soft as she withdrew into a shell where no rough word and no hard blow could reach her. She surrendered her personality and won, as she always did, by refusing to defend herself.

"All right," I said. "Did Schratt tell you Webster offered me his job? Maybe I ought to have taken it. Maybe I will."

She smiled kindly, understandingly. She knew my work consumed all my time and thought. Even the fact of our marriage had been dissolved in my work's acid domination. She knew I could not divert my strength.

Exhausted, I sat there in front of her. I knew I could not order her to leave me. She had made up her mind to stay, and no unkindness, no disregard, could ever part her from me. I gave up wearily.

"All right, let Schratt stay here."

September 25th.

I have moved my bed into the laboratory. I want to live as close as possible to the object of my experiment.

I eat alone, never leave the laboratory, never see Janice and Schratt. From time to time I hear Schratt's car arrive or leave. Franklin brings my food but, well-trained, he never distracts me by talking.

I ordered him to collect news about Donovan's death and he transmitted my wish to Janice. Now nearly every day he brings in newspapers or magazines with stories about Donovan. I have read them all and feel I know as much about Donovan's life as if we had been intimates.

Between myself and the brain in the respirator, a very close relationship has developed. It is not just dumb, mute matter, kept alive by a pump, going on existing aimlessly. It is a living organ, ductile in its reactions and responsive to stimuli like a human being.

After public curiosity at the first briefly reported news of the crash and its victim had been exhausted, gossip began to reveal sordid details of Donovan's private life.

The more I read about him, the more his character darkens. He, like all the great moneymakers, was unscrupulous to a criminal degree. Only a limited amount of money can be honestly earned. To amass millions in the short course of a life, one must be ruthless and untroubled by a conscience.

Nobody knows for certain how much money Donovan made, but he owned the biggest mail-order house in the world. It sprawled like an octopus over all the states.

Donovan was sixty-five when the plane cracked up, no age for a strong man to die. He was traveling with his lawyer and two pilots. A few days before his death he had turned over the reins of the business to his son. It was a surprise to all of them, his board of directors and his family.

Why Donovan, a man whose only incentive all his life had been a craving for more and more power, suddenly sloughed off his authority, the papers could not reveal. He had undertaken the plane trip to his Miami house without informing his family or friends. There has been speculation about quarrels with his son and daughter. A paper hinted at a disease, but nobody knows for sure.

I have become deeply curious about Donovan's life story. The laws of human emotions are unknown, but here I have an opportunity to penetrate the mysteries of a brain, perhaps discover the factors which determine its capabilities.

Which chemical reaction creates success? Which one is responsible for our failures? Which produces happiness—which misery?

Donovan's brain may supply the answers.

For hours I let the encephalogram run through my fingers and tried to find a relation between the form of the pen-curves and the thoughts they must express.

We know that when the brain imagines a tree these curves are different from those when it thinks of a horse or an automobile. An emotional outburst of hatred draws different lines from those of pleasure.

It is within possibility to find a code which translates the relation between the reading of the encephalogram and the mental image. If I could find the key, the brain could communicate with me.

I cannot talk to it for it has no organ of hearing. It cannot see or taste. But without doubt it is sensitive to touch. When I knock at the glass vessel the brain receives the sound waves and reacts.

If it thinks, a process I cannot determine, only assume, I should be able to tap messages to it.

The problem is how to receive an answer.

September 30th.

For days I have tried to transmit the same phrase to the brain in Morse, — .. ... -.-.-.. . . -. . . ...- .--. !

Listen, Donovan! Listen, Donovan!

The encephalograph has reacted, but always differently, in beta and delta frequencies. Never the same pattern twice.

It occurred to me the brain might not understand the code. Donovan probably knew nothing about telegraphy. A simple explanation for my failure!

Though the brain can conceive only what it has experienced, however, it might be possible to add to the sum of its knowledge by training.

Patiently I began to tap out the Morse signals against the glass vessel: .— A, —... B.

I WENT on indefatigably for days and nights, whenever I found the bulb at the relay burning to indicate the brain was awake. I was sometimes disheartened, for no sign indicated the brain understood what I wanted.

But the brain seemed to be watching me. The beta curves were smooth and precise, as if it concentrated on what I was doing. When I stopped tapping, the frequencies on the paper tape changed.

Donovan's brain might be trying to send a message to me!

October 2nd.

I repeated the Morse signs thousands of times, perfunctorily, sometimes half asleep. In my dreams I became an instrument myself, repeating the signs unendingly. As I tapped out the letters of the alphabet over and over again, they would have sunk into the memory of a baby. A brain intelligent and versatile as Donovan's *must* realize there was a pattern to this, must remember it, even automatically, must decipher the meaning.

Again I began! Listen, Donovan! Can you understand? Donovan! If you understand, think three times of a tree, Donovan. Three times: Tree! Tree! Tree!

I watched the encephalogram. The pen moved convulsively and formed a sign, the same sign, three times.

The wild delta waves shook the pen as if in confusion.

Exhausted, I slumped on my bed, unable to organize my thoughts. Was I mistaken? Had the brain really answered me? The encephalogram had showed the same curve three times, but did that prove that Donovan had understood?

Theoretical concepts outside the experimental proof are meaningless. I had to dismiss speculation. I can accept only the proof my instruments supply.

Again I tried: Think of a tree, three times. Tree, tree, tree.

The sign appeared, once, twice, again! The same sign!

Then alpha cycles flowed into beta frequencies, smooth, repeating. The brain, exhausted, had fallen asleep.

I could measure its deep slumber. The deflections became wider. The brain was dreaming. The pen on the paper strip moved wildly. The brain was having a nightmare!

October 3rd.

The same night, last night, I went out to Schratt's room behind the garage. I was at my wit's end and had to talk to him.

The brain had obeyed my command and repeated the words I told it to think. But

how could I translate its own thoughts, which no doubt were written in the scrawls on the paper strip? I am impatient, afraid the brain may die in the midst of my observations.

It was three o'clock in the morning. The sky was clear. Freezing cold made the sand crackle under my feet.

Without knocking I stepped into Schratt's room. He was deep in sleep, his mouth open. His face was thinner, but he looked healthy. The bloated skin had tightened and some color had come into his coarse cheeks. Janice's saintly influence has deprived him of his liquor, I assume.

He suddenly opened his eyes and stared at me as if he thought me a ghost. When I spoke his name, he sat up but still stared.

"Come with me," I said. My voice sounded hoarse.

I must have frightened Schratt, for I saw fear and suspicion in his eyes. I was looking into a bottomless pit: he was afraid I might cut him up to stick him into my test tubes. He thought me capable of anything for my researches.

"I want to show you something," I said.

The frightened look did not leave his eyes, but he crawled out of bed and pulled on a dirty old bathrobe.

"I'm not interested in your experiments, Patrick."

He had made up his mind to have no part in my work. He was more detached from me now, living in my house, than he had been in the days when he stormed out of the laboratory resolving never to see me again.

"You must help me, Schratt. I can't continue without you."

That was the most flattering appeal I could think of. He was visibly moved, but drawing the robe closer about his fat body, he still stubbornly shook his head.

"You know I detest your researches, Patrick. They can't help humanity! All they could do is promote unhappiness. They would take the world back to barbarism."

"I'm a specialist, and you, too," I replied, to help him argue himself out of these notions. "Civilization cannot exist without specialization."

"I'm not interested in civilization. We are so ignorant of our souls we take refuge in mechanics, physics, chemistry. We are losing our consciousness of the human dignity that distinguished man from animal. You are making the human being a highly specialized stone-age man ruled by egotism. You are creating a mechanical, synthetic life and killing the spirit that has lifted humanity above the beast. You believe only in your test tubes. You are killing faith! I'm glad only a few men like you exist! Your researches have made you more and more rational, until you refuse to recognize a single fact that cannot be proven in the laboratory. I'm frightened, Patrick! You're creating a mechanical soul that will destroy the world."

"Great mathematicians and physiologists," I said quietly, "inevitably arrive at a point where their minds meet something beyond human comprehension, something divine. They can only face it by believing in God. Most scientists become religious when they reach that stage of research."

Schratt looked at me, astonished. Those might have been his own words. When he saw I had not spoken with irony, he nodded, but doubtfully, still mistrusting me as a convert to his own philosophy.

"However—" I began again at once, as I saw his suspicion that I had deceived him. "However, to come to this point of submission to the great holy unknown, man must first travel through the sphere he is capable of exploring. Somewhere where our intelligence has its limits the road of research ends. We juggle the incomprehensible to arrive at the concrete. We use a symbol for the infiinite, dividing concrete figures with it, adding a plus, a minus to it, as if we could visualize the shape of the boundless. We use the infinite to count with, as if it were tangible. But nobody comprehends its nature. We penetrate regions beyond our intelligence and return with solutions to our problems. Whom do we hurt? Not even ourselves! I cannot give up my research because fear prompts me not to go on. At the end of the road I am traveling, stands God, who speaks not in formulas but in monosyllables. I want to stand close enough to Him to hear his yes or no!"

Schratt looked through me with a faraway expression.

"Salvation must be earned by deeds, not by negation," I concluded.

I walked to the door and waited.

THE moon shone clear as a white sun in the transparent sky and myriads of stars filmed the firmament.

I had not looked at the sky in years.

I heard Schratt murmur, and after a minute he came out of his room.

He followed me into the laboratory still doubtful and defensive. "What is it you want me to see?"

"The brain is communicating with me," I said. I pointed out how the relay was connected. The brain was asleep.

I knocked at the glass vessel and the lamp began to glow.

Schratt stood staring at the bulb, unwilling to reveal his desire to hear how I had accomplished this step.

I told him how I had communicated with the brain and taught it Morse. Schratt listened motionless, like a man confronted by something supernatural.

I knocked at the vessel and told it to think of a tree, three times.

The encephalogram showed unmistakably congruent curves, repeated them three times.

Schratt slumped onto my bed and nodded. He forgot his determination not to interest himself in the experiment. He stared, awed, at the vessel, the instruments, the encephalograph. Schratt *is* a genius. He never doubted the evidence of his eyes. Only an extraordinary mind can accept a new thing at once.

I sat down, too. I gave him time to overcome his excitement. Finally he got up, stepped over to the vessel and gingerly ran a thick forefinger along the electric connection to the encephalograph. When the bulb suddenly glowed, he nodded and murmured. His coarse bloated face shone with a strange inner light.

"The brain is alive," he said, as if he had discovered a cosmic truth. "No doubt it is alive! We must find a way to get its messages."

He sat down heavily again and half closed his eyes, thinking. He did not seem discouraged by the apparent hopelessness of the task he was setting himself.

He ran the paper strip through his fingers and examined it closely.

"Alpha, beta, and delta frequencies," he said. "But they can't be deciphered."

He dropped the strip, discarding the idea of reading its curves.

"There's no possibility of decoding that," he said definitely. "You tried, didn't you?"

I nodded.

"You went at it the wrong way. And you knew it. . . ."

I began to defend my theory to make him prove I was wrong.

"If you registered every thought-wave on a paper strip," I said, "and made yourself familiar with its curve, you ought to be able to compare the encephalogram from Donovan's brain with your own thought dictionary. Assume I register my encephalogram of the word 'Horse.' Wouldn't Donovan, thinking the same word, produce the same curve? Comparing it with mine, couldn't I determine its meaning? Why could we not similarly decode messages from Donovan's brain? Sound waves and brain waves are similar in design. Brain waves move between one half and sixty cycles per second, sound waves between ten and sixteen thousand. Sound has wider variation than thought."

I knew I was wrong, but I wanted to hear him refute the theory.

Schratt shook his head. "A sound wave has fixed frequency, but thought waves differ with each individual. My brain does not produce the same waves as yours, and even the daily changing state of your health influences the microvolt output of your cells. The flux of every idea is dependent on the microvoltage the brain produces, and that varies from minute to minute. It changes when you excite yourself, when you feel sick, when you are well. No! We must discard the theory of reading the encephalogram like a telegraph message."

He was right. But what other approach is there?

"We could try to get in touch with it by telepathy," he pondered.

I was astonished at him. I would never have considered such an unorthodox method, approaching an unknown medium by using an equally unknown component.

I must have shaken my head in disapproval, for he continued, "Why not? Let's use this idea as an *a priori* and not wait for the slow gathering of experimental evidence! The brain produces micro shortwaves. The surrounding air is permanently electrically charged with nine thousand frequencies. Our brain waves send our oscillations that disturb the electric field of the atmopshere, which in turn conducts the waves to the receiver. The thinking brain is the transmitter, the other brain is the receiver."

"What other brain?" I asked.

"Yours," he said.

He stared at me, snorted, and nodded, furrowed his brow and nodded again, as if he had already proven his theory.

"You have just handed me a theoretical analysis of the phenomenon of telepathy," I said dryly, "and it's primitive."

"There is clarity in simplification," he answered earnestly, without conceit.

Conceit sets a limit to wisdom, and Schratt lacks conceit to the point of self-negation.

I pondered the explanation.

Brain number one the transmitter, brain number two the receiver, the surrounding air the electric field.

All this could be proven. The encephalograph verified the fact that the brain released microvolts. The electrical field of the surrounding air can be measured. But what about the receiving end, the second brain? How could we know that it would transform microwaves back into thoughts which had originated in another brain?

There was, simply, a body of public testimony and my own personal experience that telepathy is not a fake.

A thought created in the mind of person number one *can* be received by person number two. It is plausible that our brain works like a radio station.

"Granting your theory of the working of telepathy is true, how could we apply it to this problem?" I asked.

"Try," Schratt said, gropingly. "Try to cut out your own thoughts. Donovan's thoughts might transmit themselves to you."

"I might imagine things. I want a foolproof test," I said impatiently.

"There are plenty of famous mediums," he suggested.

"We might get a faker," I answered. I had expected something better than this unhealthy suggestion. "We're in a laboratory, not at a spiritualist seance."

Schratt paced up and down, murmuring to himself, shaking his head. He was pursuing the truth, and I, instead of helping, had rejected his groping suggestions.

"Give me time," he said. "We will find it."

He walked to the door and left without a goodbye.

The morning had come up. Dawn lighted the sky.

I felt tired. My thoughts were not coherent. This state of weakness, I recognized, might increase my receptiveness. Schratt's theory might work!

I pushed a chair close to the brain. It was awake. The lamp was burning.

I stared at the grayish mass of nerve tissues whose energies were busy changing thoughts into electric currents. I tried to clear the path for the message Donovan might have for me.

October 6th.

After experimenting unsuccessfully for days I have discarded telepathy altogether.

Donovan's brain is unadapted to it. The central nervous system consists of cerebrum, cerebellum and spinal cord. But Donovan's brain lacks the cooperation of the spinal cord, and by itself cannot produce enough power to influence my nervous system.

I find myself at the dreaded borderline where experiments reach a dead end. A new approach to the problem is needed, but I have no new ideas.

Schratt has not discussed the problem with me again. Since he has no further suggestions to offer, he shuns me. I have nothing to tell him, either, and we avoid each other.

JANICE fainted last night. Schratt is taking care of her. I am sure the desert heat has made her anemic. She should get away from here before she pays for her stubbornness. She has been warned often enough. So I am not to blame.

Franklin brought magazines and newspapers with new stories about Donovan.

One showed his funeral at Forest Lawn. Behind the coffin walked his son Howard, and Chloe, his daughter.

Now Donovan is cremated and the last clue is destroyed. I am safe.

Donovan apparently never thought his days would end so soon. He left no will.

A man does not take leave of power to withdraw aimlessly from his duties. A man wants to retire either to enjoy living or because he is to die soon. Donovan did not give up the reins of a hundred million dollar corporation to play golf in Florida or read books. He was a man to whom work was life itself, who could not have lived on when his activities stopped. He knew that, but he resigned from everything that he had lived for. There is some secret behind it.

The papers have speculated and rumored that Donovan had hid millions away. During the last years of his life he withdrew great sums of cash that have not been found in his private bank accounts.

A story in one of the Sunday magazine sections was called "The Mansion of Lost Millions." It showed Donovan's Florida house, a big sprawling building where the money is supposed to be hidden. Here was a crude drawing of Howard attacking the wood paneling with an axe, while Chloe, drawn with all emphasis on her sex, looked on with burning eyes.

One paper had my picture as I entered the hospital in Phoenix and my house here in Washington Junction. A photo, too, of Janice and my car. I remember the shabby-looking photographer, who came here for information.

"Dr. Patrick Cory, mysterious physician who operated on W. H. Donovan and in whose arms the millionaire died," read the caption.

There was a drawing of me in White's kitchen, dramatically holding the dying man, which said: "Did the millionaire whisper his secrets in the doctor's ear?"

White was depicted at the station, pointing to the grave where Donovan's legs are buried. And in the drawing of the plane wreckage, arrows marked the spots where the bodies were found. The press has missed few tricks. Then I threw the papers away. I was not interested in Donovan's life. My concern was the brain's future.

I had a telephone call about making a report on the accident to the airline commission in Phoenix. Since I want to have the inquiries behind me, I sent in my report speedily.

I want them to forget Donovan.

October 7th.

Last night I had an impulse to turn on the radio in the living room. I do not know what impelled me. I never listen to it. Actually, I dislike this instrument, which only distracts me, but impulse, born in the subconscious, sometimes motivates action which seems without purpose. I recognize this extra-sensory faculty and never try to resist it.

Janice was still up, mending one of Schratt's shirts. I was struck again by her anemic look. She has lost weight considerably. When I entered, she put her work down, thinking I wanted to talk to her, but I turned on the radio instead.

I found a short-wave Spanish broadcast, turned the dial and a French one came in, less clear, the fadings sometimes blotting out the music. I dialed again, and an American coast-to-coast hook-up came through strongly. Suddenly I knew what I was looking for and the inspiration made me flush hotly all over.

I rushed out to Schratt's room to tell him what I had discovered.

He sat up, then jumped out of bed with fright, grabbing his greasy bathrobe. "Has anything happened to Janice?"

"She is all right," I said.

The fear floated out of Schratt's face but there was still despair.

"She's in bad shape, you know," he told me.

My impatience left no time to discuss Janice.

"I've told her to go back to New England. Perhaps you can make her do it!"

Schratt looked at me and I did not like the look. It was not for him to criticize me, but I needed him.

"I think I'm on the right track," I said soberly, not wanting to become drunk with my own enthusiasm and arrive at a wrong conclusion.

Schratt did not speak. I had a feeling he resented my indifference towards Janice.

"I tried out your suggestion of telepathy, but Donovan's brain is not strong enough," I said. "Thoughts cannot be amplified by electrical devices. But there is a way of making them stronger."

I saw he was interested, and it made me feel I was on the right track. I continued.

"To give you an example. If you broadcast from a station with a weak transmitter, a receiver cannot amplify the sound waves beyond a certain distance, and increasing the power of the receiver does not help. The power of the transmitter has to be increased."

I waited for Schratt to digest my thoughts, but he still did not see what I was driving at. I went on.

"We must increase the electric thought discharge of Donovan's brain until it can contact a sensitive brain."

Schratt grasped the idea but he could not perceive at once the method I was contemplating.

"If the vesicular or gray cells," I explained, "could be charged with ten thousand or more microvolts instead of with ten to one-hundred, the output of the telepathic power would increase tenfold. It might become strong enough so that the brain could influence every living being."

SCHRATT nodded, but fearfully. "You may be right, Patrick," he said slowly, "but. . . ."

He hesitated. I hated his reluctance, his negative attitude. I wanted help, not discouragement.

"Don't start throwing ethical monkey wrenches into the works again!" I said hotly. "I must go forward. I have no time for ideals outside my researches."

"You're dealing with a power you might not be able to control," Schratt said monkishly. "Brainpower is unlimited, and unpredictable."

"Should experiments stop because they might become dangerous?" I asked, tired of him and his cowardice. "I can terminate my research any time I please."

"How?"

"Shut off the pump. Cut off the circulating blood, and Donovan's brain will die."

"Let me think it over," he answered, but I left the room.

October 10th.

Installed another ultraviolet lamp, added fresh blood serum to the arterial blood to carry away the CO_2 more quickly. Prepared a new blood plasma, enriched it with concentrated bases, acids, salts, animo-acids, fats, proteins, so that it had the proper hydrogen in concentration.

I want to overfeed the brain. The increase in nourishing substance will affect the metabolism, increase the sum of the chemical and tissue changes.

October 12th.

The encephalograms are more vivid, alpha frequencies have disappeared completely. The brain does not relax any more, but it falls asleep more frequently.

The lamp burned only six hours and thirty-eight minutes yesterday, six hours and twenty-five minutes today. The increased nourishment seems to have a soporific effect and the brain sleeps as if recuperating. The demand for sleep increases in direct proportion to the brain's gain in strength.

October 14th.

Electrical potential and electric capacity have increased to five hundred ten microvolts.

New tissue cells have added to the gray matter. Since every normal lobe of the human brain has been identified, named and examined, I wonder what functions these new enlargements can have.

October 10th.

Schratt came to see me. I showed him the enlarged brain and demonstrated its reactions. The electric beat has increased to more than a thousand microvolts. Soon I will be able to measure with an ordinary voltmeter.

Schratt has been thinking about how to feed the brain. He has brought human brain ash from the Phoenix morgue. It contains all the elements of which the living organ is comprised. It is far more efficient to add tissue ash to the blood serum than to mix in dozens of gland extracts.

I thanked Schratt, and he used the opportunity to talk about Janice. She is leaving for Los Angeles, and he asked me to see her.

He spoke seriously, as if he has only been thinking of my problem in exchange for something he wanted me to do. I promised to see Janice before she leaves.

October 17th.

Through criminal negligence I produced an electric short. I dropped a pair of pliers and the 110-volt line for the pump short-circuited.

There was a spark at the edge of the vessel, the pump stopped and the encephalogram was blotted out. The pen ran straight.

I repaired the wiring as fast as I could and the pump started again, but the brain did not react.

I was petrified with fear I had killed it!

I added half a c.c. of 1-1000 adrenalin to the serum.

After a few minutes, the lamp began to glow, and the pen moved in excited delta waves. I was exhausted and faint.

The electric equipment must be strengthened, a second pump must be installed for an emergency. At once!

October 18th.

I found a message on the pad I use for notes! It was an illegible scribble written in ink.

The door of my laboratory was locked and bolted. The fingers of my left hand were ink-stained.

I seem to have got up in my sleep, taken the pen and written these meaningless scrawls. But I never walked in my sleep before! And I do not write with my left hand!

I studied the scrawls without being able to make out a meaning. I turned the paper around until I finally recognized a definite D, a V, an A, an N, and two single letters in front, one of them unmistakable an H, the other an M or a W. The whole word was enclosed with a wavering line.

W. H. Donovan.

It was, without doubt, Donovan's name. I had written Donovan's signature with my left hand, during my sleep!

I WALKED over to the encephalogram which I had left running all night. The brain was asleep, but part of the paper strip was marked with straight pen-strokes which paralleled the edge of the paper and could only have been produced in extreme excitement.

I suddenly felt weak, and sat down.

I remembered that Donovan was left-handed. I had read it in one of the magazines.

Exhausted from overwork, I must have walked in my sleep and unconsciously imitated Donovan's signature. My fever to get in touch with his brain had produced this phenomenon.

But suppose Donovan had ordered me to do this? During the night, mental resistance is at low ebb. This is the time to influence a mind when consciousness, latent between dream and reality, can sometimes be commanded to motor responses, like walking or writing.

No! I cannot believe it!

October 19th.

I did not sleep all night, probably because I tried too hard.

I had left paper and ink handy on the desk, but I received no telepathic commands. When, sometimes, I felt an urge to get up and take the pen, I fought the impulse down, fearing it might have resulted from my nervous state and not from Donovan's influence.

I had to be sure!

The more I have thought about the scrawls on the paper, the more I am convinced that I was merely sleepwalking.

I have relapsed into deep despair, convinced my experiment is a failure.

October 20th.

Janice left today for Los Angeles.

I talked to her before Schratt took her to the station, but I do not remember the conversation.

My mind revolves around the problem of Donovan's brain. I am impatient to sleep and give Donovan a chance to get in touch with me.

Tonight I will take a sleep draught. This may blot out my resistance.

October 21st.

How stupid to have taken veronal! It paralyzed my mind and prevented any response.

I am in such a nervous state I hear voices talking.

I must control myself. A nervous doctor is not a scientist.

The best thing is not to force the experiment. To wait.

October 25th.

Nothing has happened these last days. The brain's electric output has risen to fifteen hundred microvolts and still increases. I have lost weight. Franklin prepares the food. I realize now that Janice, knowing how little I eat, added vitamin concentrates to my food. She kept me healthy with a reinforced diet which I seem to miss now. My sudden despair and weariness is lack of vitamin B-1.

I am exhausted.

October 27th.

I have received the message.

I wrote it myself, but clearly Donovan ordered me to write while I was asleep.

It is Donovan's name, written shakily like a weak signature of a sick man, or it is shaky because I wrote with my left hand, as Donovan did.

It is exactly Donovan's signature. I found a reproduction of it in a magazine. This is the same scrawl. The whole name enclosed in a typical oval, the same hard lines of the H, the familiar flourish of the N at the end of the word. It is not my writing at all.

The brain has found a way to get in touch with me. Probably the electric current shocked it into activity, perhaps charged the protoplasmic cells to the point of mental combustion.

I sat on the corner of my bed for hours without moving, too exhausted to think.

I want proof, more proof!

October 30th

The proof came today. I had not administered a shock to the brain again, for the electric voltage has risen to two thousand five hundred microvolts, and I do not know how many ohm resistance the brain has.

I was waiting at my desk when I suddenly felt tired. It was a strange, soft fatigue that entered not my body, but my brain.

I was still thinking, but in a hazy, drowsy fashion. Then I saw my left hand move, take the pen and write.

The name was written out stronger this time: *Warren Horace Donovan.* The long flourish encircled it again, as if to prove its authenticity.

My hand put the pen back, and my own thoughts slowly returned from the back of my mind. They reappeared as if emerging from water, wavering first, then shaping up clearly.

I walked over to the vessel. Donovan's brain was awake.

"Did you ask me to write your name?" I tapped out against the glass in Morse.

I waited. I repeated the message again, slower. A third time.

I walked back to the desk.

Suddenly I felt the same sensation

again, as my mind retreated into dimness. I was completely aware what I was doing, only the motor impulses were out of my control.

I saw my left hand pick up the pen, and in firm letters I wrote: *Warren Horace Donovan!*

November 3rd.

The human brain cannot work on continuously, without restoring itself at regular intervals to transform potential into electric energy again. The more intense the activity, the more sleep is needed. Donovan's brain lapses into sleep more than half the time.

Around its bare tissues a new layer of grayish-white matter is forming. Donovan's brain is growing into a new shape.

A new species of creature is building here, which never before existed in this mortal world. A ball of flesh whose life depends on an electric pump and artificial feeding, but capable nevertheless of sending out energies of thought surpassing our limited strength. Every day it grows in potentiality.

It can impose its power over my thoughts whenever it pleases.

First I have the strange sensation of another will compelling the movements of my hands and feet, commanding all the motor responses of my body.

Then other thoughts from mine enter my mind. The brain, bodyless itself, uses my body to achieve an independence of its own.

I LIVE a double existence. My thoughts retreat into the back of my mind as I observe, detached, the phenomena which Donovan's brain directs. I am then a schizophrenic, a person whose personality is split. Unlike a man suffering from intrapsychosis ataxis, however, I am at all times conscious of my actions.

When Donovan's brain is asleep, I am undistracted. I use this precious time to continue this report of the case.

Donovan's thinking is still incoherent. Occasionally I seem to receive a logical reply to the questions I communicate in Morse through the glass vessel. Do the vibrations thus created transmit the message to the brain? It acts like a man in fever or in sleep. It always orders me to write down the same names, which seemingly have no connection with each other.

Roger Hinds is one of the names. Anton Sternli is another. Donovan's son, Howard, too, is named, but no memory of his daughter seems to enter his mind. Katherine appears quite frequently. She was Donovan's wife, I found out by reading the stories in the magazines. Fuller was his lawyer.

I am able to trace many of the names my hand writes to Donovan's past.

But there are a score of others, as if his memory is swept by a strange whirlwind of faces.

November 5th.

To test whether it still has power over me at a distance, I tried leaving the brain by itself today while I drove toward Phoenix.

After fifteen miles from the house I was summoned by the brain. I turned and drove back to my house at top speed.

This incident proved a new fact. The brain is aware of what I am doing at a great distance.

It could not know where I had gone, but it was sure I was not in the room or in the house.

I assume that the relative strength of the microvolts generated by my brain tells Donovan whether I am present.

November 6th.

The brain discharges approximately 3500 microvolts.

I do not know how much more new substance will attach itself to the brain. There must be a limit. Or is it theoretically boundless, like a cancerous growth?

November 10th.

Schratt entered the laboratory today while the brain was ordering me to write. I heard him speak, but I did not turn my head to answer. I did not want to sever the fine thread which connected me with the brain.

My left hand, like that of a child learning to write, slowly formed words.

Schratt called my name again and, when I did not answer, stopped hesitantly, in the middle of the room. At first he thought he was interrupting some train of thought. Then, alarmed at my strange behavior, he stepped closer and looked over my shoulder.

I continued to scrawl words on the paper. For the fifth time I wrote Hinds' name. Then I began to spell: *California Merchants' Bank.* Then the name Hinds appeared again.

Schratt became alarmed. He bent forward to look into my face, which was hidden from him as I sat hunched over the

table. A good doctor, he was careful not to touch me for fear of shocking me.

He took the small mirror from the wall and, holding it in front of me, looked into my eyes. He saw I was in a trance. My eyeballs rolled, my mouth twitched. I seemed unaware of his presence.

The brain discontinued its orders. I moved again. Schratt put down the mirror and asked, half fearfully, "Didn't you hear me?"

I nodded.

"Why didn't you answer?"

I shoved toward him the papers covered with the childish scrawls of the brain's dictation. He stared at it and his eyes shifted in fear to the glass vessel.

"I have contacted it," I explained. "Or rather, it has contacted me."

I described everything I had experienced, glad to be able to talk to someone about it. He would understand, I thought, but Schratt grew more than alarmed. His bloated face became livid and he shook his head in despair.

I made a last attempt to reason with him.

"Why can't you rid yourself of your inhibitions?" I asked. "Human emotions should have no part in scientific research. They obscure our observations. We cannot permit ourselves to be afraid. Reason, observation and courage make the scientist, but you seem to lack at least two of these essentials."

"Don't be facetious," Schratt retorted laboredly. "We have debated too long about the right and wrong of this experiment. I beg you now to stop while it is still in your power to stop. Please, Patrick —turn off the pump and let the brain die."

Suddenly tears ran down his cheeks; his huge body shook with his uncontrollable emotion. It was a disgusting sight. He was growing more helpless and senile every day.

I stepped over to the worktable and busied myself with some instruments. I did not turn around when he left the laboratory.

November 11th.

I had fallen asleep exhausted, my strength and nervous energy drained by the double life I am leading.

A wailing, muffled shout echoed in my dream and woke me. It came from the living-room. The cry rose to an insane shriek, as if someone were losing his mind from fear. I had never heard the voice before.

I jumped to the door. The bulb flickered as if the brain was shaken by the strange commotion, too. As I ran past the vessel, I switched on the encephalograph to be able to study the brain's reaction later.

The insane scream was silenced as fast as it had risen. A scuffling noise replaced it, as if a big body were rolling across the floor, upsetting the furniture.

I switched on the living-room light and saw Schratt's heavy body on the carpet. His own thick fingers around his throat were strangling him. His rattled breathing, his red face and his protruding eyes showed me was suffocating.

I tried to loosen his grip at his throat, but I could not unbend the fingers.

Unexpectedly, while I was still working over Schratt's body, a hand wheeled me about and I stared into Franklin's frightened face. Surprised by his attack, I struck out to defend myself and Franklin stumbled, protecting his face with his arms.

I turned back to Schratt, who had fainted. His hands had fallen limply to his sides. I ordered Franklin to help me lift him onto the couch.

Schratt's pulse had nearly doubled its normal beat, his heart was pounding heavily, and I was afraid he might die of a stroke. I quickly opened his collar and shirt and ordered Franklin to bring some ice.

When Franklin returned with the ice bag, I put it over Schratt's heart. Soon the extreme palpitation slowed and the pulse came back to normal. Schratt sighed and opened his eyes. He stared at me in terror. I spoke soothingly and forced him to swallow some milk, but his teeth chattered so he spilled half of it.

SCHRATT had been in the act of leaving. His luggage stood near the door, and his coat lay on a chair. I was puzzled at his sneaking away by night. I could not figure out why he had come through the house at all when the nearest way from his room was by the garden.

"What's the idea?" I asked, pointing to the luggage.

I stood up, and Schratt's features froze in terror. I could not make out what ailed him; it was no cataleptic fit. Then I followed his gaze and understood.

The fuse box for the house and the laboratory had been pried open; Schratt's hat lay on the floor near it.

I suddenly understood and a cold murderous rage gripped me.

"You wanted to kill the brain!" I shouted. I nearly lost control of myself.

He stared at me. I had frightened him more.

"You tried to strangle me," he said, his mouth quivering. I had never seen him so out of control.

I was shocked. He thought *I* had attacked him.

Quietly and precisely, I explained how I had found him. I actually had saved him from committing suicide!

"Nobody can strangle himself," Schratt said scornfully. "You know that is impossible, Patrick."

Schratt got up and stood on trembling legs.

"I'll see you in the morning," he croaked.

When I tried to help him, he refused my aid.

I returned to the laboratory. The bulb was dark, the brain asleep. The encephalogram showed extreme irregular delta waves.

I sat down to reconstruct the accident.

That shout for help had wakened me. I could clearly remember the sound of the voice, and it did not seem to have been Schratt's. Still it is very difficult to recognize a voice which is strangled with terror. It must have been Schratt's. Whose else could I have heard?

To dispel a suspicion—the consequences of which were too complex for me to follow up, now—I went to Franklin's room.

He was throwing his few belongings into a battered old suitcase. My appearance seemed to frighten him.

His sudden decision to leave me after so many years of service made me more doubtful of myself.

"You leaving, too, Franklin? In the middle of the night?" I asked.

Franklin slowly sat down on the bed, watching me with the same helpless terror Schratt had displayed.

To put Franklin at ease, I told him he was free to leave any time he liked, but I would regret it very much. He calmed down a little and I asked if he had heard Dr. Schratt calling for help.

To my relief, he nodded. But when I asked why he had dragged me away from Schratt, he frightenedly confessed he had found me attacking him.

"Dr. Schratt was having a cataleptic fit," I answered curtly. "I was only helping him."

Franklin nodded, but I could see he did not believe me, and when I went back to the laboratory, I felt upset and uneasy.

I tried to unravel the complications. Franklin, too, had heard Schratt's cries for help. He had pulled me away so vigorously I still felt the pain of his grip on my shoulder. He would never have dared to touch me except in an emergency.

A man cannot strangle himself.

Schratt was right in stating the absurdity of what I said. It seemed beyond a doubt that I had attacked him.

Has the brain reached such strength it can order me to kill? If it has, what is the limit of its power? As human energy in a moment of mortal danger rises to its highest peak, it is conceivable that the brain, spending all its resources, called me to its rescue.

It was aware of Schratt's decision to cut off the electricity. The machinery and the electric circuit are as vital to the brain's existence as heart and lungs to a normal being. When Schratt approached the fuse box, the brain felt itself threatened.

We understand scarcely any of the unpredictable phenomena of human brain power. We only know that electric potentials travel through the billion cells which form the gray matter of the brain.

While I slept, my receptor neurons received a strong stimulus from Donovan's nervous center. Its potential, increased by the new cells, was strong enough to influence the motor neurons and to compel me to come to its rescue. Only, when Franklin pulled me back, I woke from my murderous dream.

The brain could not influence Schratt, for he was not asleep as I was. This leads to the conclusion that the brain can command only persons who are asleep or willing to submit.

The voice I heard in my dream was Donovan's, inaudible except to the secret ear of my mind.

November 12th.

Schratt came into the laboratory at noon. He looked rested, had shaved carefully, and wore an expression of youthful determination that surprised me.

To my further surprise, he greeted me with a smile.

"Franklin has deserted. We'll have to get used to each other's cooking," he said gaily.

Deliberately I talked of last night and of my regret at having attacked him while under the influence of Donovan's brain. I promised to prevent a repetition of such an occurrence.

He nodded soberly, seemingly without misgiving, and excused himself of having tried to interfere with the experiment.

Suddenly he enlarged on the unlimited possibilities of my researches. He congratulated me on their success as demonstrated last night, and added jokingly that he saw me getting the Nobel prize soon.

I could not account for this sudden change of attitude.

I explained the misadventure by elucidating my theory of the brain's new powers. Pointing out the new cell formation which had twisted the brain out of shape, I stated my conviction that the telepathic power might have its source there.

Schratt agreed with me and, rationalizing his sudden change of attitude, he said, "I had a bad night, Patrick, but I deserved it. I had no right to interfere with your researches. I'm getting old and wacky, and repentant. You have your genius and you'd be a fool not to use it to capacity. Envy made me fight you. Forgive a jealous old man."

I still could not see the reason for his sudden change of attitude, but I took it at face value, glad to have him for a collaborator as I had always wished.

Franklin has left for good.

November 21st.

I am at the Roosevelt Hotel in Los Angeles.

Schratt has taken over the job of nursing the brain. He was so enthusiastic about his duties, he silenced my apprehensions.

I can trust him to record the brain's reactions minutely. I will talk to him every day by phone.

Before I decided to leave Washington Junction, I got in touch with the brain by Morse, and signaled it my decision.

I have trained myself to receive its reply at once. I can make my mind blank and completely receptive.

The brain seemed eager for me to go. What the purpose of my journey is I do not know yet, but the command to go was clear.

The same dream had haunted me for nights, and I am sure it contained the message Donovan wants me to communicate.

Donovan never saw me, for he was in a coma when I found him. Consequently, the brain cannot picture me and I did not actually see myself in the dream. Since the brain is incapable of receiving new visual impressions, it must rely on its memory, and in its memory I do not exist.

But Donovan knew the California Merchants' Bank. In my dream I entered and walked over to the teller, a sallow-faced man with a small mustache. I asked for a blank check, stepped to a desk and filled out the form for a huge sum, signed the check with the name of Roger Hinds, of whom I have never heard except through the brain.

Before I took the check to the cashier, I drew an ace of spades in the upper right-hand corner.

The dream repeated itself without a single variation, like a story told for a child to remember.

WHEN I woke I always found on my desk a paper with a crudely drawn map of Los Angeles on which some of the streets and the Merchants' Bank were plainly marked.

The message was clear enough, but it did not make sense. I asked Schratt's advice, and he urged me to leave at once.

I stood at a crossroads in my work. If I took orders from the brain, I, no longer the scientific observer, would be practically a tool.

The brain could not force me to go. My free will was not impaired yet, and I was still strong enough to refuse this fragment of living tissue which I was cultivating in a glass respirator.

Once Donovan had almost compelled me to murder, but an eruption of force could not be produced at will. It was generated by most extraordinary circumstances.

My money was running low. I found a few hundred dollars Janice had left for me and gave them to Schratt. I was acting for the brain according to a plan which had been conceived in its inert matter.

Since its experience had stopped at the moment of the plane crash, it must be carrying out some plan it had nursed since before the accident.

November 22nd.

This morning I had an annoying interruption. I was ready to leave the hotel for the bank when the clerk informed me that a Mr. Yocum urgently wanted to see me. I did not know anybody by that name, but I said to have the man wait for me in the lobby.

As soon as I came down in the elevator, I recognized Yocum. He was the shabby photographer who had taken my picture outside the Phoenix hospital. The man was pretending not to see me. He had

an old leather briefcase under his arm. When the clerk pointed him out to me, he came over quickly and stood so close he almost touched me.

"Dr. Cory?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

He stared at me as if he hoped to intimidate me, but when I stared back his gaze dropped.

I was sure he had planned this entrance carefully, but he lacked courage to carry the scene through. His whole appearance was of a man unstable in his emotions, shaken by fear. I could tell he was up to something and his anxiety betrayed his desire to carry out the plan.

I did not speak. I kept on staring at him. Neurotics soon lose courage. It was obvious that he needed money. He had been on my trail ever since the accident, taking photographs at the hospital, spying on me and my household. Suddenly I guessed what he was after. He had photographed Donovan in the morgue and examined the bandages.

My concern must have shown in my face for he suddenly found his courage again and said, "Could I see you alone?"

We walked into the cocktail bar and sat down.

"I took a picture of you in Phoenix. Here it is," he began nervously, opening his briefcase.

His fingers, long, thin and stained with tobacco, held the photo in front of me. I did not look at it. I waited silently. Again he lost his poise and for a minute nothing was said.

"I don't care to buy the picture." I finally spoke, and my words gave him a cue.

He nodded and quickly drew another photo from the briefcase.

This one was of Donovan in the morgue. I could not help looking at it. Donovan's face had grown dim in my memory and, seeing it, I was intrigued to identify those features with the brain I had learned to know so intimately.

Yocum watched my obvious interest with growing boldness.

"I knew you'd like it," he said with an expression which alarmed me. "And here is one which will really interest you."

He had photographed Donovan's head without bandages. The skull was lifted up and the cottol wool I had stuffed into the cranium was visible. It was a good clear job of photography.

For a moment I was too shocked to move. Then I picked up the picture and turned it face down on the table.

"You can have the negative," Yocum proposed quietly.

As I leaned forward, he stood up quickly, afraid I might strike him. I managed to look impassive.

"I don't want it. What would I do with it?" I asked.

He smiled, but his chin trembled. He had been working himself up to this moment so long. He wanted money. It seemed actually within his reach.

Obviously, he needed it badly. His suit was shiny and the shirt front beneath it nothing but a starched dickey. When he moved, I saw he was naked inside his coat.

He grew pale as he saw how I stood there just smiling. His eyes, red and hungry and deep-sunk in his gaunt face, glared desperately.

"Who gave you permission to photograph the body?" I asked.

He did not answer, but sitting down again he said passionately, "Donovan's family would pay a big price for this. They'll be interested in knowing you stole W.H.'s brain!"

I leaned back in my chair, shocked by his outburst. What did he know about Donovan's brain?

"And here is another one," he said with relish. He felt he had me in a corner, now, and he thoroughly enjoyed the advantage.

He put the picture on the table. It had been photographed through the window of my laboratory at night. He used a flashbulb; the vessel and electric apparatus showed up clearly. He had touched up the picture with a brush and marked the brain.

Yocum sighed and licked a film of saliva across his lips. The typical neurotic, he had maneuvered himself into a spot where he could not back out without losing his skin.

I wondered what Donovan would have done with this desperate imbecile. I was not used to dealing with blackmailers, and the fool might ruin my whole experiment.

There was no use trying to buy him off. If I got the negatives, he would go to Donovan's family with other prints he had made.

He was not going to miss any tricks. His single-mindedness increased the danger. His type stops at nothing.

I had no money.

"How much do you want for the negatives?" I asked.

He grinned and nervously touched a

dirty handkerchief to his shaking lips.

"Five thousand dollars."

I got up. He hugged his briefcase close to him. His eyes were pleading. He had lost all of his air of assurance and was only pitiful.

"All right," I said. "But I don't have that much money on me. And you don't want a check."

If I could stall him off for a day, I might find a way out. Donovan had to do something to save us. If only I could get in touch with him!

"You'll find me at the Ontra Cafteria, Hollywood and Vine, at eight tonight," he said, looking past me with an expression of mingled sullenness and excitement.

Abruptly, he turned and walked away, his narrow shoulders hunched up to his ears.

TWO HUNDRED miles from Washington Junction and my laboratory, now, I suddenly felt incapable of the task which had been set for me. It presented seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

I sat down in one of the soft chairs in the lobby and tried to organize a campaign. When I close my eyes, I felt the strange sensation that always preceded the brain's messages, creeping upon me.

My mind dimmed and though I could still recognize my own thoughts, they were hidden behind a transparent screen, cut off from my full consciousness.

I felt a strong urge to get up. Obediently I rose and left the hotel, walked down the street, stopping for traffic signals, moving perfunctorily, guided by Donovan's will.

I did not resist the powerful impulse which propelled me.

Donovan's brain did not vacillate. It was closed to new impressions, shut off from new ideas which flow across the ordinary mind in an unending stream, always, to distract it. Donovan's brain was thinking straight and to the point, the one point only. Its single thought propelled me.

I stopped at the California Merchants' Bank which I seen in my dream. I pushed open the door and walked over to the teller, who, as I had visioned him, was sallow-faced and black-mustached. I asked for a blank check, stepped back to the writing desk and picked up a pen in my left hand.

I filled out the check to cash, fifty thousand dollars, signed the name Roger Hinds in Donovan's handwriting and carefully drew an ace of spades into the upper right-hand corner. Not for a moment did I doubt that the cashier would give me the money. He picked up the check, then looked startled.

"Mr. Hinds?" he asked.

"In big bills," I answered, disregarding the question.

"Please endorse the check yourself on the back, sir," he said, to find out my name.

I wrote Patrick F. Cory in my own handwriting.

He stared at it irresolutely.

"Make it big bills," I heard myself repeat as the man disappeared with a murmured excuse.

The policeman at the door moved forward to keep an eye on me. I knew I must have aroused his suspicion, but still not the slightest apprehension, or even the thought of preparing an explanation entered my mind.

It was Donovan who acted. I was perfectly at ease, let him take care of everything.

"The manager wants to see you, Mr. Cory." The man with the mustache had come back and was leading me over to a small office.

A bald-headed man sat behind a brown desk. He got up, muttered his name and asked, "Mr. Hinds?"

"I am Patrick Cory, M.D.," I said, and the man turned over the check and nodded. He offered me a chair, waited in silence till the door opened again and another man entered.

"This is Mr. Mannings, Dr. Cory."

The newcomer had the unmistakable look of a private detective. We shook hands.

"Would you mind answering a few questions, Dr. Cory?"

"Is anything wrong with the check?" I asked.

The manager looked at the detective, but at the same time answered my question with a nod.

"No. We have compared this signature with the original signature of Mr. Hinds. It is the same, undoubtedly. Also the sign in the corner proves it, the ace of spades. Mr. Hinds demanded that only checks so marked be honored."

He was speaking quickly, eager to convince himself he was not making a mistake.

The detective entered the conversation. "If you made out the check yourself, you must be Hinds, not Dr. Cory."

Instead of answering, I put my doctor's credentials down in front of him.

"Am I obliged to inform you about my private affairs?" I asked quietly.

"Of course not," the manager hastened to assure me. "Only this account was opened under extraordinary circumstances."

He waited for me to say something, but when I sat silent, he continued, "We received quite a large sum of money and a letter from Mr. Hinds, who did not give us his address and is unknown to us, with the request that we open an account for him. A commercial account. No interest."

He stressed the fact that he found it strange for so large a sum to be deposited where it would earn no interest. It was against his business principles.

"That was nearly twelve years ago. Now the first check is drawn against the account, and you have signed it. If you are not Mr. Hinds, we would be happy to receive some information about the gentleman, because"—he smiled wanly—"the bank likes to know the clients it is serving."

"You mean in case of stolen money?" I asked.

"Oh, no. We know what bank the notes came from. We always check on that." The manager spoke with professional pride. "But Mr. Hinds. . . ."

"I am Dr. Cory. Will you please cash the check now? I am in a hurry!" I got up.

The manager rose too. He appeared distressed.

"You're within your legal rights, Dr. Cory, not to answer questions," the detective said, but there was a hidden threat in his voice.

Half an hour later I walked out of the bank with my pockets bulging with money. What should I do with it? Pay the blackmailer?

I bought a briefcase, stuffed the money into it, and went back to the hotel. I felt tired as always when the brain had communicated with me. I went upstairs to rest and to wait for further orders.

Janice was in town. She had left a message for me to ring her at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Schratt had told her where I was staying.

I was at a loss to understand what the brain intended to do. To all appearances it had prepared itself to meet Yocum's demand, or it would not have sent me to the bank.

The brain seemed to want me to pay Yocum and get the negatives, but still I had received no definite order from it.

Lying on my bed in the hotel room waiting for Donovan to communicate with me, I felt that I had reached the borderline of sanity beyound which the firm rational ground falls away from under our feet.

I picked up the phone to call Schratt, but I must have asked for the hospital, because Cedars of Lebanon answered. Since I was connected anyway, I asked for Janice.

When I heard her voice, distant and full of happy surprise, I suddenly felt calm.

Promising Janice to see her one day soon, I quickly hung up.

I had to meet Yocum, and after that I would go back home to continue the research myself. There was nothing to gain by staying away from the brain longer. I knew now that distance did not lessen its influence, and with this proved, the purpose of my journey was achieved.

I told the clerk I was checking out next day. Then I opened the briefcase and put half the money into my pockets. Yocum had said five thousand dollars; he might ask for more. I did not care how much I paid him. It was not my money and I wanted to get rid of it.

I had never had so much money in my hands before, but it was just so much paper to me. My sense of property was limited to the instruments I used in my laboratory. Janice bought and took care of all the rest, my suits, shirts, shoes, our food, the house.

I had fifty thousand dollars in my pocket belonging to a character named Roger Hinds. Did he exist at all, or was this a secret account Donovan had kept for some purpose I could not guess?

Why had Donovan sent me for fifty thousand dollars when the blackmailer only asked five?

I left the briefcase with the rest of the money in the hotel safe and went out.

I was curious as to how Donovan treated blackmailers. He must have had plenty of experience. His success was built on fraud, threat, bribery and foul play. This little man should present no problem to him.

I WALKED down Hollywood Boulevard toward Vine. It was eight o'clock and Donovan had not told me what to do.

When I arrived at the cafeteria, a big place crowded with people, I was still at a loss what to say to Yocum. For a few minutes I walked up and down at the entrance, hoping for advice, but no command reached me.

Perhaps the brain was asleep? Should I telephone Schratt and ask him to wake it?

"Dr. Cory?" a voice whispered behind me.

It was Yocum. He clutched his briefcase close to his chest and even by the yellow light that shone through the bright windows of the restaurant, I could see that his cheeks were flushed with fever.

He led me to a shabby car in the parking lot next to the cafeteria. It had a California license plate with a very easy number to remember.

He moved his lips in a soundless attempt to talk. I could tell he had tuberculosis of the throat; the glottal ligaments were affected already and his voice had given out.

In his excitement he was unaware that I could not hear him.

I took the money from my pocket and he dropped his case to grab the notes with both hands.

I picked up the briefcase and opened it. Three negatives and some prints were in it, wrapped in newspaper.

Yocum made no other attempt to talk. He stepped into his car, slammed the door, and rolled up the window. He smiled at me, showing big yellow teeth, moved his lips again, and drove off.

As soon as he had left, I stepped into a taxi. Donovan had called it. In an excited voice, I ordered the driver to follow the small yellow coupe, but I could not figure out what the brain purposed by pursuit.

Yocum drove his car down the boulevard, weaving in and out of traffic. Brakes shrieked and cars skidded to a stop.

"That guy will get a ticket!" the driver called back through the window.

We drove up Laurel Canyon, but the yellow coupe had disappeared. At Kirkwood Drive, having lost Yocum, I dismissed the taxi and walked on, climbing the grade.

I was not following a plan, just leaving it to Donovan to show me where to go. Up an unpaved road, deeply rutted with rain, I discovered Yocum's car, its door open, parked at the bottom of a small hill. A hundred feet further a ramshackle hut was half hidden behind tall eucalyptus trees.

I climbed the hill and peered through the window of the cottage. In the middle of a dirty room stood Yocum, in front of a fireplace stuffed with rubbish, old paper and discarded photographs. In one corner a mattress was covered with torn blankets. There were a couple of kitchen chairs and a table. The windows were so dirty they looked paint smeared.

Yocum was acting very strange. He had carefully spread the bank notes over the floor and had taken off his shoes and socks. He was walking on the money in his bare feet, careful not to disarrange it.

He stomped like an ostrich, lifting his feet high. Then he jumped into the air, hit the floor again with knees bent, and balanced there, elbows lifted, hands dropped like a big bird flapping its wings. All the time he uttered little cries, his eyes glowing with a feverish ecstasy.

I pushed the door open. Yocum froze in his tracks, then fell on his knees and grabbed the money.

He turned toward me, his mouth hanging open with fright, stepped behind the table and pressed the money to his chest. The tattered dickey he wore slid aside and showed his bony thorax.

"What do you want?" he asked hoarsely. He had got his voice back.

"The other negatives," I said, "and the rest of the prints."

Yocum retreated, alarmed, into a corner of the room. "I have no other negatives," he said dully, but he was sizing me up.

"Five thousand more if you hand over everything you have," I said.

His chin began to tremble.

"Ten thousand," he said slowly.

"Then there are other negatives!" I stepped closer, and he retreated at once.

On the mantelpiece lay matches and an old pipe with a much bitten stem. I lighted a match and threw it into the fireplace. The paper and photos flared up.

Yocum stared at me, petrified. He did not dare run past me, though he was crazy to get out of the room.

"You can take everything for five," he stammered.

The fire, fed by the celluloid on the photoprints roared brightly. With one foot I kicked a hunk of flame onto the rug-covered mattress.

When Yocum jumped forward to pass me, I grabbed him by his thin neck and dragged him to the door. The money fluttered out of his hands. He did not try to fight; paralyzed by fear, he simply collapsed in my hands. His voice left him again and he screamed soundlessly with wide open mouth.

I pulled him out of the house, his feet dragging in the dust. Behind me I heard the crackling of the flames, devouring the old shack.

I walked on, yanking Yocum behind me. I stuffed him into the car, slid behind the wheel and drove rapidly off.

At the bottom of Kirkwood Drive I turned left and followed the road up Laurel Canyon. Distant fire sirens shrieked and a white pall of smoke drifted up over the canyon.

At the intersection of Laurel and Mulholland Drive, I had to stop to let some fire engines pass. Then I slowly drove the car up a dirt road.

Yocum did not move. His bony head had dropped onto his knees.

When he finally lifted his face, he looked punch-drunk.

"You burned the money," he whispered.

I stared at the valley below me, at the mountains behind Burbank. Suddenly I was uneasy. Donovan had stopped giving me orders and I was on my own.

"All my life I wanted a little money," Yocum murmured. "Now you burned it."

His despair overcame his fear and he began to accuse me.

"Look at me. Rotting away." He opened his dirty coat to show his fleshless body. "I don't want to die. I wanted to live for once, and you burned my money!"

He did not remember that he had blackmailed me. The money had been in his grasp, and to take it away from him was robbery.

Sliding out of the car, he stood tottering at the edge of the embarkment. He was at the end of his rope.

"I'm thirty-eight," he murmured, bending over me as if accusing me with these words. "I haven't had a decent meal in years! I have to have money now! I can't get it by working; I'm sick and they don't want a man who coughs and loses his voice. They want them healthy and strong. Not like me."

He seemed to be pleased that life had been consistently cruel.

"I photographed Donovan's empty skull to show how he was killed. I had no plan when I made the shot. Maybe they always take out dead men's brains; I wouldn't have known. Then I took pictures of your house and your wife and your car. I got one shot through the window of your laboratory, and when I enlarged the photo, I saw the thing swinging in the glass bowl. It looked like Donovan's missing brain to me. I put two and two together and knew you were up to something. They don't just casually take out people's brains and dump them into goldfish bowls!"

He laughed at me as if the joke pleased him.

"Then I found out everything about you. You didn't have much money, but when I trailed you here and saw you go into the bank, you stuffed bills into that briefcase. It wasn't very smart to carry all that around. I had asked for five thousand and I could just as well have said a million, but what difference would it have made? When I had the money, you burned it!"

He was going to die soon. I did not give him more than six months. Why shouldn't he die on Donovan's money? I took a bundle of bank notes from my pocket, and passed it to him. I held out the notes, and I felt no interference. Donovan did not object.

Yocum stared at the money in my hand, not daring to touch it.

"Buy yourself a golden camera. Rent a room in a sanitarium," I said. "Get yourself into shape again!"

He took the bills, and moved his lips convulsively.

I walked away. I preferred to hike the mile down to Ventura Boulevard rather than be embarrassed by his sentimental outburst.

A cab on Wilson Drive took me back to the hotel.

I phoned Schratt before I packed to leave for Washington Junction to tell him I was on the way. The operator had to ring several times before there was an answer.

"I was asleep," Schratt explained, but his voice sounded wide awake. "How are you, Patrick?"

I told him I would be home next day. He indicated no enthusiasm; I had the impression my return embarrassed him. I was afraid something had gone wrong with the brain.

"Oh, no," Schratt answered hastily. "Everything is fine. I just measured the electric discharge. It increases rapidly in output, close to five thousand microvolts now. The brain has grown twice its original size, too. If this continues, we shall have to have a bigger flask. I have enough brain ash for the serum. You needn't worry, Patrick!"

He was very eager to dispel my uneasiness, but did not encourage me to return. He wanted me to stay in Los Angeles and go wherever the brain told me to.

He talked as if he were carrying out the experiment and I were the apprentice.

"By the way," he went on, "how is Jan-

ice? Did you see her? She is at Cedars of Lebanon."

"I've talked to her," I answered, "but haven't seen her yet."

"You ought to," he said. This time there was honest concern in his voice.

"I may," I answered, "but even so I'll be back tomorrow."

Schratt had nothing to reply. We hung up.

It was close to midnight, but before I went to bed I put a pad and pencil within reach. I was drowsy. The street noises grew dim. Someone in the next room was talking on the phone, but soon his voice lost its animation and his words grew meaningless.

In the half dream which dulled my mind, I repeated a name I had heard somewhere before: Anton Sternli. The thought ran in circles in my half consciousness, and followed me into my sleep.

November 28th.

Today, for the first time in a week, I am able to continue my record. The night after I burned Yocum's shack, I did not dream of anything so far as I can remember, but Schratt's voice repeated a single sentence, unendingly. The phrase made no sense to me, but all the time it echoed in my sleep, a terror gripped me as if the words were a threat of mortal danger.

"Amidst the mists and coldest frosts he thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees the ghosts."

Unmistakably it was Schratt's voice that spoke again and again. It followed me into the day.

I got up. On the floor I found a message I had written in the night. Anton Sternli, Pasadena, 120 Byron Street, was clearly put down in Donovan's handwriting.

Five hundred dollars I had written after the name and following it the number: B1425.

I dressed and went out to find that man.

HE DID not live at 120 Byron Street, but at 210. That proved that Donovan's memory is not infallible. He can make mistakes like an ordinary human being.

When I rang the bell, a young girl of fourteen opened the door. I asked for Mr. Sternli and she let me into a small library where an old man, bent and white-haired, sat alone.

He was so nearly blind, his eyes could not focus me, but he did not wear glasses. He looked vaguely in the direction from which my voice came, groping along the desk as he rose to move over toward me.

"I am Dr. Cory," I said. "W. H. Donovan sent me."

My words had a curious effect. He stopped in his tracks. His sightless eyes shifted nervously.

"Mr. Donovan is dead," he answered uneasily.

"Of course," I said. "He died in my house at Washington Junction."

Sternli asked me to sit down, and felt his way back to the desk.

"What can I do for you, Doctor?" he asked.

"Donovan told me to get in touch with you. He wanted me to bring you five hundred dollars."

I took the money from my pocket and put it on the table, but Sternli was too near-sighted to see my motion. He looked toward me irritatedly, as if he had not understood, then repeated, "Five hundred dollars."

I got up and laid down the money in front of him. He bent down to peer at it. Suddenly he smiled and said in a humorous tone, "It comes just in time. As a matter of fact, money always comes in time or too late, but never too soon. I have broken my glasses and could hardly afford new ones; they are very expensive. I am nearly blind."

He picked up a broken lens from his desk and looked through it toward me.

"You don't mind if I stare at you like this? It is all that is left. I sat on them!"

He chuckled ruefully.

We sat silent until he questioned in a kind voice, "W. H. thought of me before he died? Then I certainly misjudged him all his life."

He shook his head and carefully put down the fragment of glass. "What else did he tell you?"

"Nothing. He was in no condition to talk."

"He did not tell you who I am?" he asked. At once, not to embarrass me, he added, "I was Mr. Donovan's secretary for many years. To be more precise, during all the years a man can work to provide for his old age."

The room was poorly furnished, except for the rows of expensive books carefully arranged on sturdy shelves. The walls were dingy with age.

"Didn't he leave you any compensation?" I asked politely.

Sternli smiled and nodded.

"The memories of interesting times, yes. But money? No! He never would! That's

why I am surprised he thought of me at a moment when every man should think of himself. Death was the last word that could be mentioned in Mr. Donovan's presence. We spoke of it only once, and he said, 'Making a will is resigning life. Better not get the idea in your head at all, or it bores into your consciousness like termites in a house. They eat away in secret until one day when you least expect it, the roof crashes onto you. Never mention death to me!'"

Sternli turned his face toward me, and I saw he was not so old as I had thought. He could not be more than fifty, but his erudite appearance, his gentle manner, his white hair, made him look twenty years older.

"How can I serve you, Dr. Cory?" he asked.

My curiosity got the upper hand.

"Well—could you tell me something about Roger Hinds?"

He looked up sharply, a strange look in those myopic eyes that did not focus; then he smiled.

"Roger Hinds is the name W. H. used on a bank account," he said. "I deposited money to it. I even remember the amount of the first deposit. Eighteen hundred thirty-three dollars and eighteen cents. W. H. always liked my memory for things which do not have much significance."

"You mean Roger Hinds never existed?" I asked.

"I don't know. He may have, but I never saw him and W. H. never corresponded with him. He used to be very interested, however, in everyone named Hinds, and collected information about them. I don't know why. One of this family is quite notorious recently. You'll find his name in the headlines. He has been accused of murder. A very cruel case of homicide. It happened the first of August of this year, at nine thirty at night."

He touched his forehead with a thin hand.

"I can never forget anything I read or hear," he said apologetically. "Cyril Hinds! He is in the county jail, if that is of any interest to you."

In that strange conglomeration of reality and the almost supernatural I did not know where my own thinking began and Donovan's commands ended.

"He did not mention Hinds' name," I said truthfully.

Sternli looked at me and slowly lifted the piece of broken glass to his eye. I realized I had contradicted myself. Donovan must have talked to me about Hinds, otherwise Sternli could not understand, for I had mentioned the name in the first place.

I got up.

Sternli held out his hand rather timidly, and smiled.

"Thank you, Dr. Cory. It was nice of you to bring me the money. But should we not inform Howard Donovan of this gift? He is the heir, and he might object to my receiving it."

The last thing I wanted was to tip off Howard Donovan and his lawyers where the money came from, and I lied— "It does not belong to him. It was in an envelope with your name. Donovan gave it to me before he died."

That did not sound very credible, but there was no way of proving I was lying.

"Thank you very much," Sternli said. "If I can be of any service to you, please let me know. I have a great deal of leisure."

He took my arm to go to the door with me. I suddenly felt Donovan trying to get a message through to me.

"I should ask you for the key," I said in the doorway.

Sternli peered at me, surprised I had brought up an important request at the moment of departure.

"The key...what key?" he asked, uneasily.

I took the slip of paper with Sternli's name and the serial number on it out of my pocket and showed it to him. He held the paper so close to his eyes, it nearly touched them. When he dropped his hand, his face was flushed with amazement.

"W. H.'s writing," he murmured. He groped his way back into the room, and returned with a key. It was small and flat, for a safe deposit box.

Alarmed by the erratic instructions the brain had given me, I walked back toward town. Donovan made mistakes; his memory was slipping. The deposit box number had been written down, but the brain had forgotten to mention the key in its message. It had certainly intended to inform me about it, for the number was pertinent to the key. But something had gone wrong with its process of thinking lately. It had been precise, before.

I made a note of the hour and date I had received the instructions the night before the twenty-third of November, after midnight. I must ask Schratt if he found irregularities in the brain's reactions at that time. Is the organ sick? Is mental decomposition setting in?

It irritated me that the brain only remembered to complete its message when I was leaving Anton Sternli's house.

Walking along, I crossed a street where road gangs were digging ditches. Machines made a deafening noise, shoveling out dirt and throwing it onto a moving band which conveyed it to the trucks.

I did not watch where I walked. Concentrated on Donovan, I was trying to force him to complete instructions concerning the key and code number.

Donovan could get in touch with me any time he chose, but I was still cut off from him. It was only a one-way communication system, but as the brain was growing steadily stronger, it should soon freely receive my thoughts.

I walked in a trance, willing Donovan's brain to hear me, with all the power of concentration I possessed.

Suddenly I heard a shriek of brakes beside me. Instinctively, I stopped and stumbled. Something heavy hit my back. The groaning and clatter of the big iron shovel was close to my ears.

As I fell, a tremendous wave of fear engulfed me. I lost consciousness.

IT WAS night when I awoke.

Even before I opened my eyes, the faint odor of antiseptics told me I was in a hospital. The brownish walls were familiar. They had taken me to Cedars of Lebanon where I had worked as an intern.

Janice sat by the bed, motionless, watching me. When I stirred, she stepped over to me at once. They packed my thorax in twenty pounds of plaster. Lying motionless, I examined myself mentally, going over my body inch by inch until I was convinced that this was nothing fatal.

I could move my head a little, bend my fingers, lift my arms.

Janice watched me anxiously. She was not sure yet that I was fully conscious, for my eyes were still closed.

"Pain?" she asked in a low voice.

Again I listened to my body. I felt suspended in mid-air, as if my back was not compressed in a plaster cast but supported by gentle hands.

I had a strange sensation of being bodyless.

I could feel no effect of a drug. My head was clear, and my mouth did not have the dry, greenish after-taste of anesthesia.

"I don't feel anything," I finally said.

My words alarmed her more than if I had screamed with pain.

"It's spinal concussion," she said.

I closed my eyes. I ought to be suffering the pains of hell, if that diagnosis was right.

"I got permission to come on this case myself," she said.

I looked at her face, white and transparent in the yellow light of the lamp behind the screen in the far corner of the room. Her eyes were enormous, dark.

Everything seemed larger than life, everything moved with a slow motion. Shadows and light became one great waving veil. The sheets that covered the cast towered like mountains.

Janice's light hands adjusted them so that I could see the wall opposite.

It was not unpleasant to have her around. I didn't mind if she stayed.

I closed my eyes again.

Then the pains stabbed me.

I tried to shake off the plaster cast which suddenly weighed like tons of steel. My hand clenched in a cramp and the fingernails buried themselves in the flesh of the palms.

"Codein!"

I tried to make her understand. I could not hear my voice myself; it was lost in a shattering noise that seemed to come from the direction of my spinal cord and filled my ears with an increasing howl.

Strangely, that same senseless phrase underlined the torture—"Amidst the mists and coldest frosts he thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees ghosts."

The pains disappeared as fast as they had attacked. I saw Janice bending anxiously over me. She wiped the perspiration from my forehead. I was floating again, suspended in soft air. Not a memory of my suffering was left.

The door opened, and a doctor entered. A nurse behind him rolled in a table with glasses and instruments.

"Hello," the doctor said with professional cheerfulness. "Still in pain?"

He was filling a hypodermic with morphine.

"Thanks, I don't need it," I said definitely.

The man looked astonished. "The pain can't have stopped so quickly," he said.

"I'm surprised, myself," I answered, and looked down the length of my body.

There was nothing I could feel. As if I were only a brain, I was hardly aware of arms or legs, or even my injured back.

"Would you mind testing my nerve reactions?"

He stuck me in the arm with a pin, but I experienced no pain reaction.

I felt like a patient under a spinal anesthetic.

"Are you sure your diagnosis is right?" I questioned.

He indicated that he was sure.

I closed my eyes; I wanted to think out clearly what had happened to me.

I heard the doctor whisper to Janice and leave.

As soon as he had gone, I asked her to get Schratt on the phone.

She hesitated, and I repeated the order.

A few minutes later I was talking to Schratt.

"How are you, Patrick?" he asked, relieved to hear my voice. "Janice told me about the accident."

Janice stood at the window with her back turned.

"I wanted to ask you," I said slowly, prepared for the pain to return any moment, "if the brain has acted differently during the last forty-eight hours."

He did not reply at first.

"I did not want to alarm you as long as you were ill," he said finally, "but it seems to have a fever. I can't make out why. The temperature rises quickly, then drops to normal when it is asleep."

Suddenly the pains attacked me with increased fury. I thought I could not stand them. Even the bones of my skull hurt as if a fist were pushing from inside.

"Wake the brain!" I cried into the phone. "Wake it up! Knock at the glass! Frighten it! Don't let it sleep!"

The receiver dropped out of my hands. I bit my lower lip until blood filled my mouth.

Janice grabbed the hypodermic, but the pain evaporated like steam.

I took the receiver again and heard Schratt come back to the phone.

"The brain is awake now, Patrick. The lamp is burning." Then, "What did it do to you?"

My head sank back on the pillow. I knew what had happened, and tried to tell Schratt.

"It suffers my pain when it is awake," I said, controlled. "It suffers the pain instead of me. It seems to have penetrated my thalamus. Its cortex now receives the reflexes of my nervous system. My body's pains are experiences in Donovan's cerebrum. It takes possession of me more and more. Before, it controlled only motor nerves, but now it dominates that part of my brain where pain registers."

Schratt was breathing so loudly I could hear him. "If this continues," he said, "it soon will control your will."

"What of it?" I asked, trying to speak lightly. "Some men have given more than their identity to science."

"Yes," he said, and suddenly hung up.

Groping, I put the receiver back on the hook.

"Now I'll be all right," I said to Janice. I forgot she had listened to our conversation. Schratt's voice had been loud enough for her to hear.

Janice stared at me, her eyes wide with terror and despair. I had not know how much she knew, but now, understanding some of the consequences, she divined the abyss of self-destruction to which the experiment had led me.

DURING the last few days the pains have bothered me less, but I am still confined to my plaster prison. Even when I get up, I will have to carry twenty pounds of cast around with me.

The brain has given me some addresses —of one Alfred Hinds, in Seattle, and of a Geraldine Hinds in Reno. It insistently repeated the names last night.

Once, impelled by telepathic command, I tried to get out of bed, but Janice, hearing my moans, gave me a shot of morphine which immediately severed communication with the brain. It was like cutting off a telephone connection. When I am drugged, the brain cannot get in touch with me. It seems at a loss to understand why I do not follow its orders.

It is not aware I have had an accident. I tried to tell Donovan about it. Lying quietly, putting myself in a trance of concentration like a yogi, I tried to transmit the message. I could not.

In my dreams and lately during the day that strange sentence returns again and again— "Amidst the mists and coldest frosts...."

Its unending repetition tortures me as much as the pain. There must be some meaning. The brain must have a purpose in repeating it.

I phoned Schratt and told him about it. He seemed amazed when I spoke the sentence to him, but he insisted he had never heard it before.

November 29th.

Anton Sternli visited me. He rang up from the reception desk first. Janice answered the phone and stepped out to meet him at the elevator.

She kept him in the corridor nearly an hour, talking to him before she let him see me.

When we lived on the desert, Janice limited her activities to running our house. Now, taking advantage of my helplessness, she has extended her field to the people connected with me. She has always had Schratt in the palm of her hand, and Sternli has been easy.

Sternli looked more like a Swiss professor than ever, when he came into the room, peering at me through heavy glasses that made his eyes look the size of hazelnuts. That suit could never have been made for him; the trousers bagged over his knees. He carried a white cane like a blind man's.

Sternli had seen about my accident in the papers and would have come before, but he only got his glasses yesterday. He wanted to tell me how terribly sorry he was.

He talked about insignificant things until Janice left us. She had seen in his eager face that he wanted to be alone with me.

"You startled me with that memorandum in Donovan's handwriting," Sternli began. "You see, before he left for Florida he gave me the key and wrote down a number. All his life he was overcautious about everything. Even when he signed his name, he would shield his left hand with his right so no one could see what he wrote until he had finished. I am astonished he should have thought of me at the hour of his death. And why did he have my name on an envelope with money in it in his pocket? He was never generous unless there was advantage to himself! It makes me uneasy, Dr. Cory!"

"You judge him too harshly," I said. I saw complications ahead.

"Oh, no."

Sternli took off his glasses and cleaned them studiously with a small piece of chamois, holding them near his eyes.

"W. H. was my whole life. How can I hate what I was a part of? When W. H. dismissed me, there was nothing left to live for. I have no family, not even a friend. To make friends, one must be tolerant and interested, and with advancing age we become less and less adaptable. One has to give to keep friends, and my larder was empty. There are two species of man, the creative and the imitative. I am the latter. And those people are very barren if no inspiration comes from outside."

He spoke quietly. This was his philosophy, expressed without bitterness.

"I have been approached by a publishing house to write a book about W. H. They offer me a great sum of money, and I need it for the future; my salary was too small for me to save."

Sternli was eager to talk. He sensed that my relation to Donovan was closer than just that of the one disastrous meeting. He could not define the bond between me and his former master, but he felt impelled to talk with me to free many unspoken words.

He never had spoken to Donovan as he did to me. His natural shyness and fear of his master had prevented it. Still, for years Sternli had hoped in his heart that some day he would find the courage to talk to him as one man to another. Sternli never did.

Now, with Donovan's death, that hope had died, but speaking to me was like confessing crimes of which, though only as his master's tool, Sternli was somehow the villain.

He told me his life story, typical of a retired, studious fellow like him, secluded from the world.

Sternli had worshipped Donovan to a degree which destroyed his own personality. Donovan had accepted this devotion and, without any qualms, had taken every possible advantage of the man who would not or could not live a life of his own.

In Zurich, Switzerland, where he was studying languages, Sternli met Donovan. When he saw the millionaire for the first time, in the most expensive hotel, of course, the scholar was immediately fascinated by this powerful personality. That afternoon, Sternli had bought himself a cup of coffee at the Baur-au-Lac-Hotel, just to see for once how the rich of the world lived. While he was drinking his coffee slowly, Sternli heard Donovan's booming voice calling for a man to translate some wires into Portuguese. He could hear the frightened desk clerk's apologetic reply.

In a rare fit of courage, which marked the turning point of his life, Sternli offered his services.

Donovan kept him around while he stayed in Zurich, and when he left he asked Sternli to accompany him as his secretary. The young man jumped at this opportunity to see the world.

Sternli became Donovan's shadow, intimate to him as a pair of spectacles. He slept next door to Donovan, followed him

Evil was here—an evil stronger than human thought. . . .

from conference to conference, from town to town, from country to country, from continent to continent.

Donovan's secretary, letter writer, interpreter, but never his friend, Sternli grew into his job, became the walking, living memory of the intricate machine which was Donovan's brain.

He never took a holiday; he would not have known what to do with himself. Only once, when his mother was dangerously ill, he asked for a short leave of absence to visit her.

Reluctantly Donovan agreed, and when Sternli asked him for money for the trip to Europe, Donovan made him sign a note for the five hundred dollars.

In telling this story, Sternli skipped over a part of his life. I could only guess at what he wanted to conceal.

He had been in love once. As fate ironically decided, it was Donovan's wife, Katherine. She must have been a beautiful woman, aloof and unhappy. She did not encourage the shy young man; I assume she never even knew his secret adoration.

One day Sternli could not stand the conflict that raged in his conscience. He felt he was not working honestly; it seemed disloyal to him to be in love with his employer's wife.

So he asked Donovan to release him from his duties.

Donovan immediately offered Sternli a raise. Discontent could always be cured with money. But Sternli wanted to confess.

"You are in love with Katherine!" Donovan said calmly. "What does she say to that?"

Sternli, of course, had never talked to Mrs. Donovan about it. For him, to fall in love with a married woman was a plain violation of one of God's commandments.

"If you haven't told her, there is no reason to quit," Donovan said sanely, and added, "There is no reason to raise your salary, either."

With this decision, Donovan settled the incident to his own satisfaction. Sternli stayed on. His mind had been made up for him; even in this most intimate and important concern of his life.

A few months later, Katherine died.

Sternli talked on, unpretentiously. He wanted to get closer to me, and with this story he succeeded in doing so.

I learned more about Donovan from listening to Sternli's life story than about Sternli himself.

It interested me very much. I had overlooked this obvious approach. Donovan's story, as told in the magazines, was exaggerated, falsified, yellow-journalized. Here, his real self unfolded.

I began to understand the brain's workings. If I could search Donovan's character thoroughly, exploring every emotion of his heart, every reaction of his consciousness, I would understand many of the brain's paradoxes.

STERNLI had an idealized picture of Donovan. He was blind to his master's faults. He did not even divine how this man had distorted the pattern of *his* existence, cunningly, patiently and thoroughly.

It became clear to me that from the moment Sternli confessed a love for Katherine, Donovan had plotted his destruction. Not that Donovan was jealous. He was too big to permit himself that weakness, but somebody had trespassed on his property.

Sternli told me about Donovan's habit of having people spied on by detectives. Everyone close to him was under secret supervision. Number one of his suspects was Katherine. I was sure Donovan had known every step she took, was informed how she spent every minute of her time. He had checked on Sternli, too. His watchdogs had trailed this little man.

Sternli's eyes got bad. He slowly lost his sight and became unfit to take Donovan's rapid dictation. Another secretary had to be engaged.

Sternli was of no other use than as a living filing system, an infallible record of things past. Since his usefulness was now cut by half, Donovan logically cut Sternli's salary in half, too. And one day he began to collect the five hundred dollars he had advanced years before—in five and ten dollar installments out of Sternli's curtailed salary.

When Sternli had found himself hard-pressed, Donovan acted surprised.

"Don't tell me you have no money! You must be rich!" he said. "You must have made enough on the side."

Sternli, deeply hurt, defended himself.

"I am not insinuating you filched coins from my pocket," Donovan said. "But surely you threw in a few hundred dollars, too, when I bought stocks?"

Sternli had not even thought of such a thing, and according to his strict code, it would have been dishonest.

Only once Sternli had seen Donovan weak and uncontrolled. The day Katherine died. She escaped Donovan's domination

by quietly slipping out of his hands. By dying, she had deprived him of the final victory of subduing her. To hold her, he had forced her to give birth to one child after another. Only the first and the last had lived—Howard and Chloe.

When Katherine died, Donovan made Sternli stay in the room with him constantly. Sternli watched the big man walking up and down for nights, mumbling to himself.

To have seen Donovan in an hour of weakness, was a sentence of destruction, as if a slave had known where a king's treasure was hidden. Opposite me sat a man of fifty, who looked seventy, half blind, helpless, penniless.

"I don't know why Mr. Donovan sent me the five hundred dollars, Dr. Cory. Exactly the sum he loaned me and then collected again! Five hundred dollars. Did he want me to believe he regretted many things he had unconsciously done to hurt me? I am sure he always meant to be kind, but he did not die without remembering me! It is not the money, it is the thought that makes me happy."

"He did not know he was going to die," I said.

"Oh, yes," Sternli replied quietly. "He had known for more than a year that his days were numbered."

The revelation shocked me. It suddenly put Donovan in another light. It gave me a perspective on his character I had not had before.

"How could he have known about the accident in advance?" I asked, surprised.

"Oh, he did not," Sternli answered with a wan smile, "but he knew he was ill. There was no hope. The doctors gave him only one more year."

"Nephritic," I diagnosed, remembering the color of Donovan's face, whitish, with a yellow tinge. He had suffered from nephritic degeneration of the kidneys, which is usually associated with a similar process in the liver.

"Yes." Sternli nodded. "That is what they told him. W. H. used to drink alone. Solitary drinkers are dangerous. I sometimes thought he chose to get drunk, not because he liked it, but because he wanted to blank out his thoughts. He was tired from considering so many new and powerful projects. He was hounded by his own intelligence. Often he called for me in the middle of the night and dictated for hours. I gave him a dictaphone, once, for his birthday, but he still kept sending for me at the most ungodly hours. Then, during the last years, he started to drink in secret. He did not like anybody to see, and he never invited me to share a bottle with him. I think he hated alcohol, really."

Sternli suddenly fell into contemplation, forgetting me.

So Donovan had been trying to escape himself. Did he have a conscience, then? And what was he trying to forget?

"He had coaxed the truth out of his physicians. Nobody could lie to Donovan. When he learned his days were numbered, he underwent a change," Sternli said.

"Became kinder, I suppose," I prompted, to help him on, but Sternli shook his head.

He polished his glasses again, and smiled. His myopic eyes were wide open.

"No. Not what is generally understood by the word kindness. The first thing he did was to fire me, without a pension. He gave up his chairmanship to his son. He turned over to his family everything but the houses and apartments where he used to live. He had a score of mansions all over the country, and an apartment in every large city. In each of his personal dwellings breakfast was brought in every morning whether the master was there or the bed empty. The servants had to knock, to enter, to take away the tray after a reasonable length of time. The same at luncheon. In each house, each night, full dinner for eight was served at the same time.

"Donovan loved to pay surprise visits; arriving just as the first course was served. He had found this custom described in a book about Spain in the reign of Philip the Second, and it appealed to his sense of seignory. 'I am omnipresent,' he used to say, 'and if I pay I expect service!' But when they told him he was going to die, he closed all the houses. He had a plan for the limited time he had left.

"What plan?" I asked. I felt I was close to Donovan's secret now.

"He said he wanted to balance his books," Sternli answered. "I do not know what he meant by that."

Suddenly Sternli became restless, and looked at his watch.

"I must not talk any longer," he said, as if only now he were aware he had been telling me a story he had never related to anyone before. He felt so greatly embarrassed, he had to apologize.

"Forgive an old man for talking too much."

He was in a hurry to leave, but I asked him not to go. I suddenly received the brain's commands more strongly than

ever before. As if the brain had been listening all the time and was going to take its part in the conversation now.

"Since you are unattached," I said, prompted by the brain, "would you mind working for me? I can pay you as much as Donovan did."

"Work for you?" Sternli's face flushed in happy surprise. "But how could I be of service to you?"

"I want you to open an account at the Merchants' Bank on Hollywood Boulevard. You will find a roll of bills in my overcoat pocket. Please deposit them," I said.

Sternli looked myopically toward the closet, and while he was opening the door, I took the checkbook from my wallet and wrote: *To the order of Mr. Anton Sternli,* $100,000—*Roger Hinds.*

STERNLI returned with the money in his hands.

"How much shall I take?" he asked.

"All of it. Don't count it. Just pay it in. And take this with you."

I handed him the check.

The brain's orders suddenly stopped. I felt pain creeping on me, and grabbed the hypodermic which Janice had prepared for a return of the attack.

Sternli took the key and the check. He held the paper close to his eyes, stared at it open-mouthed.

He had recognized Donovan's handwriting.

December 2nd.

Today I got up for the first time. I will have to wear this plaster cast for weeks to come. My back still hurts, and when I move I feel like a turtle.

I can't stay in bed any longer. Donovan is ordering me to get up, and my body aches with his commands.

Janice has to dress me; I cannot bend over. She has brought me enormously big shirts and a suit large enough for a Barnum giant, to fit over the cumbersome cast.

The brain has gained strength enormously. Its commands enter my mind as clearly as if I heard it speak, loud-voiced and determined, close to my ear.

If only I could inform it that I am out of the running. I ordered Schratt to convey that information to the brain in Morse, but I am not sure he knows Morse well enough to tap out a clear message.

I want to go back to the desert. I want to watch the brain's development, myself. But it orders me to stay here.

It has told me to get in touch with the murderer, Cyril Hinds, whose trial comes up soon.

December 3rd.

Sternli has opened the account in his own name and brought back a power of attorney for me. Now I can sign checks and won't have to wait for Donovan's signature. I asked Sternli how it feels to earn fifty dollars a week and be able to write a check for thousands.

He seemed to be shocked at my harmless joke, and stared at me aghast through his thick glasses. He stammered a few words, and I had to put him at ease again. He often watches me doubtfully since I "forged" Donovan's handwriting so cleverly.

When Janice came in, Sternli's blue eyes lighted up, and he forgot I was in the room. He adores her. I don't know what Janice does to make all these men idolize her.

She is unselfish. Whatever she does, she never considers herself. That may be her simple secret.

December 4th.

The brain paralyzes me at certain times. Formerly, when it gave its orders I willingly followed the command. At first I was even obliged to concentrate to follow what it wanted. Otherwise my own personality interfered with the response. Now, I cannot resist.

I have tried. I have fought. In vain.

Today it told me to pick up a pen and write. Janice was in the room and I did not want her to see me acting like a hypnotist's subject.

She had just brought in my dinner and we were talking about Sternli and his strange adoration for her, which she protested smilingly, when the brain cut in. I felt my tongue tighten. I was forced to get up and go over to the writing desk. I watched my performance as detached as a stranger standing yards away from me. I wanted to stop. But I still moved mechanically.

Janice had never before witnessed a manifestation of Donovan's will, and she was frightened. She was level-headed enough, however, not to call the floor physician.

I sat down at the desk and began to write. Janice spoke to me, astonished at first, then quickly alarmed when I did not answer.

There was nothing unusual in my atti-

tude, except the expression on my face. During this period of telepathic communication, my eyes stare, my face loses all expression and looks blank as if it were made of wax.

Janice knew me well enough to be sure immediately that something like a hypnotic trance was holding me.

I wrote on the paper, *Cyril Hinds, Nat Fuller.*

Cyril Hinds was the murderer. Nat Fuller's name appeared for the first time.

The spell ended as quickly as it had come, and I gained control over my movements again.

Janice's face was chalk. Her eyes held depthless horror.

"You were writing with your left hand...." she stammered. "The brain...."

I went back to the table and began to eat, trying to act as calmly as I could, shaken to find that, for the first time, I had been unable to resist the brain's command.

"What of it?" I asked. "You know the brain is alive. It communicates with me from time to time. This step forward in my experiment will make history. Since the human brain never reaches full development during the life of the human body, I may be able to let the brain mature by keeping it artificially alive. This telepathic contact is only the beginning. Have you never heard that the man who experiments must be willing to take any personal risk? The world has to thank many scientists who became their own guinea pigs in order to achieve great discoveries."

"But it is controlling you—not you, controlling it!" She was upset.

"You are mistaken," I answered, wanting to break off the discussion I had foreseen and dreaded. If only she had been a hired assistant, she would not have dared to challenge me. But she was my wife.

"I am submitting to the brain's control deliberately, and I can stop any time I choose."

Janice looked at me, pale, her big eyes dark. She knew I was lying.

"Donovan is dead!" she said.

"Dead?" I said slowly. "The definition of death is different for a doctor than for a layman. Even when a man is legally declared dead his brain may continue to send out electric waves. Sometimes a man is already dead for the physician while he is still breathing. Where does life begin and where does it end? In the eyes of the world Donovan is dead, but his brain lives on. Does that mean Donovan is still alive?"

"No," she said, "but he lives through you. He forces you to act for him!"

"That is a contradiction," I said. "That will not stand up under analysis."

Janice looked at me. Her face seemed to have shrunk, and it was transparent as chinese silk. She had worried about me for years, and the conviction that I had lost myself in this experiment now broke through her self-control. I knew she wanted to avoid any serious discussion on any subject, but her concern was stronger than her resolution.

"Donovan is dead and cremated," she said. "What you call his living brain is a scientific freak, a dangerous morbid creation you have nursed in a test tube."

"Donovan is still alive and kicking. He even has written messages."

"You derive your conviction from science," she stated. "Mine is from faith."

"Listen to Schratt's disciple," I jibed. "Don't judge my task by common codes of living. I go beyond them."

"How far?" she asked.

"Until I understand the functioning of this brain, its will, its desires, its motives," I said. "I am penetrating more deeply into human consciousness than any man has done before."

We sat silent opposite each other. "It has too much power over you. You cannot resist it any longer," Janice said finally.

"Any moment I choose I can stop the experiment!"

"You can't. I just saw what is happening, myself!"

I got up, walked over to the desk and picked up Donovan's message.

"I wish you would leave me alone. There is no use arguing with you. I did not ask you to interfere with my work. You are disturbing me."

She turned and left the room.

December 4th.

The futile discussion with Janice upset me and the tiring repetition of the lines: "Amidst the mists. . . . " kept me awake half the night. When I got up, I was shaky.

Is Donovan's brain going insane? This repetition of phonetic expression is alarming. If the brain becomes measurably insane and can still influence me against my resistance, this case will become difficult to handle. I must think of an emergency brake, to paralyze the brain at the extreme moment. I must find a solution, and soon!

December 5th.

Today I went back to the Roosevelt Hotel. I feel strong enough but still must wear the plaster cast. It inconveniences me less than before.

The human body can adjust itself to most unnatural conditions.

December 6th.

Nathaniel Fuller.

The name has repeated itself in Donovan's message. Two Nathianiel Fullers are listed in the telephone directory. One at a gas station at Olympic Boulevard, the other a lawyer in the Subway Terminal Building, on Hill Street.

I was sure the brain meant the lawyer.

I rang the office of Fuller, Hogan and Dunbar, and asked for an appointment.

"Who recommended you to Mr. Fuller?" Fuller's secretary asked.

I mentioned W. H. Donovan's name, and immediately she became very polite. A few seconds later I had Fuller on the phone.

He asked me to come in any time during the afternoon and did not ask questions. He seems a good lawyer.

IT WAS one of the warm pleasant Indian summer days. I took a taxi downtown. For the first time in years I felt relaxed and happy. The tension which had gripped me so long, never letting me breathe freely, driving me on and on even when I slept, had suddenly left me.

I announced my name to the girl behind Fuller's reception desk. She picked up the phone in a hurry and a few seconds later Fuller came out. He was small and stocky, dressed by an expensive tailor and his gray hair carefully groomed.

Packed as I was in the cast, I presented a strange appearance, but he registered no astonishment and took me straight into a room with a sign on the door: *Library. Quiet Please.*

The silence which suddenly engulfed us was abnormal, as if the walls were specially sound-proofed. Though early afternoon, the Venetian blinds were drawn and neon tubes threw a diffuse light through the room.

He asked me to sit down and took a chair opposite me at the long, glass-topped conference table.

"W. H. sent you," he said in a pleasant unaggressive voice, and looked at me with an air of friendly lassitude.

"Yes. He mentioned your name before he died. He told me I could talk to you frankly, if I ever needed legal advice."

"You need it now?" he asked and looked squarely at me. "What can I do for you?"

"I want you to take over the Hinds murder case," I said.

He leaned back in his chair which he slowly rocked on its slender legs.

"Hinds is guilty of first degree murder and this is one of the most cruel cases I have heard during my twenty years as a criminal lawyer!" He looked down at the table and spoke slowly as if to gain time.

"I am prepared to pay you a bonus of fifty thousand dollars, besides your ordinary fee, if you can exonerate Hinds," I said.

He sat silent and pondered a moment. He did not take my offer seriously, and was trying to decide how he could get rid of me without offending me.

I looked on the glass-covered table and our eyes met as in a mirror. It seemd a trick of his, watching people in the glass top. It annoyed me.

"Exonerate. You mean acquittal by the jury?" he asked to gain time. He was reaching for the bell.

I took a wad of money from my pocket and laid it in front of him.

He pulled back his hand from the bell.

"Will you please tell me your motive in this, Dr. Cory?" he said.

"Just assume I am fighting capital punishment," I answered.

He nodded. This was a basis for discussion. Many people in the world will support their convictions with good cash.

"I understand. You want Hinds spared, as an example. We might be able to save him from hanging, and later get him released."

"You misunderstand me," I said. "I want Hinds acquitted. Pronounced innocent by jury."

"But there is no doubt of this man's guilt!" Fuller exclaimed. "And I never touch hopeless cases."

I got up, ready to leave.

Fuller said hastily, "You must give me a few days to study the case."

"I am sure you will take it," I said.

He went with me to the door.

"Would you object to depositing the amount of the fee until the trial is over?" he asked.

"Of course not," I said. "Ring me at the Roosevelt Hotel tomorrow morning, and you can have the check."

I stopped in the reception room.

"Could you get permission for me to talk to Hinds?" I asked.

"Of course. I assume he is related to you?" Fuller asked politely.

"No," I answered.

Fuller hid his surprise.

"He must be a good friend of yours!"

"To tell the truth," I said, "I have never seen Hinds in my life, and only came across his name a few days ago."

This time, Fuller was dumbfounded.

December 8th.

Today Sternli left for Reno to see Miss Geraldine Hinds. I told Sternli that Donovan, dying, had told me to look after this woman and also to get in touch with another Hinds, a plumber in Seattle.

Sternli becomes more and more bewildered. He cannot comprehend how sometimes my writing is Donovan's, how I draw money from an account that is not mine. And how can this illogical curiosity about people I do not seem to know be explained?

December 9th.

Fuller telephoned me this morning. He has spoken to the chief jailer at the county prison to get permission for me to see Cyril Hinds.

As Fuller could not explain my relation to the accused, that official wants to talk to me before he gives consent.

Fuller has studied the case and in his opinion only one defense could succeed. He would not discuss his plan over the phone. He told me he would see me at my hotel.

Fuller's optimism sounded forced. I have a strong conviction that without the money I have promised him, he would never touch this case. Before he hung up he reminded me to deposit the fee in his bank.

I AM SURE the brain is thinking clearly. It cannot be insane as I feared, for its instructions are precise and seem logical.

The brain's identification with my consciousness has increased. It may receive the sensations of sound and sight, and feel the gusto reactions of my palate. I cannot prove that yet, but I believe the brain lives through me the full life of a normal human being.

If my theory is right, Donovan's brain should be able to converse with other people, since my hearing relayed to its nervous centers, and my tongue directed by its commands, are all the tools it needs for intelligent self-expression.

The brain uses my motor nerves like instruments controlled by a deep-sea diver, working in a diving belt. Donovan may see the world, through my eyes, and he should be able to see me too, when I look at myself in the mirror.

December 10th.

On my way to the Hall of Justice I stopped at a tobacco store and bought a dozen Upman cigars.

I have not smoked a cigar in years. I made the purchase under command.

At once I lit one of the cigars, but I had no sensation of taste. When I tried to throw it away, however, my hand held it fast, and I had to continue to puff slowly, as if enjoying the smoke profoundly.

I was smoking with my left hand, which is unusual, as I smoke cigarettes with my right hand.

Donovan was left-handed!

If I could find out what cigars Donovan smoked, I would have part of the proof I need. Have I lost my sense of taste? Last night, with a sudden dislike for meat, I ordered nothing but vegetables for dinner. They had no taste at all. Was Donovan a vegetarian? I must inquire. Sternli would know.

I inhaled the cigar smoke deeply, and it was like breathing tasteless water vapor. Does Donovan's brain receive these impressions instead of my five senses?

The brain's penetration is slow, but irresistibly it has engulfed every part of my cerebellum.

One day it may take over my activities completely. The impulses which prompt my actions will generate in Washington Junction, while my body roams the world directed by remote control.

Thus in a future state, a human could be commanded by a chosen super brain and be guided robot-like from a central station.

The county jail covers six upper floors of the Hall of Justice, a huge square building at Broadway and Temple.

I entered a room with the inscription: *Public Relations,* and an employee in shirt-sleeves took me nine floors up to the office of the chief jailer.

The elevator boy wore the smart gray outfit of the sheriff's office and carried the six-pointed star of the police force.

At the ninth floor, an inner door with thick iron bars protected the entrance to the jail. A guard opened this side to scrutinize the passengers in the elevator.

My shirt-sleeved attendant must have seen curiosity in my eyes, for he began to

spiel like a tourist's guide, informing me that more than two thousand prisoners were here, the largest county jail in the world. Eighteen hundred men and two hundred women, he said proudly.

At the ninth floor we stepped out and crossed a corridor to the private office of the chief jailer. We passed through an anteroom, the walls of which were plastered with photographs of the sheriff's farm, where prisoners work out the greater part of their sentences.

The chief was a man about fifty, dressed smartly in a gray-green uniform. He seemed to expect me. The man in shirt-sleeves left, and the chief waited till the door had closed behind him.

He stood up then and walked over to a second writing desk, which looked unused. It was of heavy black wood, elaborately carved, and there to impress visitors. A blue vase with one dahlia in it stood on the blotter. On the wall behind hung a huge electric clock with a jeweler's name printed on the dial, a present for services rendered. Photographs of officers and their wives adorned the walls.

The chief sat down ponderously in a high-backed chair.

"Mr. Fuller phoned me," he said. "He asked me to let you talk to Hinds."

He looked reflectively through his spectacles. He gave the impression of being a scholarly man who did not belong in a uniform.

"Yes. I asked Mr. Fuller to talk to you," I answered.

"Mr. Fuller is the most successful—and also the most expensive—criminal lawyer in this state," the chief began again. "I wonder what prompted him to take over a hopeless case."

"Has Hinds confessed?" I asked.

"Oh, no—his kind never confess," the chief said quietly. "But Hinds has no money, himself. As I understand it, you are greatly interested in the case. Have *you* engaged Mr. Fuller's services for Hinds?"

He smiled at me benevolently, and I felt certain our conversation was being recorded somewhere in the next room.

"I am a pathologist," I answered, "and extremely interested in cases like Hinds'. Is there any objection to my talking to him?"

The chief pondered. He was slightly disappointed, for he had expected an answer to his question. But since Fuller had not chosen to inform him, I had no reason to tell more than my lawyer.

"I know you are not related to Hinds," the chief said. He had made investigations.

WE SAT SILENT for a moment until he began again.

"Hinds is much disliked in this prison. He gives us a great deal of trouble, and I have had to put him in solitary confinement for a couple of days, for striking an officer. That isn't done in my prison. The officers are courteous and friendly. The other prisoners solidly dislike Hinds."

The chief looked up and smiled a little with the air of a professor pleased with his class.

"My boys despise cowardice. They don't mind cruelty. They even look up to a mass murderer. But this cowardly way of killing!"

He was ready to give a lecture on criminal psychology. Jailers, like physicians, are overcharged with case histories and have to have an outlet. I have rarely met a doctor who did not write. Jailers are as bad.

I had to listen politely, for it was in his power to refuse me admittance to Hinds.

"You know him well?" he asked casually.

"No," I replied, glad he had not asked if I knew Hinds at all.

"Well, he does not know you either." The chief smiled. "That makes your request unusual."

"I am writing a book about psychopathology," I answered, to give him a motive he could accept.

He nodded.

"You know the charges?" he asked. When I did not reply, he explained, "He ran over a woman with his car—purposely!"

He studied my blank face and added, "The cruelest part of it is he backed up and ran over her again in reverse, crushing her face. Then he drove away. But we got him quickly. The car left plain tire marks."

"His sweetheart?" I asked.

"His mother," the chief said.

As if that revelation were too brutal for him, even accustomed as he was to cruel slayings, he continued, "Of course Hinds does not remember having hit anybody. He said he was coming from a party and was slightly drunk. A strange coincidence he just happened to kill his mother!"

"The motive?" I asked.

The chief shrugged, suddenly drying up.

A keeper of a strange assortment of prisoners, he was supposed to be impartial, but he seemed to have a strong personal dislike for Hinds.

After a certain length of time the atmosphere of a prison affects keepers and inmates alike. Guards, after a few years of duty, begin to see the world differently. Right and wrong acquire only abstract meanings, and a strong understanding for the motive of crime develops.

Only a man who has worked with his hands can understand workmen. Only the one who has sailed ships knows men who love the sea. Every future judge ought to have an apprenticeship as guard in a prison. Justice should not be taught theoretically, alone.

But in the Hinds case prisoners and warden alike had condemned the murderer.

"May I see Hinds?" I asked.

The chief got up and rang a bell.

"I had to segregate him, or the other prisoners would have killed him. I have never seen such antagonism among them. They would poison his food if they had the chance."

An officer entered and saluted leisurely.

"Take Dr. Cory to the fifteenth floor," the chief said, "and get Hinds."

The man saluted again, and we left.

We walked over to the elevator, and the iron-barred door slid back.

"Fifteen," the officer said to the elevator boy. He looked at me out of the corner of his eye as if he resented my going to see Hinds.

We arrived. The door opened into a large room where tables with ten-inch partitions down the middle separated visitors from the prisoners.

"Wait here. I have to get him from Highpower," the officer said gruffly.

Highpower is the tenth floor where they keep the murderers.

I sat down on the bench and read the sign on the partition: *This side for Attorneys.*

Another side read: *Prisoners.*

The room was rather crowded. Prisoners in blue jeans entered, sat down, and talked in low voices. The attorneys did not take off their hats, and everyone seemed to be in a hurry.

The place hummed with voices. Faces were pale in the yellow light.

My policeman returned and Hinds was with him.

At the iron-barred door, guarded by two officers, Hinds was set free. The one who had accompanied him pointed sullenly at me, then turned at once as if he were being infected by proximity to Hinds.

Hinds stepped searchingly forward. He did not look in any direction but mine, but he must have felt the antagonism his presence generated everywhere. The voices went on humming, somehow louder, but it was if everyone had turned his back to Hinds.

He stepped up to me and looked at me blankly.

"My name is Patrick Cory," I said, across the width of table, and stretched out my hand, which Hinds ignored. He sat down opposite me and gazed at me as if I were the prisoner and he the visitor.

He was a good-looking boy, about twenty-five, well-built, lean and muscular. His straight blond hair was combed back, his blue eyes clear, but his mouth was hard and nearly lipless. There was not one soft feature in his face. He was the prototype of discontented youth, who with a strange concept of bravery, do not price life very highly.

This boy might be cynical up to the steps of the hangman's trap. He might joke on his way to the gallows, and act his rôle right to the death. Or he might suddenly lose this grand, contemptuous manner and fall into a coma of fear, which would change him to a cringing coward in a second's time.

If he had had it in mind to play insane, he might have carried out the scheme until he really was mad and had to be confined in an asylum.

But as it happened he considered himself a hero, and with a conceit stronger than his will to live, he treated the whole world with contempt. He was a fanatic without a cause.

"I wanted to ask you if you know a Roger Hinds?" I said.

He expected a different opening. He mistrusted me for he was suspicious of the tricks the law might play to get a confession out of him.

"Well," he answered gruffly, "I had an uncle who hanged himself, if you mean him."

"How long ago?" I inquired.

"Before I was born, but I remember my mother talking about him."

The mention of his mother did not move him.

WE SAT QUIET for a moment. Hinds stared at his hands, which were thin and white, with broad nails.

I was on my own, without any compulsion from the brain, and I could ask whatever my curiosity prompted.

"Then you knew Warren Horace Donovan?"

"Not personally," Hinds said. "Isn't he the guy who got killed in a plane a few weeks ago? I read it in the papers."

He kept on staring at his hands, unmoved by my questions. We maneuvered like two fencers, each waiting for the other to open up.

"I am here to help you as much as I can," I said.

Immediately he was resentful.

"I don't need help. If they want to hang me, okay. But they can't break me down. They're treating me lousy, but I don't care."

He kept up his resistance by hating everybody.

"Mr. Fuller is going to defend you," I said.

"That's what he told me. He's a big shot, they say. I wonder who hired him."

He looked at me questioningly, but the sullen expression returned quickly. He wanted to be on his own. It would only weaken his self-reliance to know someone was helping him. Querulously, he reversed cause and effect to put himself in the right.

"They can't do anything to me. I didn't run over the old woman purposely. They can't prove it. Even that big lawyer can't do nothing but tell the truth."

He suddenly grinned.

"They sent you to make me talk. Go on, tell them I didn't run over her purposely!"

In stating his innocence, he repeated the same phrases. He had laid out his defense. If he refused to confess, the law was powerless, he thought.

"If you are innocent they will set you free!" I said.

"They've got to. I have a lot of things to do. I'd hate to go now!"

His thin mouth closed hard and the muscles in his jaw sprang out.

"Tell 'em they won't get me down. Even if they put me in the hole again and beat me up, and give me rotten food and turn all the boys here against me, I know their tricks. They can't hurt me! And they're going to pay for it! Just let me out of here!"

He got up. The interview was over, so far as he was concerned. Through me, he had broadcast to the world his contempt of it.

"Even if they hang me, they won't see me yellow," he said loudly, and walked back to the officer, his head up, knowing the room looked after him.

The elevator took me down.

This boy is a murderer if ever there was one.

But he had been badly introduced to life, and no one bothered to develop forces in him which would restrain him. He is not entirely to blame, though there was no reason to defend him either.

He will kill again, if he thinks anybody stands in his way.

But what had Donovan to do with this boy? If Cyril Hinds were Donovan's son, Donovan's action would be understandable.

Fuller may know the truth.

December 11th.

The desk clerk handed me a note inviting me to dine at Howard Donovan's house in Encino, on the thirteenth at seven o'clock.

I will certainly go to see him and listen to all the questions which I am not willing to answer.

I knew Howard Donovan would turn up again!

Schratt phoned. He told me Janice is back in Washington Junction. When I inquired why she had gone home, he joked that Janice and he were good friends and they were just taking advantage of my absence to see each other alone.

The brain is doing fine, he says. Size and electric output still increasing.

While Schratt waited at the phone for instructions, my subconscious fear suddenly found expression. I ordered him to keep the brain at its present weight and strength, not to feed it too much. My mouth was suddenly so dry my voice sounded harsh.

"I understand," Schratt replied elusively.

I hung up quickly, angry with myself. Had I admitted I was becoming afraid? My order could not be explained otherwise, and Schratt would interpret it so.

Fear is a natural reaction of all organisms who have weapons of self-defense. I belong to this class, and I have no reason to blame myself. Fear is innate.

I was suddenly tired. Instead of phoning Fuller to tell him about my visit to the jail, I lay down to rest.

I took a sleeping draught. I did not want to receive Donovan's messages.

December 12th.

At ten this morning the phone rang

and, still under the influence of the drug, I answered. I had a good night's rest. Even the strange line: "Amidst the mists . . ." which had accompanied my sleep for weeks, had not troubled me.

A Mr. Pulse was calling from the lobby. Fuller had told him to see me. He thought it would be more convenient to talk in my room. Could he come up?

I asked him to wait, had the barber sent up and indulged in the luxury of being shaved. Then I dressed, and examined myself in the mirror, relaxed for the first time in months.

Suddenly my reflection became a transparent opacity; the sensation lasted only for a moment, but then Donovan's brain took hold of me more strongly than ever.

I stared into the mirror, scrutinizing myself from head to foot as if I had never seen my reflection before. I breathed deep, moved my shoulders, without being actually aware of my body. I pinched my wrist with my fingers, but though the skin reddened I felt no pain.

Not walking like myself at all, but with a slight limp in my right leg, I crossed the room, picked up one of the Upman cigars and began to smoke it.

As always, I was aware of everything I did, but for the first time I was a prisoner in my own body, with no power to do anything except what I was commanded.

I recalled the stages I had passed through during this experiment with Donovan's brain. At first I had concentrated on Donovan's orders, forcing myself to understand him. During the second phase I easily interpreted commands, and acted accordingly. Finally I had permitted the brain to direct my body.

Until now I was able to resist. I had lost control completely!

The brain could walk my body in front of a car, throw it out of the window, put a bullet through my head with my own hands. I could only cry out from the despair of my imprisonment, but even the words my mouth formed were those the brain wanted to hear.

A wave of terror engulfed me as I realized I was like a man fastened in a machine which moves his hands and feet against his will.

The frightening sensation passed and I was free again. I felt the smoke of the cigar in my mouth, though I could not taste it. I stopped limping, and the dull pressure in the kidney area ceased, as if I had just recovered from an attack of nephritis.

When Donovan's brain takes possession of my nervous system, it recreates the conditions of its own body—the pains in the kidneys, the limp, the same tastes and distastes in food and tobacco. It may soon revert to drink.

Suddenly I remembered the Mr. Pulse waiting for me and phoned the desk clerk to send him up.

A FEW minutes later a huge man entered, filling the doorway with his bulging presence. Pulse stood over six feet tall. He wore his hair long like a musician's in a Victorian comedy, and his fat face was set in a cushion of double chin. He looked at me affably.

Introducing himself, he swayed into the room like a hippopotamus.

When he sat down the chair disappeared under him.

He came straight to the point.

"Hinds will be tried next week," he said. "I have studied the case."

I had to strain to hear him, for with a voice in strange contrast to his bulk, he whispered thinly, as if afraid of being overheard.

He expounded on his finding. "The jurors are influenced mostly by the impression they get of the accused, and less by the actual facts of the case. A man with a charming manner might receive easier punishment for the same crime than somebody else, like Hinds for instance, who does not bother to put on a good show."

Pulse seemed to have studied the case thoroughly and he quickly sketched a plan to save Hinds. Not once did he mention Fuller.

Three hundred names of potential jurors, Pulse explained, were drawn at random from the voting lists and posted on a panel in the courthouse. Of these three hundred citizens, more than two hundred would not care to serve as jurors; they could be discarded at once.

The rest had to be investigated.

Pulse opened his briefcase and took out a list.

"You see," he whispered listlessly, "I used to work for Southern Tramway. We had minutest information about every juror. Too many unjust claims are brought against big companies, accident claims mostly, and if a friend of the plaintiff should be among the jurors, a lot of harm can be done. That's why we kept files on everybody, or"—he smiled and showed small white teeth like a woman's—"nearly everybody!"

"Do you still work for Southern Tramway?" I asked.

"Oh, no. It doesn't pay enough, but I have a copy of their files!"

He had already found out how many were unwilling to serve as jurors in the Hinds case. Here were the rest—sixty-seven names!

Among these were twenty-eight retired businessmen, former petty city officials, pensioned military men, all eager to serve just to make the three dollars a day.

"The prosecuting attorney likes men like these. They know the routine and the defense attorney cannot rattle them. We know all of them! Well, they can be approached!"

Small droplets of sweat dotted Pulse's forehead, and his voice dropped lower.

"But the rest require some serious work! I can find only a few of their names in my files and must send out my men to inquire into the private affairs of these other would-be jurors. Most people have something in their lives they want to hide!"

His protruding eyes suddenly discovered the cigars on the table.

"Please help yourself," I said. Immediately his hand shot out and he grabbed one of the cigars.

"Upmans!" he exclaimed. "Dollar apiece!" And he went on talking with the same impersonal tone.

"Here's an example. Last time one of the jurors, a new one to us, was an undertaker, married, about fifty years old. He had a pretty secretary who helped him run his outfit. We found out about his personal interest in the girl. Well, he was shocked when we told him what we knew. He would have hated to have even a rumor uncovered by the defense. So he accepted twenty-five hundred and we had a 'pill in the box.'"

He inhaled the smoke with relish.

"A 'pill in the box' is a juror who is on the side of the defendant," he explained.

Pulse's big eyes twinkled at me amusedly and he suddenly asked, "Well, in case we have to do something about all twelve jurors, are you prepared to put down that much?"

"I must talk to Mr. Fuller first," I answered.

Pulse pursed his lips.

"The case can only be handled through me, as I am anonymous and your lawyer is a public figure, so to speak. You understand?" He spoke listlessly.

Fuller did not want to be mixed up in bribing jurors. He did not want to know anything about the arrangements.

"My fee will be five thousand dollars, and I cannot vouch for the jury's decision!" Pulse added, and hid his face in a cloud of smoke.

I did not care how much money found its way from Donovan's account into the pocket of Pulse's tweed coat, but I wanted for once to produce some show of human emotion in that fat face.

"It's a high price to pay with no guarantee of results!" I said.

Pulse hunched his fat shoulders. "The charge is *first* degree murder, and the whole case is very delicate to handle. Consider how easy it will be for the district attorney. Cyril Hinds never worked at a job in his life. He hung out in pool halls with a questionable crowd. He owed money to everybody and stole it from his old mother who scrubbed floors at the Biltmore Hotel."

"And why did he kill his mother?" I asked.

Pulse did not look surprised even at this question. "You should know the case better than I do, or I would not be here. Hinds stole money from the old lady. He knew she would turn him over to the police this time. It was a little she had saved to bury her. People do things like that—if they have been poor all their lives, they want a fine funeral. Maybe she would have gone to the police. To prevent that, Hinds hung around the hotel until she came out to go home. Then he ran over her. Anyway, that is how the district attorney will build up the case. Hit-and-run, with intent to murder."

Pulse stood up as if shocked by his own story.

"Forty thousand is not too much considering the case," he murmured.

I took him to the door.

"You want it in cash?" I said.

"Of course," he answered, but stopped suddenly and stared at me.

"He's not your son?"

"Do I look as old as that?" I asked, astonished.

A strange expression crossed Pulse's face. "For a moment you did."

December 13th.

This morning I went to the hospital to have the cast removed.

Some actors, to play their rôles more smoothly, fasten weights to their hands and feet during the daytime. When they take the weights off for the performance,

they experience that same floating, featherlike sensation I had when the nurse cut off the twenty pounds of plaster.

I took a bath, the first time in weeks, and felt boundlessly happy. I discarded the over-size suit and put on one of my old ones.

My back, stiff at first, slowly regained some freedom of motion.

In the pocket of my suit I found the key Sternli had given me. I went to the California Merchants' Bank. The sallow-faced teller with the small mustache saw me come in and disappeared at once, to return with the manager.

THIS man had resigned himself to my being the unorthodox customer I was and, on my request, he led me straight to the safe deposit vault.

The box opened with the key I had got from Sternli.

It was empty except for a small envelope which I put in my pocket.

In the street I opened it.

It was a receipt for eighteen hundred thirty-three dollars and eighteen cents, written in Donovan's handwriting, and signed by Roger Hinds. The date was February 7, 1901. The place, San Juan, California.

I turned the paper over, but it gave me no clue why Donovan had kept it so carefully.

San Juan, a small town of about five thousand inhabitants, is the place where Donovan opened his mail order business.

I put the paper in my wallet. Sternli might tell me more when he returned. I had a wire this morning saying that he has contacted Geraldine Hinds.

Howard Donovan's chauffeur was waiting for me in the hotel lobby. Acting on inspiration, or a telepathic contact, I greeted him by his first name: "Hello, Lonza!"

He looked at me dumbfounded; he had never seen me before. Then he grinned all over his face as if I had cracked a joke.

We drove north on Ventura Boulevard toward Encino. I leaned back comfortably, smoking a cigar I did not enjoy.

The borderline between my consciousness and Donovan's became blurred. I talked, but it was Donovan who made me talk. When I walked, this was still my own doing. Or did I only think it was? I had to concentrate hard to know if Donovan moved my hands or if I did.

But always my thoughts were clear.

At Encino we drove through a big wrought-iron gate, which seemed familiar to me. We crossed a wide park with dry artificial lakes and empty aviaries. The garden looked forlorn, as if at the owner's death the flowers had stopped blooming.

The car drove up to a sprawling Spanish building, with extensive patios and shady loggias. Most of the windows were shuttered or the blinds drawn.

In the big hall the furniture was hidden under dust covers. A lonely lamp burned in a niche. The house looked as deserted as the gardens.

The chauffeur led me into the library where a huge log fire was burning, throwing lambent shadows over the paneled walls. Howard Donovan and his sister waited for me, but to my surprise Fuller, the lawyer, was with them.

"Hello, Cory." Howard walked briskly up to me, his hand outstretched, but stopped with a questioning look on his face. Then he stared down at my hand.

"Sorry," I said, and threw the cigar into the fire. "I forgot. I should have left it outside."

"It's an Upman, isn't it?" Howard said. "My father used to smoke that kind. Funny how a smell will stick in your nose!"

He took my arm amiably.

Fuller only nodded when I greeted him, withdrew to the farthest corner of the room and busied himself looking at books. Mrs. Chloe Barton spoke my name, but made no move to give me her hand.

Howard walked over to the bar. "A drink Doctor?"

"Thank you, no!" I said.

"Only when nobody's looking." He laughed dryly, obviously thinking of his father.

Howard spoke like a district attorney who wanted to wheedle the witness into good humor for the questioning that was to come.

Chloe sat in a corner, watching me. She seemed amused, but in a tense, neurotic way. She was strangely still and the expression in her dark eyes disconcerted me. She watched me with intense interest, drinking in every word I uttered. That intensity irritated me. She seemed a woman about ready for a fit of hysterics.

I was surprised how her face had changed. The flesh seemed to have fallen away, and the skin was tightly drawn over the bones. She kept smiling at me but she had the appearance rather of making a grimace.

We exchanged a few superficial remarks, which did not relieve the tension.

"Fuller! A whiskey?" Howard shouted across the room, and his question seemed designed to conceal his thoughts.

"Thank you, I've not finished this one," Fuller mumbled and went on turning pages.

Howard sat down beside me and jovially slapped my knee, "How is Old Man Sternli?" he asked.

It was the opening shot of the attack. Fuller closed his book with a dull slap, put it back on the shelf and turned toward us, while Chloe lifted her folded hands to her cheek in an unnatural gesture. The hands were extremely thin, showing the bones through transparent skin.

"Sternli? He is all right," I said indifferently.

"He is a good man with a remarkable memory. I'd have given him a job if he weren't so nearly blind," Howard hurried to explain.

"I had an ophthalmologist examine his eyes for lenses."

I did not mean to rebuke my host, but my reply must have sounded like it, for his face reddened. He did not expect to be reprimanded.

It was as if the brain were amusing itself while I looked on, remote and emotionless. I knew every question and answer beforehand, like listening to a well-known story, where every complication is the more enjoyed for being anticipated.

Howard went on talking, but it was evident what he was leading up to.

"So my father told you about Sternli before he died," he said.

Fuller, at the window, made a gesture of impatience.

He was irritated at Howard's clumsy approach.

"Oh, no, I told you before your father did not talk. I read about his faithful secretary in the papers." I took another cigar from my pocket and glanced at Fuller. My answer belied the story I had told him about Donovan's advising me to see him, but the lawyer made no move to contradict me.

Howard became impatient. He was not accustomed to making haste slowly. His face contorted and he said sharply, "Let's drop that pretense, Cory. Aren't you getting tired of it?"

He got up and stepped back, irritated. The smell of the Upman cigar exaggerated his growing dislike for me.

"Please be more explicit," I helped him along.

Fuller suddenly took over, stepping closer to me.

"Mr. Donovan has made inquiries about you, Dr. Cory. We can stop fencing."

"No doubt he has had detectives on my trail. That's part of the family tradition!" I said smilingly.

"I am an old friend of this family," Fuller replied, on his guard. "When you told me Mr. Donovan, Senior, had sent you to me—and Howard informed me his father had died without leaving a will, and without having talked to anyone at the hour of his death—well, it was my duty to inform Howard and his sister of these contradictions in your story."

HE WAS already sure of my fifty thousand dollars. By telling Howard about me, he might bring more money his way. He was like Yocum, always out for more. But while Yocum was torn by a conscience, Fuller had no such handicap.

"You, as a lawyer, are obliged to secrecy in the affairs of your clients, and I am one of them," I said.

"I know my duty very well, Dr. Cory," Fuller answered, with a sly undertone.

"Then why have you forgotten it?" I asked.

"Why did you spend money on that murderer?" Howard Donovan accused in a theatrical voice. He stood behind me, and I had to turn in my chair to face him.

"What murderer?"

"This Cyril Hinds, or whoever he is!"

Howard's face was grave as a judge's.

"You don't know why?" I was surprised.

"No—but you are using my father's money!" He pointed a fat accusing finger at me. I had to laugh.

Howard was speechless. He looked at Fuller for help.

"Please, let me do the talking for a minute," the lawyer said with elaborate caution. "You are thirty-eight years old, Dr. Cory. You studied medicine at Harvard. When you were twenty-nine you married a girl of small independent means. For a few years you practiced in Los Angeles, but you never earned great sums of money. Then you retired to Washington Junction to carry out some experiments, living on the money you had saved, and afterwards on your wife's."

"Right," I said. "That is my life story."

Fuller went on patiently. "Suddenly you are in possession of seemingly limitless funds. . . . You gave up your experiments and moved back to Los Angeles, interesting yourself in people you had never seen

before, like Hinds and Sternll. . . ." He was dryly adding up the facts as if they were crimes committed.

I interrupted. "How does this concern you, or Mr. Howard Donovan?"

Howard could not keep silent. "Remember our conversation in Phoenix? You denied that my father had talked to you and he told you where he hid his money!"

I stared at him coldly and the silent duel broke his control. His face grew livid and he shouted, "It's my money and you stole it!"

"This is a peculiar accusation, and you will have to prove it," I answered, amused, but in the back of my mind I was afraid.

"Where did you get the money you are throwing around now?" Howard Donovan cried.

I got up and walked over to the writing desk, limping. I felt the dull pressure in my kidneys, as I sat down heavily.

"Perhaps Mr. Fuller can conjure up some legal reason why I should answer that question!"

Fuller's voice was smooth and unaggressive. "We can settle this amicably, Dr. Cory. Mr. Donovan is prepared to give you ten per cent of the sum his father left in your trust at the moment of his death. Furthermore, the money you have spent or disposed of up to now, will not be questioned."

"Any amount?" I asked, looking straight into Fuller's eyes.

He knew I meant the fifty thousand dollars I had put aside for him, but he did not flicker an eyelash.

"Of course," he replied in a friendly tone.

"All right. Will you put that in writing?" I went on.

I saw Howard's eager expression, Fuller's sphinxlike smile. Chloe's face shone white in the half-dark like a grinning death's-head.

"Just sign this first." Fuller took a paper from his pocket and put it down in front of me. It was a statement that I had used Donovan's money. I did not bother to read through any of the paragraphs.

My left hand took the pen and I wrote: *Money received for stamp collection. W. H. Donovan.* The pen encircled the name with an oval.

Howard stepped close to pick up the paper. He glanced at the sentence and signature, with eyes that started from their sockets. Struck dumb, he moved his colorless lips. His fingers limp, dropped the paper on the floor.

Fuller had watched him closely. "What is it?" he asked, alarmed, and bent down to pick up the paper. But Chloe, having noiselessly left her chair, put her foot on it, stared and bent down.

Suddenly she clutched her throat and broke into endless hysterical laughter; her face twisted and spots of color sprang out on her white cheeks. The pupils of her eyes dilated widely.

Stepping over to her quickly, I held her arm with my right hand, and struck a sharp blow close to her left clavicle. As I saw her eyes grow normal again, I slapped her face twice, hard.

The laughter stopped, she could breathe now but collapsed in my arms as I had expected. I carried her over to the couch and put her down, her face to the wall.

Howard watched me, petrified.

Chloe began to cry, uncontrollably, her body shaking with convulsive sobs.

"Get me a sedative, quickly!" I looked at Howard, who found his own control again at my order.

"There must be something in Chloe's room," he stammered. His aggressiveness had left him; he ran toward the door.

I turned to the patient, who was shaking with retching sobs.

I stayed until Chloe Barton had fallen asleep. Then I told Howard not to move her, to call her physician when she woke.

He listened, staring at me as if I were a ghost. And he is not so far from the truth.

Fuller took me home in his car. He did not talk on our way back, he only said he would see Cyril Hinds, to give him some instructions, but he made no mention of his betrayal.

AS SOON as I got back to my room, I rang up Schratt. My nerves were rattled. I did not want to crack under the strain. Also that infernal line: "Amidst the mists and coldest frosts he thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees the ghosts," was repeating itself again, as if somebody shouted it into my ear.

When I told Schratt to discontinue feeding the brain, he disapproved.

"I cannot accept that order, Patrick. We must go on with it!" And when I shouted at him, he said, "Janice will be back in Los Angeles. You may need her now!"

He hung up.

I sat down, exhausted. What had got into him? How did he dare disobey my orders?

I must get to Washington Junction at once!

But I did not move. My limbs were paralyzed. I lay on my bed for hours, my thoughts spinning until they were a blur of incoherent pictures. And at last I fell asleep.

December 18th.

The telephone rang at seven o'clock. It woke me.

I felt refreshed and in full control of myself. Schratt was right to have refused to obey me. I should not lose my nerve! Now I was grateful for his stubbornness!

Howard Donovan was on the phone. Chloe, he said, refused to let her own doctor see her. She was asking for me. Would I come at once? He was afraid she would have another fit if I did not say yes.

"I have taken the liberty," he concluded, "of sending my car to pick you up."

I promised to come.

Pulse phoned. He too wanted to see me urgently.

I told him I would be in the hotel at lunch time.

Howard Donovan's car arrived and took me to Encino.

Howard was waiting for me on the steps of the house. His face looked swollen, his eyes were red from lack of sleep, and he mumbled a few words I did not understand. He led me upstairs to Chloe's bedroom, keeping his distance in front of me, as if he were afraid.

He did not enter Chloe's room with me.

The curtains were half drawn and the sunlight fell at a sharp angle onto the red silk cover of a four-poster Spanish bed. Chloe's white face lay on a lacy yellow silk pillow. She looked at me quietly as if her emotion were exhausted.

Her breakfast had been served on a table close to the bed.

Silver shone brightly, and the tray was gay with flowers, but the food was untouched.

"Hello," she said. Her voice had a little break in it.

"Feel all right?" I asked, pulling a chair close to the bed.

Chloe looked at me with dark eyes, which made the rest of her face insignificant. Slowly she drew a thin hand from under the covers and with a shy gesture touched mine. Her fingers were cold, her pulse must have been less than sixty. She needed injections of caffeine.

"Who are you?" she asked quietly.

"Dr. Patrick Cory," I said.

She kept on staring at me.

"Last night," she whispered, "you frightened me. You talked like my father. You dragged your left foot. You wrote his name as he did. And you said things only he and I know!"

She smiled, concealing her uneasiness behind the gallantry only breeding produces.

"How did you know about the stamp collection? My father could not have told you that," she said.

"I may have read about it in some magazine," I answered, but she shook her head.

"No."

She fell into deep thought. When she spoke again, it was to herself; she had forgotten my presence.

"I know my father has not died. I knew he would appear again, in his shape or another. I was expecting him!"

She looked at me with a sharp turn of her head, her eyes wide open. "I am sure you told the truth when you said my father had not talked to you! But now he is acting through you!"

She had an explanation of the phenomenon. She took it for granted I too would understand.

"You loved your father?" I asked.

"I hated him," she answered. "And I did think justice had disappeared from the earth because God himself seemed to be unjust."

She was exalted. Her eyes with their dilated pupils were blank. The world left no image on the retina and she listened to a voice only she could hear.

"You gave Fuller the order to defend Cyril Hinds, but you don't know why!" she said in a quiet triumph.

She suddenly laughed crazily and I expected another fit of hysteria but it did not come.

"My father wants to save Cyril Hinds from the hangman's rope, to snatch a life from death in exchange for a life he gave to death! As you might exchange a tin of beef for another, or pay back ten dollars you had borrowed! When I was seven years old, he gave me a lesson in life, his philosophy expressed in a few words: 'The struggle for money in this world is the struggle for life. The rich man lives a packed life equivalent to many ordinary ones. With hired assistants, slaves, servants, secretaries, sycophants, he accomplishes things in a short time the poor man sometimes takes a year to do. A rich man's life is a hundred times longer than that of a poor man. With money one outlives the others. Money is life itself.'"

I knew now why she had asked for me so urgently. My strange action of last night convinced her I was sent by fate.

All her life she had suffered her father's domination, waiting for the years of his decline. But he had eluded her by his sudden death. She did not want to believe he was done with living. She wanted him to return! She did not know anything about the brain's artificial life, but she felt it must be!

I moved my right hand, bit my lips, and felt the pain. I was sitting there, not Warren Horace Donovan.

"My father's real name was Dvorak. He came from a small town in Bohemia, in eighteen ninety-five. He changed his name to Donovan, lived in San Juan and worked in a hardware store. My mother, Katherine, was the owner's daughter, and my father's best and only friend was Roger Hinds, the station master."

CHLOE still touched my hand, as if she needed this contact.

Suddenly she glanced at me and in a clear voice said, "I never talked about Roger Hinds to anybody since my mother told me about him. Not even Howard knows. I kept the secret because I loved my mother, nobody else in all my life! Only I, and Roger Hinds, loved her!"

She spoke with undeniable conviction.

I interrupted. I did not want her to lose herself in reminiscence, which had become a dangerous obsession with her.

"A case of jackknives was unclaimed at the station. Your father bought it, sold the knives to the farmers, and that was the beginning of his mail order house. I have read about it!"

She nodded. "But what the papers did not know was that he began his business with money he borrowed from Roger Hinds, the man my mother loved."

She spoke with a sudden outburst of indignation, as if it had been her own friend and not her mother's.

"Roger admired my father and my father knew his power over Roger. One day, to ruin him, he asked Roger for a sum of money which he knew Roger did not possess.

"Eighteen hundred and thirty-three dollars and eighteen cents," I said in a flat voice. Chloe nodded impatiently, without wondering at my freakish knowledge.

"It may have been that. Roger took it from the ticket office when my father promised to give it back to him next day. He trusted father so implicitly that no feeling of guilt even troubled him. To ruin Roger Hinds, my father purposely held back the money!"

Her voice was as shocked as if this had occurred just yesterday, not fifty years ago.

She had derived her strength to live from her resolve to avenge her mother, and since her father died she had nothing to live for. She did not want to believe his death. She was waiting for some miracle, ready to take refuge in a world remote from our own. Suicide needs purpose and decision; drifting into the unreality of a dream world achieves the same end, easily, and more pleasantly.

I had to be careful not to let her excite herself too much with the story she was telling with such conviction.

"Are you sure he did it purposely?" I asked.

"Completely!" Chloe said emphatically. There was no room for doubt in her mind.

"My father wanted to marry, and he found his way blocked by Roger. This was a blow to his ego! Whatever, whoever stepped into his path had to be destroyed. He loved Roger as much as he could anyone. He was really very fond of him, but to his dismay Roger was after something he wanted himself And father felt himself betrayed.

According to Chloe's story, Donovan had deliberately kept the money until an auditor's examination discovered the shortage. Hinds lost his job, and then Donovan returned the sum; he made Roger sign a receipt showing it was he, Donovan, who had saved his friend from going to prison.

When Hinds recovered from the blow, he took a shot at Donovan, whose cheek the scar marked forever. Then, despairing, Hinds hanged himself. He had not told Katherine. He was ashamed of his friend's betrayal.

A few months later, Katherine, broken down by Donovan's constant wooing, married him. They left the town at once and settled in Los Angeles.

Some time later, she learned the truth. Donovan told her purposely, when he found out she still loved Roger.

From this moment he held her by fear. As one of his possessions, Katherine was not permitted to leave him. He could not stand losing anything which had ever belonged to him.

The woman, her spirit broken, lived a shadowy life. Her only confidante was her daughter, whose hatred of her own father, Katherine nursed.

Several of Katherine's children had been born dead. Only Howard, the first one, and Chloe, the last, lived. Howard was crushed under his father's fist, never permitted to do anything he had not been ordered to do.

Donovan never gave his son pocket money, and his wife and Chloe never saw cash, either. Money is freedom, it makes people independent of others.

Howard was never given a house key. He had to ring the doorbell like a tradesman, and the servants kept check on his goings and comings. They did not dare cover up for the boy, for they, too, were watched by a set of household spies.

Donovan was omnipresent. He used everybody's eyes and ears for his information. Whoever worked for Donovan gave up his own personality.

When Howard was fifteen he began collecting stamps. To get money to buy them, he stole and sold small objects from his father's house, trinkets, silver, spoons, books.

Donovan resented his son's interest in these colored bits of paper, but he tolerated it because the boy convinced him that he was enlarging the collection by clever trading.

When Howard's interest became too absorbing for Donovan's jealousy, he began to compete in his son's field, and bought an expensive collection for himself.

Howard possessed a few specimens Donovan did not find in his own album and, without asking permission, he simply took them for his own collection.

At seventeen Howard had the courage to run away. To finance the adventure, he stole his father's most valuable stamps. Leaving a letter explaining his reasons, Howard fled to Europe and registered in Paris at the Sorbonne. He studied hard, took his degree in economics, then returned to the States to find a job.

There he lost one position after another. He did not realize that his father was using pressure to force Howard's employers to dismiss him.

Donovan wanted his son back home, and, as always, he got what he wanted.

One day, broke and desperate, Howard returned to his father's house. Instead of anger, he found Donovan waiting to receive the prodigal with open arms. The embrace was symbolic: he had his son back in his clutches!

From then on, Howard worked for his father without salary or, officially, a position. From time to time Donovan gave him money, like the dole to a poor relative. He never forgave Howard that one independent action. He did not know how to forgive.

But his son had inherited some of Donovan's obstinacy and shrewdness. He intended to beat his father with the only weapon at his command—time! If he waited for his father to grow old, then his time would come. He did wait, silently and patiently. Every day he grew stronger, Donovan older.

When Chloe was fourteen, her mother died. To the girl's surprise, her father took the loss hard. Death had intruded into Donovan's kingdom and taken away one of his possessions without leave. In Donovan's opinion a great injustice had been done him.

For this selfishness Chloe hated him still more. In her eyes he had killed her mother. Chloe wanted revenge for the slow murder and she found a sure way of getting it—by shaming her father's name.

At fourteen, she was flirting with his servants, and cunningly she always saw to it that Donovan found out. Infuriated and hurt, he sent her to girls' schools that were practically prisons, but she always found some way to escape.

When she was sixteen, she married a wrestler, at eighteen a boxer, at nineteen her father's chauffeur.

By then she had conceived the fiendish idea of making herself look more like her mother. She dieted away twenty pounds, had her nose reshaped, and began to be the image of Katherine. She wanted to shock her father with this resemblance. She did not succeed.

DONOVAN saw through his children's schemes, and once having fathomed their intent, he thought of a counterstroke. The decision was accelerated by the doctor's diagnosis of his incurable illness.

He would disarm his children. He had done only one small thing in his life he regretted—betraying Roger Hinds. If he squared this, what cause could anyone have to hate him? His mind was so primitive that he never was aware of his everyday cruelties.

Donovan considered himself one just man in a treacherous world.

Covering a possible retreat, Donovan had been salting money away for years. He used Hind's name on this secret account, unconsciously troubled by his feeling of guilt. He liquidated his possessions and gave over his authority to his son. No-

body *took* authority away from him!

The next step would have been to make amends to Roger Hinds, who had been buried forty years.

He was searching for Hinds' relatives; he had found only a few. He had it in mind to present them with fortunes, since to him happiness and money were synonomous.

When he found a Hinds in prison, accused of murder, he saw a big chance. Here was a life to be traded back for the one he, Donovan, had snuffed out.

While he was on his way to Geraldine Hinds in Reno, the plane had crashed, and with it he was through playing at fate, for the time being.

While Chloe and I talked, I fitted the pieces of the story together in my mind, made the connections, added missing parts and reasons for the indicated happenings. Obscurities which had baffled me before, were cleared. I suddenly knew Warren Horace Donovan better than if I had lived his life, and I was frightened.

He had destroyed everything which opposed his will. Now that death had set up a barrier, his will surmounted it. He was stronger than death!

I saw it all clearly. Everything I needed to know for my experiment. The rest asked for only cold analysis, not empiric research.

I must bury this brain ten feet under ground and end its monstrous existence!

"I want Cyril Hinds to die," Chloe blurted out in a hoarse, furious whisper. "He must not go free! Oh, no, my father must not have that triumph!"

I smiled at her, put both my hands on hers, and prayed for freedom of thought and will for just this moment.

"Only the things we desire happen to us," I said. "And as we grow wiser, we can escape some of our instinctive destinies, if we will. Don't give that man the homage of your hatred! You have been sensitive to every temper of his. Be sensitive once to your own!"

Chloe turned and looked at me as if she saw me for the first time. Her eyes mirrored a forgotten wish that had been lost in that long struggle. She had found a morbid delight in suffering, her forgotten wish was to find delight in joy.

She stood at the crossroads where the right word would send her in the right direction and the wrong one into mental chaos.

Bending forward to hold her gaze with all my will power, I said, "Promise me to get away from here. To Rio, to Buenos Aires. Anywhere where people speak another language and do not talk about your father, only about you, yourself! *You* are important! Only you! Nobody but you!"

My words seemed to clear away the hate and revengefulness. The expression on her pale face, which had been a mask of despair, grew softer. Her lips lost the hard, hurt look.

"Let the pain of life teach you understanding," I said. "And you will not hate life, but, in the joy of understanding, love it."

Chloe smiled, closed her eyes. Her body relaxed.

I held her hand in mine until she fell asleep, and her breathing grew easy.

Then I returned to the hotel.

"A gentleman is waiting to see you, sir," the desk clerk said, and he pointed to Yocum standing in a corner of the lobby.

With a smirk on his thin face, Yocum walked toward me. Flashily dressed in a suit with wide padded shoulders, he wore patent leather shoes and flourished an expensive gray felt hat with an enormously wide brim.

"Hello, Doc," he breezed, and put out his hand in a jovial gesture.

"What do you want?" I asked curtly. The smile on his face spread into a disarming grin.

"Just wanted to show you how I'm getting along!"

His voice had become stronger, for he had been feeding himself better, but the deep hollows in his cheeks timed the end of his days like an hourglass. I did not give him more than a few months.

"You ought to be in a sanatarium," I said.

Yocum shrugged his padded shoulders.

"Well—maybe I will! But first I want a little fun. You know, it's like having starved for a long time. I want to eat before I fast again!"

He scrutinized me with narrowed eyes, appraising me as if I were a secondhand car.

"You're looking prosperous," he said, satisfied.

The visit had too obvious a purpose.

I took him over to a corner, and we sat down. A sudden inspiration flashed through my mind. I might find some use for him!

Yocum crossed his legs carefully, not to crease the pants.

Then he took from his breast pocket a

photograph which had been yellowed by smoke. It was the picture of Donovan in the morgue.

"Found it in the ashes of my house," Yocum said casually, showing it, and then tucking it away in his coat again.

"What do you want me to do? Buy it?" I asked.

"Don't be unfair, Doc," he said arrogantly. "You haven't paid for my house, yet!"

I got up without replying, and being a poor crook, he paled.

"Look here, Doc," he said threateningly. "I can still sell this picture to Howard Donovan!"

"I wish you would," I replied, and there was so much indifference in my voice Yocum was scared.

"I don't follow," he said, at a loss. "Only a few days ago, you were glad to pay for it . . ."

I sat down again. "I'm tired of you," I said. "You act like an ass that doesn't know when it has gorged itself. Go ahead and tell Donovan! Suppose they do go to Washington Junction and find the brain? What then? *You* are the one that will go to prison for blackmail!"

"Oh, no. Not me!" Yocum said swaggeringly. "You gave me that money willingly!"

"Tell it to the judge, and see if he believes you. By the way—" I stared at him to frighten him, and succeeded. "It would be a good idea to have you arrested and get my money back!"

"The money?" he stammered. His face broke into small parts, held together only by the network of deep gray lines. "You can't prove it!"

"I still have your negatives," I said firmly.

"You burned down my house!" He tried to attack me to get me on the defensive.

"Can you prove it? Who will they believe—you or me? You've got a prison record already, haven't you?"

I was hitting in the dark, but I seemed to have struck.

"Photographs!" he murmured. "They won't convict anybody on that evidence!"

"You'll have to tell where you got that money for your new suit, and the car you bought. How will you explain? The negatives and the brain in Washington Junction are the only proof!" I said slowly and weightily to make it sink into his consciousness.

He took out the picture again with trembling hands.

"All right, you win!" he said tonelessly, and tore it into little pieces. "Forget it, Doc."

"Oh, no, I won't! You'll hear from me!"

I turned sharply, and left him staring helplessly after me.

When I turned again, he was gone.

May 15th.

For nearly five months I have discontinued recording these observations. From the moment that Yocum ran out of the Hotel Roosevelt, all my actions have not been my own. My will power was snuffed out like a candle. I did not know what my body, separated from my mind, was going to do!

I was crying out for help, while my mouth said words I did not want to say and my hands did things I did not want done. My living brain was trapped.

No message could be sent, no warning given, no drug in reach could bring me respite, no suicide possible, no way of escape.

Donovan's brain dwelt, vampirelike, in my body, and no one observed any change in me.

I learned to be afraid of the light of day and of the stars of night. I felt I was going insane within the cell of my hermetically sealed existence.

We compute time in minutes and hours, days and years, and measure space in three dimensions. But Donovan's mind existed outside our concrete boundaries. Though inseparable from space, it had a personal concept of time. It seemed to know the future in the same manner as we remember the past. It anticipated coming events, and counteracted them by methods I could not comprehend, for my thinking lacked an understanding of the fourth dimension. I was not aware of impending events.

I AM obliged now to identify the brain and my body, in Donovan's second existence, as the cerebrum is the seat of the personality and the body only its accidental form.

From that moment on, an impotent spectator, I, Patrick Cory, can only call that freakish, monstrous entity which used my body by its real name. Warren Horace Donovan!

So, a minute after Yocum had run away, Warren Horace Donovan walked out of the hotel, went to Ivar Street and into an office to rent a car. He hired a powerful sedan.

The clerk asked to see his driver's license

and for reasons not known to me until later, Donovan pretended to have left it at home, but he was willing to faciliate the transaction by depositing in cash any sum required.

He signed the papers as Herb Yocum, Kirkwood Drive. If the clerk looked that up in the directory, he must have been satisfied.

Donovan drove the car to a corner behind the hotel, left it there, and took a taxi for Fuller's office. He was limping and a dull pain in his kidneys bothered him.

He looked into the mirror in the taxi. His face was an unhealthy white with a tendency toward yellow. He showed all the indications of a nephritic degeneration of the kidneys. As a man whose leg has been amputated, still is nagged by the corn on his missing toe, so Donovan transposed the same sensations he used to feel in his former body into mine.

He went up to the lawyer's office.

After he had waited a few minutes, Fuller came in. His attitude toward Donovan was definitely hostile, but he tried to hide it under a businesslike manner.

Donovan followed him to the library, where they sat down.

Fuller opened the conversation grimly. "I wish you would explain your strange behavior last night in Howard's house. I don't understand that kind of humor!"

"I'm not asking for your opinion on any of my actions, Fuller!" Donovan replied acidly. "You're paid to get Hinds out of prison, not to criticize my conduct!"

Fuller's face flushed, but he spoke in his pleasant conference voice. "Well, I'm not so sure if I want to take over this case at all. It's hopeless. The man is a cold-blooded murderer! You'd better give it to somebody else."

Donovan grunted, got up, opened the small cupboard near the door. In it, connected to an electric circuit, was a switch. Donovan snapped it off, and limped back to the table.

Fuller watched, his features distorted. He sensed a more than natural intelligence behind Donovan's strange behavior, but he could not define it!

"Always careful, aren't you?" Donovan said, and his voice was threatening. Fuller looked at him with veiled fear.

"How did you know—" he began.

"Never mind," Donovan cut him short. "I don't want my conversations recorded. You can't walk out on me, either! Just remember the Ralston and Trueman case. We don't need to fence with each other." He used Fuller's expression of the night before.

Fuller paled as if he were going to faint. A hideous fear seemed to possess him.

Donovan went on with sardonic determination, "Pulse tried to blackmail me. You'd better see that he comes down in his price. Tell him I want to talk to him. At once!"

Fuller looked dazed. He did not dare fight back, picked up the telephone and told the switchboard girl. He took his time talking. When he hung up, he seemed to have himself in control again.

"The district attorney is keeping back a surprise witness," he said, and gave Donovan a quick glance of inquiry. "If he calls that one, we're in bad shape!"

"Then don't let him call that witness," Donovan said in quiet anger.

Fuller bent forward over the glass table, beads of sweat standing out over his forehead.

"You can't pervert justice," he said in a low, desperate voice. "There are things you can't do. You just can't!"

"But *you* can!" Donovan said cruelly. "I want Hinds freed!"

He was a maniac with a fixed idea. No one in the world could have deviated Donovan from his course, but Fuller was not aware of that. He went on fighting.

"What interest have you in that man? You're not related to him. You never saw him before!"

"It's no business of yours," Donovan said aloofly. "Just get him free!"

"But this witness can't be bought," Fuller said in despair.

"I'll pay as much as he wants," Donovan answered.

"It's a girl, only thirteen years old. I can't approach her to take money for telling a lie! She would not understand!"

The misery in Fuller's voice was heartrending.

They sat quiet until Fuller continued, exasperated, "She is a little girl from San Francisco, who ran away from home to break into the movies. Hitchhiked here, and had no place to sleep. She was hiding in the entrance of a building when Hinds ran over the old woman. She saw him do it. She saw him stop and drive back in reverse. The old woman recognized him and cried out his name. 'Cyril!' she cried, and begged him to call a doctor. But Hinds backed up further and ran over her face." Fuller spoke as if that were evidence directed against Donovan.

"And she did not go to the police?" Donovan said.

"She was afraid of being sent home," Fuller answered, the lawyer again, his voice soft and pleading. "She lives at the Loma Street Y.W.C.A."

"Then get her parents out here. You can talk to them, can't you?"

"They are here," Fuller said.

"All right! Pay them whatever you want to take the girl across the state border. She must not be found for the next year! Then the district attorney will have no witness, and we are in the clear," Donovan said. "A young girl who runs away from home is not a trustworthy witness, anyway. She is hysterical, and likely to imagine things."

"But she heard the old woman call him Cyril!"

Fuller was still persistent.

Donovan got up impatiently.

"She read that in the papers! Must I tell you how to get elements of doubt into this? Am I the lawyer in the case? I see I am obliged to take things into my own hands."

He limped to the door. Fuller followed him.

"See that the girl is taken back to her parents. You're an idiot, Fuller. You're slipping!"

Donovan walked out.

Fuller did not dare reply.

I, mute witness of the scene, wanted to cry out. Fuller might hear me . . . . But I had no mouth to make myself heard.

I was nothing but a brain in a vessel.

PULSE, who was just entering the waiting room, strode over to Donovan and whispered with ponderous alertness, "Hello, Dr. Cory! I was coming to see you at the hotel when Fuller phoned me."

Looking quickly at the lawyer from under his heavy eyelids, Pulse continued in his low voice, "I just saw the girl's family . . . ."

"All right, let's get going," Donovan interrupted gruffly, and limped out of the room. "Come with me, Pulse!"

The big man turned quickly, shocked by Donovan's abruptness. He always expected to be treated with the same politeness he used to lubricate his affairs, but he ran after Donovan and caught up with him in the elevator.

"Got a car with you?" Donovan asked.

Pulse nodded, cowed into a submission which he could not explain.

"Drive me to where that girl's father is staying," Donovan ordered, when they had reached the car.

Pulse squeezed his gross body behind the steering wheel.

"The situation is very delicate," he said warningly. "The man is a minister!"

"Come on, get in and drive," Donovan said irritably.

As he got in the car, Pulse said quietly and docilely, "We have five 'pills' in our box already, Dr. Cory. Five jurors on our side! We're pretty much on the safe side now!"

"Not so long as that girl is around," Donovan muttered. "We must get her out of the way!"

He stared in front of him, blankly, wrapped in thoughts which seemed far in the future.

"Go on. Quick!" Donovan suddenly shouted. "Fast, man!"

Pulse, shocked into activity, pressed down the accelerator, and the car shot forward along the broad Beverly Boulevard.

"The girl's father lives at the Weatherby Apartments on Van Ness," Pulse said. Donovan did not seem to be listening. He kept on staring, sitting there motionless.

In my mental prison, I felt a nameless fear, which increased the nearer we got to Van Ness. I knew I was going insane, the clearness of my thinking began to dim.

The hope that the spell would be broken and I would again be in command of my own body suddenly dissolved into a screaming despair.

If only Schratt would kill that brain! Overturn the vessel in which it swam! Or cut off the electric current which kept it alive!

Schratt must be aware of what I was going through. The encephalograph must have shown strange new signs, which he, the scientist, should have been able to interpret.

But he, too, might be out of action, ruled by the brain as I was!

"Here," Pulse said, pointing at a big white building.

"Stop the car," Donovan ordered, "and get out from behind that wheel!"

Pulse looked up, surprised, but then he consented, and while Donovan slid into the driver's seat, Pulse walked around the car and got in beside him.

"What are we waiting for, Dr. Cory?" Pulse asked, suddenly apprehensive.

He could not understand Donovan's strange behavior, first rushing him, now waiting. Donovan did not reply; he kept

staring straight ahead of him. His features must have had a frightening expression, which was mirrored in those of Pulse.

"Why don't we go inside and see the girl's father? I can introduce you and maybe he'll listen to reason."

No reply. Pulse moved uneasily in his seat.

The street was deserted.

A couple of people came out of the apartment house. One an elderly woman dressed in black, the other a pale, pretty girl of about thirteen.

Suddenly Donovan stirred, stepped on the gas, and the car jerked under the clutch. Its front wheels jumped the sidewalk. It shot straight toward the two women.

For a second, Pulse was petrified, then he gave a hoarse cry of despair. His fat hand grabbed the steering wheel, and he swung the car off the sidewalk. The coupe nearly turned over. Pirouetting on squeaking tires, it swerved, turned itself around, and then shot toward Melrose Avenue.

"Stop this car!" Pulse moaned. He looked bleary and there were heavy rings under his eyes.

Donovan cut off the engine.

"You nearly killed them," Pulse said. His shock suddenly turned into a crying rage. "You tried to murder them! You wanted to kill that girl!" He ran out of breath.

Donovan stepped out of the car.

"We must get rid of her," he said slowly, like a man in a trance, and walked away.

"Not with my car!" Pulse shouted after him hysterically. "Not with my car!"

He stared at Donovan with tears streaming down his face.

Donovan walked on, limping. He hailed a taxi and said, "The Roosevelt Hotel."

He sank onto the seat, breathing heavily, staring in front of him, holding his sides above the kidneys, with both hands.

Suddenly he knocked at the glass partition.

The driver stopped.

Donovan went into a liquor store and bought a quart of gin, which he hid in his pocket.

Then he had himself driven back to the hotel.

I saw Janice the moment Donovan entered the lobby. He saw her, too, but he passed her without any sign of recognition.

Janice had turned sharply. She took two quick steps in his direction, then hesitated, stopped by an intangible doubt. She watched him as he limped to the elevator, presumably puzzled that he moved so differently from me, with the step of an old, sick man.

Donovan went upstairs to the room, sat on the bed motionless, and waited.

He knew she would come.

I was praying for her to come in.

I could hardly bear the tension any longer. I wanted to cry, to shout, to sob. Then, in a last effort at sanity, I collected my strength to be able to concentrate on her, to make myself understand.

Janice knocked.

"Come in!" Donovan shouted.

JANICE stood in the doorway as in a picture frame. She stared at Donovan with wide blue eyes, and when he did not ask her to come in, she closed the door quietly behind her.

She has that indefinable intuition which can understand happenings outside everyday reality. Surely she would realize that it was not I, Patrick Cory, sitting on this bed, but Warren Horace Donovan.

"Patrick," she said softly, and her voice was strained with uncertainty. Her eyes grew so dark the pupils were imperceptible.

She stood motionless. Her subconscious fear, which she controlled with singular bravery, gave her an untouchable, aloof air. She was not capable of fright. The more horrible the truth, the braver she would be.

She gazed at Donovan, with singular fixity.

"What do you want?" Donovan asked gruffly, and for the first time I knew the brain was afraid. It trembled, threatened by something intangibly stronger than itself. It was evil opposed.

She could divine the strange change which had taken place in my body, but she knew the influence the brain had on me. Nobody who had not experienced it could imagine the brain's power, but Janice did not need to be told. Clairvoyance is commonplace to those who have it, and she knew.

I tried to call her. I tried to tell her that there in the writing desk lay the case history of Donovan. Being a doctor's wife she would think of that, and find it. She had to find it, to read it, to be able to understand that the monster I had created must be destroyed.

I shouted within my prison and, as if she had heard me, a shiver of fear shook her. But only for a second, and I could not be sure that she had understood.

"What do you want?" Donovan asked again.

She smiled disarmingly. "To stay with you. I thought you might need me."

"Don't run after me," Donovan answered. "I don't want to see you around here any more. Go home to your mother. Go wherever you like. But leave me alone."

His voice was without inflection, as people speak who are suffering physically. She recognized that, and stepped closer.

"You are in pain," she said.

Donovan jumped up and walked toward her. "Get out of here," he shouted. *"Out!* Can't you understand?"

He stepped in front of her, and she looked into his eyes, searchingly, as if she would read the truth in them.

He met her gaze for a few seconds, then turned away.

"Go on, get out!" he said hoarsely.

The door closed behind her.

My mind became suddenly quiet.

Now that I was sure she knew, I trusted her implicitly. All these years while she had lived close to me, she knew me so well, reading my thoughts before I was conscious of them myself, being there when I wanted her, and away when I wished to be alone. She was my thinking shadow.

All these years had been only a preparation for the great task, which, she knew, would ask one day for all her strength. Here it was. How could she fail me?

Donovan sat down on the bed again. With a sigh he opened the bottle of gin he had hidden under the pillow. He swallowed the liquid in great gulps. He wanted to get drunk, to drown his imaginary pains.

Taking heavy pulls from the bottle on his way, he got up and locked the door.

If he got drunk enough, I would be free! Then I could call Janice. I could call anyone in the world for help!

But suddenly I realized it was I who was drunk, not Donovan! He lived in my body, but the nerves of my stomach influenced my brain, not his! The drink had affected me, not him!

I felt dizzy, and the room began to swim!

Donovan went on emptying the bottle.

I seldom touch alcohol, for I hate that fogginess of mind, that loss of the control over my body. Now I felt how I was losing consciousness, my mind blotting out, but in my drunkenness, the fear came back and the gnawing doubt that Janice might not have understood!

Donovan emptied the bottle hastily, eagerly, waiting for the alcohol to take effect. I was vaguely conscious of his surprise when he found himself still sober.

Then, like a man falling into a stagnant pool, I lost consciousness.

I did not know for how long I slept, but a sudden terrifying premonition of approaching death tore me out of my drunken sleep.

I sat up in bed in full command of my body!

For the first time in days I could move my limbs at my own will. Like a man in the death house, who unexpectedly finds the door open and the guards away, I was free. Donovan had left me.

I swung my feet out of bed, but I was too drunk to stand up.

I tried to crawl to the door. Prompted by that terrifying premonition, I had to call Janice while Donovan was away.

But I was paralyzed. The alcohol in my blood halted the movements of my muscles. When I tried to pick myself up, my arms gave way and I fell flat on my face, hitting the rug, which was soft and smelled of disinfectant.

As I lay prostrate, I only remembered that I must move. I had forgotten why. The sense of mortal danger remained, but my body stayed fixed to the rug.

I was caught again. Donovan's brain returned. When the telephone rang, much later, I was in bed, and it was still dark night.

Donovan switched on the small lamp and picked up the receiver.

It was Schratt.

"Patrick?" he asked in a terrified voice.

Donovan did not answer, and Schratt repeated his question.

"Yes," Donovan finally said, as if he knew exactly what Schratt wanted to tell him.

"A man broke into the laboratory!" Schratt cried. "He tried to attack the brain. I heard him shouting for help while I was in bed!"

Schratt stopped, overcome by excitement.

"Yes," Donovan repeated. It was an affirmation, not a question.

"He is dead," Schratt reported hoarsely. "Collapsed when he touched the vessel. When I came in, he was already dead!"

"Yes," Donovan said again, without emotion.

Schratt shouted, "The brain murdered him. The heart stopped, as if he had died of coronary thrombosis. He had the pallor

that follows cyanosis and apprehensive anguish of death. But how can that be? Did he die under hypnotic command? It can't be possible! The brain can kill! It is too horrible to imagine!"

His voice faltered and I in my mental cell became petrified. If the brain could kill from a distance, nobody had a chance to stop it from living!

Donovan was holding the telephone without uttering a word.

"Are you listening?" Schratt's desperate voice came through again.

"Yes," Donovan said quietly.

"Who was that man? How did it happen he knew about the brain? Why did he break into the house? I found his name. He had a driver's license on him Do you know him? His name is—"

"Yocum!" Donovan finished Schratt's sentence impatiently. "Just forget about him. Only a cheap little chiseler. He should have stayed in his own back yard. I'm glad he's dead!"

"What did you say?" Schratt shouted, not believing his ears.

"Send him to the morgue. He was due there anyhow."

When Donovan put down the receiver, I could hear Schratt still shouting into the phone.

Donovan switched off the lamp and lay still.

THE FIRST streak of pale morning came through the blinds.

Now I understood why the brain had left me for a few minutes. To murder Yocum. It had had to defend itself, and needed all its will power to kill.

After it had murdered, it projected itself back into me.

Yocum wanted to destroy the evidence of his blackmail, the brain. This was what I had wanted him to do when I threatened him with arrest.

I did not know the brain could kill without using anyone's hands! I had not meant for Yocum to die!

Again the telephone shrilled. It was Schratt.

"What's the matter now?" Donovan asked, annoyed.

Schratt must have lost all his control.

"The encephalograph shows strange reactions," he said. "I just wanted you to know. It jumps in dots. The electric energy shows up in explosions on the strip."

"I am tired, I want to sleep."

Donovan cut him short, ending the conversation.

I became so frightened, my mind blacked out for several minutes.

The potentialities of the brain had no limits!

"Brain power is unpredictable!" Schratt had warned me once. Where would it end?

Janice might try something foolish—as Yocum had. Schratt would warn her. I was sure he kept in contact with her.

But if he did not—that would be her death! The brain would get rid of her as it had destroyed everything which stood in its way.

Janice had to be warned.

How could I do it?

Maybe the brain could read my thoughts. Thoughts created in the same cerebrum that served its consciousness. It might already be spying on me, amused at my impotence. It might find a fiendish pleasure in teasing me with its cruelty.

I suddenly had the terrible thought that it might make love to Janice!

Janice was pretty. And Donovan was Patrick in her eyes!

If that happened, I would be the onlooker! Betrayed with my own body!

Was I insane?

I had to be quiet, thinking clearly, thinking clearly, thinking clearly!

Thinking of Janice. She would not lose her head; she never did. She believed in me and I could not disappoint her. I, Patrick Cory, could not become mentally deranged, crazed by fear! She would never forgive me.

I had only to have patience. My moment would come. I had only to wait and to remember Janice, who did not want me to lose my mind!

In the morning Donovan surprised me by quoting the mysterious line: "Amidst the mists . . ." as if, in his sleep, those words had tortured him too.

Donovan had changed in appearance since Yocum's death. His face had hardened, his mouth had become thinner, the eyes were glaring and inhuman. His personal experience was reshaping my features.

I watched him with curiosity, in a sudden reaction of fearless interest, as if I were able still to record on paper the concrete facts of my scientific observation.

The dreadful moments of terror and desperation had grown fewer. I was drifting through the center of the mental typhoon, but the big storm was still to come.

As a man in the hour preceding his death has no apprehension of his impend-

ing end, but, on the contrary, is filled with new hope for a future life, so I watched that reflection of mine, which looked at itself in the mirror, the face immobile, pale, the hair graying, lines deep-bitten around its nostrils.

It was I, but at the same time, not I at all! That face in there had aged during the last days. It was not the face of a man of thirty-eight any more, but of a man haunted by weary age and impending death.

Donovan talked to himself in the Slavic language which I could not understand. He finished dressing, went out, stepped into his rented car, which still stood at the corner behind the hotel where he had left it days ago.

He drove toward Beverly Boulevard and then to Van Ness. A few hundred feet from the Weatherby Apartments he stopped the car, folded his arms, and sat staring motionlessly ahead.

He was waiting for the girl to appear. Again he intended to kill her.

Donovan would never have acted in this manner when he was alive in his own body. But what chance did the brain take? If it murdered, it was I who would go to the electric chair! It was I who would have to die, not this brain!

It could continue its parasitic life in any other body, perhaps Schratt's or Sternli's. Or a woman's, or a child's. Or, if it chose, a dog's! There was no limit to its polymorphism.

I did not know if the brain had ever entertained these considerations in its diseased imagination. It behaved as if only its thalamus was working, without the restraining, reasoning influence of the cortex.

People whose thalamus has been separated from the rest of the brain by surgical operation, have no control. They become unpredictable, dangerous.

Donovan's brain acted precisely this way.

Donovan himself had never had a pronounced sense of ethics, but still he was forced to submit to the laws of society. The brain had lost all ability to distinguish right from wrong now.

It had only the one idea, the one Donovan had died with—to make good for Roger Hinds' death.

It pursued that objective without restraint. Murder was only a means to achieve its objective. The brain was running amuck!

A police car drove up the street followed by a black limousine. Both cars stopped in front of the apartment house and two men went in, to return after a few minutes with the girl and her mother. Frightened by the strange abortive attempt on her life, the parents had asked for police protection.

Traveling slowly down the street, the police car had spotted Donovan. It stopped alongside.

Elaborately Donovan took an Upman from his pocket and lighted it.

"Do you live here?" the police officer called suspiciously through the window.

"No." Donovan shook his head.

"What are you doing?" the policeman asked.

"Lighting a cigar!" Donovan answered in a friendly tone.

One policeman stepped from the car, while the driver stayed ready to back him up in an emergency.

"Didn't I see you around here yesterday?" The officer was looking the car over.

"No." Donovan smiled.

"It was a coupe," the driver called.

"Your license!" The officer stamped his heavy boot on the running board. Donovan took the wallet out of his pocket and opened it.

"Dr. Patrick Cory, Washington Junction, Arizona," the officer read. He relaxed his suspicion. "What are you doing here, Doc?"

"Going downtown to see my lawyer. But it's early, so I stopped to smoke a cigar. Anything wrong with that?" Donovan asked dryly.

"No. Nothing. But you'd better drive along!" the officer ordered cryptically.

Donovan pressed the accelerator slowly, cursing under his breath in the language I did not understand. In the back mirror he saw the officer was taking the license number.

His plan had failed.

ON SUNSET Boulevard Donovan stopped at a hardware store to buy a strong thin rope, a long heavy kitchen knife, and a trunk, which he had the storekeeper put into his car.

Fear gripped me again. What did he want with a knife and a rope? Whom did he intend to hide in that trunk?

He parked the car in front of the hotel.

Sitting in a chair in the lobby, Sternli waited. His kind old face beamed when he saw Donovan enter, and he hurried over with a happy smile.

"Dr. Cory!"

Then he became aware of the change

which had occurred in that familiar face.

"Are you ill?" He was deeply concerned.

Donovan looked at him with faint indignation. "Certainly not. No! What makes you think so? But you look rather dilapidated."

Sternli looked at him stupidly. He was so confused that he brought his thick glasses closer to Donovan's face to make sure he was talking to the right man.

Donovan spoke impatiently. "Did you see Geraldine Hinds? And that plumber in Seattle?"

Sternli answered slowly with a presentiment of evil. He apprehended that strange similarity to his former master, which was not found in a likeness of features, but in similarity of behavior. By the evidence of his eyes it was Dr. Patrick Cory to whom he spoke.

"I wrote a report. The cases are quite uncomplicated."

"Give it to me!" Donovan held out his hand.

Sternli seemed surprised at Donovan's urgency. He opened the briefcase and took out a few typewritten pages.

"Geraldine Hinds runs a boarding house in Reno. She is comparatively well off. But the plumber in Seattle is very poor. Well, with a little money they could both be made very happy!"

"Just give me the facts," Donovan said gruffly.

He grabbed the papers and left the old man standing there alone.

"Send up your expense sheet. I'd like to know how much you spent on the trip," he called back over his shoulder, limping away.

Sternli stared after him. His face looked haunted. He looked after Donovan, recognizing him for a ghost!

Donovan went quickly to his room, with the papers in his hand. He opened the door, limped over to the writing desk and pulled out the middle drawer.

He froze in his motion. My diary was not there!

He sat down for a while, his head bowed, listening to a message only he could hear.

No doubt Janice had taken the diary as I wanted her to do.

Having learned by now the circumstances and the dangers, she would be very careful not to expose herself. I was praying that she had gone beyond Donovan's reach.

Suddenly Donovan gave a long gasp, as if some terrifying message had reached him. Like a blind man he groped his way to the telephone. He sat on his bed, his hands on his lap, and talked to himself in his strange language.

The telephone rang.

It was Fuller. "No. She hasn't been here, Dr. Cory!"

"All right," Donovan answered, impersonally.

"Everything is going fine," Fuller added hastily, to cover his lie. "I've laid out a strong defense for Cyril Hinds. Saw him today. Tomorrow I'll give him the answers to rehearse."

"All right," Donovan said, without expression.

"About that girl," Fuller continued with forced optimism. "Well, I've decided she isn't dangerous, at all. She's so scared already, the jury won't take her seriously. She isn't even sure she heard or saw anything now."

"All right," Donovan replied. I was aware he was not listening at all.

"Why don't you come over and have lunch with me? We can discuss a few points I don't want to mention on the phone. Pulse will be here. . . ."

Fuller hesitated. Pulse certainly had informed him of the attempted murder. Not mentioning it at all, Fuller must have some trick up his sleeve.

"All right," Donovan said.

"And please bring Mrs. Cory with you. I would like to meet her."

"All right." Donovan put back the receiver.

He stood like a statue. Suddenly he began to tremble, swaying to and fro without changing his position. Only his hands opened and closed, burying the fingernails deep in the palms.

Staggering, he walked out of his room, limped down the corridor and knocked at Janice's door.

"Who is it?" she asked in a high, childish voice.

She had not run to safety!

"Open up," Donovan ordered.

"The door is unlocked," she replied.

Janice sat on the bed, her feet tucked under her and my journal in her lap. With strangely quiet eyes she looked at Donovan, as if she were trying to see right into his brain, but she made no attempt to hide the book she was holding.

"Hello." She spoke in a light voice without changing her position. She seemed anxious to have him see the journal, which she had taken without his permission.

She hoped he would talk about it, but he said, "I want you to come with me."

She nodded, never taking her eyes off his face. A small frozen smile around her lips betrayed that she was not as much at ease as she wished to appear.

Ostentatiously she closed the diary, then crossed to put it into the desk, which she locked carefully. She picked up her handbag and hid the key in it.

Again she waited, hoping Donovan would talk to her. I could not guess what Janice was thinking.

She must have known that it was fatal to follow Donovan. She must also, having read my report, have known it was the brain, not I, which directed my body. But for some reason I could not divine, she ran headlong into danger.

"Let's go." She took her hat and coat and walked out into the corridor in front of Donovan.

If only I could have held her back. She was going to her death!

Janice trusted her own strength foolishly. There was not strength enough in anyone to resist Donovan.

As she passed the desk, she dropped her key, and told the clerk she would be back soon.

Donovan walked to the car and she followed him to the door herself.

"Where did you get the Buick?" she asked, hesitating a moment as if to gain a small respite.

"Rented," Donovan murmured.

She stepped inside. Donovan drove off.

"Where are we going?" Janice asked.

"I have to talk to you," he said, as if that answered her question.

ON WOODROW WILSON DRIVE he turned into the hills, and up an unpaved road stopped the car on a wide deserted plateau where years ago a real estate agent had planned to build a big hotel.

Like a huge spider's web, the town sprawled in all directions. The wind carried up the subdued hum of the busy city.

Cars hooted, the street cars thundered, all far away and mixed with a deep murmur as of many thousands of voices.

The horizon was pale blue where the land met the ocean, and dark oil derricks stood on their thin legs against the sky.

Donovan cut off the engine, slowly turned his head and looked at the trunk in the rear seat, then turned back like an automaton.

Janice followed his movement, and I was aware that all the time she had realized her danger. But she had never run away from anything, and she did not intend to run away from this moment either.

"Why do you want to kill me?" she asked quietly, almost as if motivated by curiosity.

"I can't let anybody stand in my way!" Donovan murmured, but turned his face away, not to meet her eyes. "The world is against me. Everybody is against me!"

There was no bitterness in his voice, and he spoke without emotion, as if he related plain facts.

"Nobody is against you," Janice said. She put her hand on his shoulder, firmly, to make him look at her. "You always saw the world in the wrong focus. All your life you believed people were against you, and it was not true. Believe me! It was just an obsession. You confused cause and effect."

Donovan listened. For the first time someone talked to him so straightforwardly. He seemed astonished and interested.

This was what Janice wanted to try, attacking Donovan with the truth. She went on talking to that monster believing she could somehow approach him with logic.

I saw her danger, and her gallant useless sacrifice.

"All your life it was you who attacked people first," Janice continued. "And when they fought back—sometimes for their lives—you were amazed. You considered yourself attacked without reason. Whoever opposed you, wronged you. You never understood that one's desires must be controlled. Life is a mutual compromise. If you would only understand that simple law, which makes it possible for society to exist, you would not have been so unhappy! Nobody ever wanted to harm you!"

He listened to her plea, but he did not understand. He was emotionless, as a road machine which pushes boulders out of its way.

Janice swayed a little and her eyes became vacant. With all her will power and her love she was trying to tip the scale of this insane mind.

"If you would only love, the love would come back to you," Janice said.

She saw me, Patrick, sitting beside her. She only believed that Donovan's and my personalities had become confused.

Now she wanted Donovan to disappear and Patrick to answer. She believed her will and mine, united, were strong enough to break that freakish telepathic paralysis which robbed me of the use of my own sensory system.

She knew I was listening and suddenly, feeling that she fought a losing battle, she appealed to me directly. "Patrick! You can be free if you have faith. Help me!"

"I am not Patrick," Donovan said.

In his eyes she must have read her doom. Donovan muttered again, swallowing half of his words. There was desperation in his expression and rage against Janice.

"Why do you interfere with me? You want to make me unhappy, as all of them made me unhappy. Everybody is against me. But you won't stop me!"

He raised his hands, and for a moment Janice trembled in a vague, horrible fear.

"No," she said.

She seemed to diminish in stature, but still she did not move.

Donovan's hands shot out, but only got hold of her coat. She had pushed the door open and jumped out of the car. She ran.

She did not shout for help.

Then she stopped and waited.

Donovan followed her slowly.

She looked like a child, her brown hair swept by the strong loud wind.

He must have looked like a lunatic as he closed in on her. His right hand held the knife. The other swung the rope.

Janice did not retreat. She held him with her steady blue eyes, as if she could will him to keep his distance.

When he lifted the knife, she hit his wrist with the flat of her hand. As a nurse, she had been trained to defend herself against the insane.

I cried out her name, but I could not make her hear. I, who wanted to stop that beast, would have to look on at the murder!

She made him drop the knife, but he lashed her across the face with the rope, and as she staggered, he caught her and grabbed her throat with his right hand. She was no match for him.

I stammered a prayer. "Faith!" Janice had said.

I could not think clearly any more. I was in a burning hell, staring into her thin helpless face, as my hand bent her head back to the ground.

Suddenly I was conscious of the muscles of my shoulders and the pain in my wrist where Janice had hit. I was breathing, moving.

Like the tide running off from a steep beach, Donovan's personality flowed away, and I, Patrick Cory, returned into my own body!

I released her throat. When the grip relaxed, she did not faint. I held her in my arms, looking into her poor, pale face. Her eyes, still steady and defiant, met mine, and in their depths, I saw a fear that vanished.

She must have recognized me instantly, for she gasped my name and closed her arms around me.

I lifted her up and kissed her. I stammered, not knowing what I said. I only knew I was free.

We sank down onto the dusty ground together, both exhausted. She held me

ON THE NEWSSTANDS

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tight, her head close to my chest, as if she were listening to my heart beat.

We could not talk.

Slowly my senses returned, and I lifted her to her feet.

"Quick!" I said in terror. "Take the car and drive away. Before he returns!"

She looked into my eyes and, prompted by her clairvoyance, she said with a smile, "He will never come back."

I drove to the highway.

While dozens of cars passed us, we stopped, too exhausted to move, waiting for our strength to return.

At the next service station I put through a long-distance call to Washington Junction.

I heard the telephone ring for a long time, but Schratt did not answer.

May 20th.

In front of me lie a few handwritten pages, a report by Schratt. Janice brought it in today. She did not want to give it to me before, but she thinks I should read it now.

When I look out of my room—Janice has pushed the bed to the window—I can see the garden of the Phoenix hospital with its palm trees. Convalescents wander along the narrow garden paths. Some are still in wheel-chairs.

In a few days I will be down there too.

I will have some difficulty reading Schratt's report. His writing is hieroglyphic, jotted down in terrific haste. Sometimes he forgot to date the entry.

Janice offered to transcribe it, but I wanted to read it from Schratt's own hand.

Schratt wrote:

November 22nd.

The futility of psychology to account for mental reactions is due to an attempt to explain everything in terms of consciousness. Donovan's actions cannot be judged that way. His sphere of mind is not coextensive with the sphere of his consciousness. His thought process is an imperfect, disjointed series of feelings, all pointing to an abstract goal.

He is insane, measured by the common conception, and he must be treated as an incurable lunatic. Patrick's method of trying to explore this mind, which is not rational, can end only in disaster.

THE borderline between lunacy and genius is not to be precisely defined, but it is my contention that exactly at the moment Donovan's brain began to influence Patrick's, Patrick too crossed that borderline. He cannot be considered a normal person. A good scientist should have been aware of his own limitations, and not have transgressed into the unexplorable.

Watching and weighing this dangerous experiment, I see clearly now that nothing valuable has been added to Donovan's brain. Only its bad concepts, its criminal instincts, its undesirable reflexes have been strengthened, until they have reached monstrous proportions.

For years I have known the perils latent in Patrick's impetuous desire for dangerous experiments. Having warned him frequently, I have only one course left—I must interfere with the progress of this disastrous experiment before it is too late.

Patrick's intelligence is superior to mine. I cannot fight him with arguments or reasons. To stop him, I shall have to deceive him.

The moment of my decision came when Patrick tried to kill me, following a telepathic order of this insane piece of flesh which he keeps preserved in the vessel.

Afterward it was not difficult to convince him I honestly wanted to assist him. The brain itself helped to persuade him to go.

Patrick left Washington Junction on the twenty-first of November.

I am in charge of the brain. Truly an irony. It appointed its own killer!

But at that time the brain could not read my thoughts. Since then it has gained so much power I would not dare suggest my help at this point.

To protect myself from giving away my intention to the brain, I use a very simple trick. I remember a silly tongue twister I learned as a child. My mother practiced it with me to cure me of a lisp.

Now I repeat the lines incessantly, whenever the lamp is burning and the brain awake.

"Amidst the mists and coldest frosts he thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees the ghosts!"

While I say this sentence continuously, no thought can possibly enter my brain.

I have connected a buzzer with the lamp to warn me if I should ever overlook the light and go on writing when the brain is awake.

It is disturbed by this stereotypic repetition. The encephalograph clearly shows delta curves. This proves that the brain can read my thoughts. My precaution was none too soon.

Janice phoned me from Los Angeles.

Patrick had talked to her. She told me about their conversation and asked my advice.

I cannot give her instructions. I cannot take the risk of any other mind's knowing what I intend to do.

Janice never was Patrick's confidante, and now she must think that she has lost me, too. That makes me sad.

Tonight Patrick phoned. He wants to return home. I persuaded him to stay where he is. My mission has failed if he comes back.

To destroy the brain I must proceed carefully, with the precision a difficult test requires, for I am ignorant of the brain's potential powers.

Theoretically it is easy to destroy the brain. I should have only to stop feeding it, to cut off the electricity, to upset the vessel. I could poison the brain, a grain of potassium cyanide in the blood serum would kill it. Except that it might sense my purpose in advance and strike first. How, I do not know, but if it has that power, my plan would fail.

I cannot take a risk. I must wait, employ the safest method. In the meantime I must go on as the brain's faithful servant. Must nurse it, take its temperature, read the encephalograph.

It looks horrible. A whitish-gray, formless mass, which grows to the edge of its container. I would not be surprised if it suddenly developed eyes and ears and a mouth!

It is monstrous!

December 5th.

Janice arrived today without having announced her coming.

She acted very nervous. I sat opposite her in her bedroom listening to what she had to say about Patrick's strange behavior and knew all the answers without being able to tell her anything.

I was fearful the brain might read my thoughts, so I talked lightly to her, and advised her to forget about Patrick for a while. Why not go back to her mother?

But she was returning to Los Angeles; she knew Patrick would need her soon.

For a moment she even convinced me that this was the right thing for her to do, but I would not tell her so.

She was upset, thinking I took Patrick's side against her! She believed I had deserted her!

Desert Janice? She was blind. Or she would have known the unkindness of her words.

She asked me many questions and I had to lie, without even daring to let her guess the truth.

She left me soon.

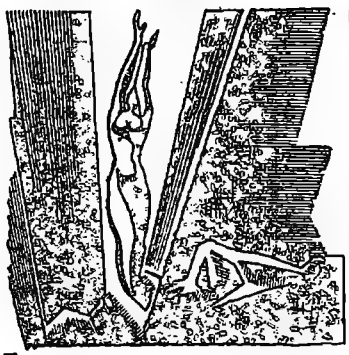
It was a sad day for me, but I was consoled to think she would understand later.

December 13th.

The situation has become reversed. Patrick phoned to order me to stop feeding the brain. He is frightened! He wants it to die, but too late.

I had to refuse.

How could I agree when it might have been beyond my power to do what he



In the Next Issue

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wanted? If the brain should switch its telepathic force to me instead of Patrick, I will have to carry out its orders.

I have always groped for life's hidden meaning, and I know now!

Life trained me for this task. I am thinking clearly, as I never did before. My years have not been wasted. I believe in no one religion, I believe in them all. For the search for God is a personal undertaking.

One day Patrick will know and understand this truth, for knowledge comes from within.

I know, I understand!

May 15th.

I missed my chance to kill it!

A man broke into the laboratory today and attacked the brain with a wrench.

The sudden attack distracted its attention. That was the time for me to kill!

Something violent must happen, then it can be destroyed!

I am glad I have not tried rashly to touch it. It would have murdered me as it did that man. It can destroy life just by ordering a man to die! His heartbeat apparently stopped at a telepathic command.

The encephalograph registered the brain's excitement. The penstroke was widely deflected, as if the organ moved in its vessel.

I phoned Patrick, but he would not understand. Talking to him was like talking to the brain itself.

If I could produce this explosion of power again, and direct it not against me —that will be my moment!

I cannot miss!

May 17th.

I do not dare take the dead body out of the house, or phone the hospital or the morgue. I am afraid the brain will stop me, and I could not afford to take that risk. For two nights I have not slept. I do not dare close my eyes for fear of missing the moment.

Also the gnawing doubt whether I can succeed is undermining my courage.

Patrick in his admirable intellectual honesty often told me I was a failure. Now I am not so sure that I am. A man sometimes needs a whole life to learn a single truth, and this is the truth and the advice I am leaving:

Don't try to find God in your test tubes, Patrick. Look among people and you will meet Him there!

Here the pages end.

May 21st.

Schratt was dead when we arrived in Washington Junction.

Janice and I did not talk about him during our fast journey along the two hundred fifty miles of highway. We knew what to expect.

She was sitting very close to me so that I should feel the nearness of her presence. Every breath she took was to make me aware of her presence. I had only to look into her calm face and all fear that Donovan might return evaporated.

When we stopped before our house in Washington Junction, Tuttle came running over from the drugstore. He was relieved to see me. He and Phillips had been worried about Schratt. They had just put a call through to the Roosevelt Hotel.

Schratt had left my address with Tuttle in case he should not be seen for three days, but had expressly forbidden them to enter the house.

Thanking Tuttle, I sent him back to his store, assuring him I would call in case I needed him. He left reluctantly, stopped halfway across the street to watch me enter my yard.

WE WALKED through the back garden. I dreaded going into the laboratory. To prepare myself for the inevitable shock, I wanted to look in the windows first.

In the driveway stood a new Cadillac coupe, Yocum's, I presumed.

One of the laboratory windows was smashed in, but the curtains were drawn. Light burned inside, and a buzzer sounded continuously.

I unlocked the back door and told Janice to stay outside until I called her. I wanted to spare her a sight which would be pregnant with horror.

In the small anteroom Yocum was lying, his face turned toward the wall. Schratt must have deposited him there, but had not taken time to cover him with a sheet.

Schratt lay in the laboratory, his face in a pool of blood. His big head with its sparse white hair was soiled, his heavy hands were holding the brain. He had plunged his fingers deep into the soft gray mass, holding onto it with all his might, as if still afraid it might free itself and continue its putrid life.

The glass vessel was broken, the serum splashed over the floor and walls, the electric wires torn from their sockets.

Shapeless and prodded with rubber tubes, the brain still looked formidable in its inert mass.

I lifted Schratt up and carried him into my bedroom. There we washed his hands and face.

What had happened was easy to reconstruct.

When Donovan attacked Janice in the Hollywood Hills, Schratt recognized the angry, neurotic deflections of the encephalogram. He knew the brain was busy with a kill again.

He took his chance, jumped at the vessel, tearing it from its electrical connections.

Immediately the brain left Janice and turned against its attacker. In a desperate effort, concentrating all its power on this new enemy, it killed Schratt. But deprived of the serum and pump, it died too.

Schratt's face showed the typical characteristics of death from coronary thrombosis, including the pallor which follows cyanosis. There was a deep cut on his forehead.

But where people display anguish in their distorted features, an apprehensive cognizance of impending death, Schratt's face was quiet and happy.

He must have died fast.

As I looked at his face, my brain began to reel. I turned, tortured by a sharp pain in my forehead and my eyes. I saw Janice staring at me in fright.

My body began to tremble frantically. I stretched out my hands for help and she quickly stepped toward me.

Before she could reach me I lost consciousness.

November 1st.

For more than five months I have been confined to my bed, suffering from a reaction to the violent strain my brain had been submitted to.

Now I am well on my way to recovery.

I am sitting in the hospital garden, in a wheel chair, dictating to Janice.

She is writing a letter to Chloe Barton. I will turn the secret account over to Chloe. I am certain she will look after Sternli, and also fulfill her father's wish to help those poor relatives of Hinds' in Reno and Seattle.

Cyril Hinds, condemned to death a few months ago, has been hanged.

November 2nd.

Higgins, the head physician, visited me today to congratulate me on my recovery. I am out of danger. I can leave the hospital any time now, he says.

He asked if I were going back to Washington Junction, and when I said no, he sat around for a while, smoking and looking frustrated.

Reluctantly he again proposed to me Schratt's vacant job at Konopah. The government has ordered him to engage a competent physician who can run a hospital in that barren country, who will supervise the Indian population and educate them in modern hygiene. Higgins is convinced nobody would be better qualified than I. I was certain he had talked to Janice before he spoke to me.

"Why shouldn't they just get along with snake charms, if they believe in them? Haven't you heard of healings by faith?" I asked Higgins in Schratt's words. Higgins nodded and smiled.

"Of course. I am not against them, if the charms have been sterilized and some potent medicine added!"

I asked him to give me time to think it over, but I was sure I am going to accept.

November 5th.

We have decided to leave for Konopah, but nothing from our old house in Washington Junction will go with us.

It was once a custom of the Indians to burn their tents every seven years, to smoke out evil spirits. We will follow their ancient example. Bad thoughts saturate old furniture. The smell of unhappiness clings to it and travels with it to new surroundings.

Everything will be new in the shining place the government has built for us in Konopah. Our thoughts, too, will be new ones.

November 11th.

We are leaving tomorrow. Before we go, I have to purge from my mind my experiment with Donovan's brain.

I did prove that under certain conditions the tissues of a human brain can be kept alive.

What else did I gain by the experiment except to demonstrate that the most important achievement, the synthetic creation of mental improvement, is beyond our reach?

Nature has set limits which we cannot pass.

The brain's constructive imagination for mechanical devices and chemical exploitations is limitless, but to create kindness, honesty, love, humanity itself must first grow into that shape.

Man can engender what he is himself. Nothing more.

(Continued from page 8)

dialogue or description was boring, as many have been in stories by Englishmen. Harris is a good writer and is still writing today.

The Finlay illustrations for the novel were not especially terrific, but they do remind me that in my note to you concerning the March 1950 F.N., I completely forgot to say how well I liked his work for Cummings' novel. They were some of the best I've seen, *ever!* They were by Finlay, the S-F illustrator, whereas he is usually known for his fantasy illustrations. Anybody agree?

Arthur C. Clarke is known for his excellent writing. The "Guardian Angel" story shouldn't detract from his reputation one whit. It was a well done-up story, even up to the ending which is supposed to leave us to reflect for ourselves, but didn't really leave much to ponder. An interesting and novel twist to the Cast Out One, eh?

The Bok illustrations were appreciated very much by yours truly. The poem by Coblentz brings back memories of the older F.F.M.s. The Bok illustrations here, too, were gratifying. I am prompted to say that this April 1950 F.F.M. is a very well balanced and rounded out issue. Bids fair for top honors of the year.

The selection for the next issue *sounds* good.

ED COX.

4 Spring St.,
Lubec, Maine.

Verse Appreciated

I take this opportunity to comment on the April issue of *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*. "The Secret People" was a great piece of writing, plainly one of the best efforts of Beynon. Finlay fell off on the art work. Lawrence's cover was below his usual par. Why is it, when we get a first class yarn, we suffer with third class illustrations?

Bok did well on Clarke's story. Bok is always tops and can be depended upon to bring the art work average up to at least 99% of being consistently acceptable.

Coblentz's "After The Atom" was one of the best 'stories-in-rhythm-and-rhyme' I have ever read. It aptly portrays the necessarily cognizant trend of events following in the wake of an atom war.

Bok, once again, acually shone.

For the personal information of Terry Carr; I have for sale at one buck each, the following by the late E. R. Burroughs. "The Gods of Mars," "The Chessmen of Mars," "Pellucidar," "Tarzan, The Untamed." Also the paper-bound edition of his "The Cave Girl," and the British edition of "Tarzan at the Earth's Core," at a buck each.

I have 100 issues of various titles in back issue magazines including F.F.M, F.N., *Amazing*, F.A., *Startling, Wonder, A. Merritt's Fantasy Magazine, Fantastic Story, Weird* and *Unknown Worlds*—dating from 1946 through 1949 and a coupla '50s. Also some assorted pocket book type paper-bound books in the fantasy class—about 13, and four cloth-bound books of fantasy. I am interested in a cash sale of ten ($10.00) bucks for the lot, pp. On receipt of the first offer, the complete batch will be mailed.

Enough for now, but keep the good yarns coming.

V. R. HEINER.

346 Third St.,
California, Pa.

Liked Lead Novel

"The Secret People" in Apr. '50 issue was quite good; please, no more Haggard yarns. Also, I will make another appeal for less flashy covers: if Lawrence *must* draw pin-ups, can't he confine them to the inner pages? Every time I buy a copy of F.F.M. I have the feeling that people are making little circles with their fingers to their temples. What's more, I get plenty of sidewise glances here at home. I'll grant that a pretty girl does liven up a sometimes dull cover, but can't she wear enough clothes to keep from being arrested, or freezing?

Phooey.

Other magazines can have interesting covers without the Petty touch; why can't you? I'll bet Lawrence papers his rooms with old Varga's calendars and Esquire fillings. Most of the time Lawrence does O.K., but every so often he gets out his binoculars, and then we get more of "those" covers.

Also, "Guardian Angel" was good. Thank you for a particularly good issue.

Since everybody else does it, can I, too? "Tales of Hoffmann," "Pause to Wonder," "Work of A. C. Doyle," "Double Shadow" (rare) for sale or trade.

BRUCE LANE

1630 Old Shakopee Road East,
Minneapolis 20, Minn.

About "Secret People"

I was just thumbing back over my F.F.M.s and F.N.s, and wondering how people can stand such troublesome tripe; I love it, personally, but I am not a people; I am a Martian, and desirous to become acquainted with the "finer literature." (choke)

Now, it so happens, dear reader, that I am in possession of a large number of highly esteemed Burroughs books; well? Perhaps we can pull something over on each other? I want F.F.M., and F.N., and you, or at least some of you, might like a tome or two. Well, well, there is our prop; let's have some fan mail, if this revered parchment ever sees print. Therefore, I'd better get on with the commercial.

I thoroughly enjoyed "The Secret People"; let's have some more of this. Also, I would deem it a favour to my majesty if you would think along the lines of H. G. Wells' "War of the Worlds," Stapledon's "Odd John," or something like Pierre Benoit's "Atlantida." Another good one, which I'd say would do credit to you, would be "The Shadow Out of Time," by H. P. Lovecraft. It is a novel of strange ad-

venture into the absolutely unknown, a work of gripping intensity that is strictly edge of the chair reading. John Taine wrote a neat one that I have just finished, and would be nice: "Before the Dawn." Who knows? I might even see it in F.F.M. one of these days. Incidentally, they made a picture out of "Atlantida" that's a whopper.

Let F.N. know that their recent cover on "The Man Who Mastered Time" didn't make sense. There wasn't the use of a Roman numeral throughout the whole book. I would appreciate it, and so would all my fellow Egyptian monarchs, if you would have some more novels about Egypt. The ones that you do get in are quite excellent, especially H. Rider Haggard, who must have been born there, or something. They are fascinating, most of them, because they tell in everyday terms about the sort of places that many dream about, but exist in the reality of knowing that it is unattainable. I have a special place for them, although I've only got two. (Offers? Offers?) Also, if you've got any more frightful sagas of the end of the world, let's have them. They present the best possibilities of all. Another good idea would be to publish "Frankenstein." That is one of the most sought-after books in fantasy; I know people who would be willing to pay five dollars for a copy, and that's right here in town.

Now, the program.

I want archaic issues of F.F.M. I have Burroughs' books, all of Tarzan, all of the Mars series, the Venus series, and a load of miscellaneous ones that don't belong to any series. All in all, it amounts to forty-three books. I'd sell out for fifty dollars, and break even. Good condition, most of them nearly brand new. Also, I am willing to trade Burroughs for F.F.M., or F.N., four to five copies, or, rather, editions, per book that I send to you. And remember, I want them really old. Thank you. All fan mail accepted and generously read. I have a load of *Fantastic Adventures* and *Amazing Stories.*

They are all since somewhere around the middle of '48. If anyone might tell me where I could trade them, I'll appreciate it. There are a few missing, but they are in fair condition.

Well, tomorrow's my third birthday, and moma will liquidate me if I am not in bed by at least seven o'clock. So, I find it necessary to toddle off to Urk, Land of Ten Headed Nightmares.

"Farewell, till the lonely sands of Mars
Are gone, and darkness falls at last,
Beneath the bright and watchful stars,
And o'er the shades of silent past .

Sincerely,
LOUIS M. HOBBS.

Hyde Avenue Extension,
Ridgway, Penn.

Asks for Poetry—and Bok

Ordinarily, I'm rather reticent about writing to magazine editors, preferring to read, enjoy, and let the others toss the bouquets and brickbats. But now—well, I felt compelled to let you know how much pure enjoyment I derived from the April issue of F.F.M. The item that was most interesting in that particular number was the Coblentz poem with the masterful Bok illustrations. This is something that I hope to see more of in future issues. And it is my bet that you'll receive similar requests from countless other readers. So why not make poetry (and Bok) a regular feature of F.F.M.? You couldn't go wrong!

The two depts. were especially interesting this time. Your letter column (including those of F.N., A.M.F., and S.S.S.) is always the best of any fantasy magazine, and the viewpoints are invariably sensible and devoid of the inane babblings that clutter up letter columns of other magazines of the genre. Keep it just as it is; that certain quiet dignity is refreshing.

Although Arthur C. Clarke is one of my favorite stf authors, he was pushed into the background by this issue's lead novel, "The Secret People." This was one of the finest novels I have ever read. John Beynon is a new author to me, and I hope to read much more by him.

The illustrations were 'way below Virgil Finlay's standard, but still good. Bok was better than VF, on pages 98-9, 107, 115, 116 and 117. Best of Finlay's were on pages 53 (Br-r-r), 37, and 75, in that order. (Incidentally, when I first glimpsed the cover I thought Finlay did it, which speaks well indeed for Lawrence.)

Since everyone else seems to be nominating their favorite F.F.M. novels, I guess I should do the same.

All were good, of course, but these are my favorites, in order of preference:

"Day of the Brown Horde," "Before the Dawn," "Phra the Phoenician," "Ogden's Strange Story," "Star Rover," "Island of Doctor Moreau," "Dian of the Lost Land," "The 25th Hour," "The Lion's Way," "Island of Captain Sparrow," "The Secret People," "Minimum Man."

Before I close this missive, I'd like to enter my plea for more prehistoric novels, on the lines of Tooker's "Brown Horde" and Taine's "Before the Dawn." Who has not, at one time or another, thought: 'A giant dinosaur once thundered along this trail, which wasn't a trail then—and over there a caveman once squatted on his haunches, peering through the lush undergrowth at a pterodactyl that was doing battle with a death-dealing so-and-saurus?"

Perhaps it's nostalgia; who knows? But it's a feeling that came with us up from the primordial slime.

CHARLES L. MORRIS

111 Providence St.,
Gaffney, S. C.

For Bok Fans

I was pleased to see so many favorable comments on Bok, and I agree with Morton Paley that he should be given a cover. Am an ardent Bok fan myself and have just sponsored a reproduction of one of his favorite drawings. This is an original, never-before-published 9 x 13 fantastic picture very suitable for framing. Be-

ing a mercenary-minded moron, and having counted the cost of the picture, mailing tube, postage, etc. I'm asking 10c per copy, but will be generous and include, for free, a copy of a famous book cover, also by Bok.

MR. H. MORRISON

16 Niles St.,
Dover, N. H.

Liked "Guardian Angel"

Congrats for a nearly perfect issue. The April number was just that.

"Guardian Angel" was, in my opinion, your best story since "The Lion's Way." That's only my opinion. I guess many dislike "The Lion's Way." But I enjoyed it more than any story that ever appeared in your mag. What a movie it would make!

Getting back to the April issue—it's the only one for some time in which I enjoyed the short more than the novel. The ending of "Guardian Angel" was certainly unexpected. And I might add, very neat.

The Bok illos for this story were excellent.

"The Secret People," while very enjoyable, was in most respects just another lost race story. The ending was inevitable. And I guessed it before I was half through the story.

Finlay was not quite up to par here.

As for the poem and its illos, excellent! Excellent! More of the same.

The cover couldn't have been better. Lawrence's pygmies looked like the ones in the story. Finlay's on page 10 and 11 didn't. As for the girl . . . Well, well. While on the subject of covers, don't you think Lawrence is a little overworked here? How about a cover by Bok occasionally?

The readers' department is one of the most enjoyable features of your mag. I always read it first thing.

An editor's page would be very welcome. And, I feel, a worthwhile improvement.

I don't mind untrimmed pages one whit.

In parting, I would like to say . . . you may consider this as one vote for the revival of *Astonishing*.

Best wishes for your continued success.

IVAN H. COPAS

R.F.D. No. 3,
Peebles, Ohio.

Norwescon Plans

This is to let you and every interested fan know that the Portland Science-Fantasy Society, sponsors of the 1950 World Science-Fiction Convention, has selected the Labor Day week-end, September 2-3 and 4 for the gala affair. This, the Norwescon has hopes of being the biggest and finest of all. The P.S.F.S. has lined up some of your favorite authors, an auction that should be remembered for a long time to come where you'll be able to bid on some of those swell original prozine illustrations, rare books and magazines and other items of collectable merit. Also it will mean a chance to meet some of your fellow fen, fans with whom perhaps you've corresponded, but never met. Speeches and a variety of entertainment will help fill the bill.

Membership which can be obtained by mailing a mere dollar to Ruth Newbury, Treasurer, Box 8517, Portland 7, Oregon, entitles you to a Membership card (a beautiful thing to behold!), the Pre-Convention Fanzines, a copy of the souvenir Convention Program Booklet and among other things, a generous share of happiness in having supported what can be *the* Convention! For further particulars or information address all letters to Norwescon, Box 8517, Portland 7, Oregon.

JOE SALTA

1615 SE 43rd Ave.,
Portland 15, Oregon.

Approves New Policy

Congratulations!

The word is so simple and yet it conveys all your readers' heartfelt thanks. Your new policy of printing stories from other sources than the publications of the old Munsey group and stories never appearing in magazines before, will be greeted with three loud cheers, I am sure.

You now cover every possible source of good fantasy and science. We thought that F.F.M. could not be improved, and yet you have done just that.

However, if you are to use stories from other mags, use those that are hard to get, such as stories from the old *Unusual Stories* and *Marvel Tales*. From *Blue Book, Saturday Evening Post, Colliers* and other similar slicks, you can really gain some of the finer stories.

It was only a week ago that I was looking for my favorite mag in the Greyhound Bus Terminal. I looked and looked and yet could not find a single one of your issues.

Well, I turned to the owner of the concession and asked, "How come?" "I wouldn't know," he answers, "I'm new in the game and am only a co-owner."

I found out that he also is an admirer of our mags. We got together and planned to have a talk with the distributor of magazine literature. Our results? Well, as of this day, February 24, 1950, F.F.M. is gracefully holding a spotlight on the stands of this bus terminal.

You'd be surprised at the number of fantasy fans there are in Hartford. In three hours, five of the eight mags were already gone.

I have started the issue, and "The Secret People" by John Beynon promises to be a fine bit of fantasy indeed.

There are only three things I want now—the revival of *Astonishing* and covers by Bok and Paul.

JOSEPH JESENSKY.

59 Belden St.,
Hartford 5, Conn.

Clarke Story Best

Ah, beautiful! Six Bok illustrations in one issue of F.F.M. Who cares what else was in the

magazine? The profusion of Bok's unique masterpieces is enough.

But wait! See what else is here: an excellent poem by Stanton Coblentz, a short story by Arthur C. Clarke with a truly surprising conclusion, and the novel "The Secret People" by John Beynon. In exactly this order do the stories rank in my estimation. Although the novel was very good, it was overshadowed by the excellence of the companion items. No comment is necessary in regard to Finlay's illustrations, which are always good.

I must congratulate you again on your unusual imagination—your blurbs for the stories are masterpieces!

The new policy of publishing stories from other magazines sounds great. As usual, I have some nominations: "Night of the Gods" by Paul Edmonds, a beautiful Merrittesque tale that appeared in *Astonishing* several years ago; "The Moon Maid" by Edgar Rice Burroughs; "The Death-Ring of Sneferu", "The Whispering Mummy" or any others by Sax Rohmer; anything you can lay your hands on by Robert E. Howard and Clark Ashton Smith, especially their poetry. "Queen of Atlantis" by Frank Aubrey, "Om" by Talbot Mundy, "Allan and the Holy Flower" by Haggard, "The Woman Who Couldn't Die" by Arthur Stringer, and "Maker of Shadows" by Jack Mann would all be good novels to see in F.F.M.

I'll keep plugging the Stringer novel until you hand it to us fans on a Famous Fantastic, and Mysterious platter, garnished with a Finlay cover and liberally seasoned with his unbeatable illustrations.

ROBERT E. BRINEY.

561 West Western Ave.
Muskegon, Mich.

New Club

All fans in Southwest Washington are asked to get in touch with Tom Daniel at Brown-Elmores, or Bill Weeks at 608 W. 1st St., in Aberdeen, Wn., to form a new club that will be of interest to all concerned. Many activities are planned, among them a club fanzine, club instructional and mechanical works, and any useful ideas that crop up along the line.

You are doing fine on all your mags, just keep going in the same direction, and we'll have no squawks from this quarter.

TOM DANIEL.

Brown-Elmores,
Aberdeen, Washington.

Orchids to Lawrence

Before beginning another voyage into the realm of the light fan-tastic, I'd like to merely stick you with one query from this confused person: What are you trying to do? Outdo your own selves? I think that that's an honest question due to the evidence placed before my two heads being that I have the April issue of F.F.M. placed here before me on this day of Feb. 26, 1950, in the year of our Lord etc, etc.

To get down to *brass tacks* (not meaning to hint anything regarding the aspects of a competitive stf publication) I found the Apr. F.F.M. undoubtedly one of the greatest issues you have yet brought to, we, the reading public . . . and by that, I mean only *the* reading public and not those who don't read.

Now that we are through with that sensible statement, I may as well go on and tell you what made the April F.F.M. so unforgettable in its entire layout. For one thing, if you can keep on digging up such great classics as John Beynon's "The Secret People" I'm afraid that you'd have to go on a weekly basis in order to fill my insatiable appetite to the brim. It was definitely *outre* and something different for a change, and I feel that since you already have had the foresight in being able to present us with such an excellent novel, it would be only fitting if you could give us Beynon's "Planet Plane" before a year has passed.

I've read the latter novel, I'm glad to state, but due to some unfortunate accident incurred upon me during a trip one year ago, I lost it. If by any means you can have it made available for usage in F.F.M., kindly do so as soon as conditions make it feasible.

"Guardian Angel," by Arthur C. Clarke, was indeed a fine short novelette, and very significant in the fact that it didn't act as a mere filler, as has been a slight habit with your shorter presentations during the past. In fact, an excellent fantasy-science-fiction story combination. I think that 'tis a good idea if you could present a variety of issues in the future which would either have a good or strictly cave-man-end-of-the-world lead novel, or, a STFictional novel with the "cave-man" angle taking place in shorter form, such as a novelette or short story. Albeit, whatever you do, try and bring us a bit of variety in each issue to satisfy the fantastic as well as the science-fictional appetite.

I say this since there is many a fellow fanatic who would dispute over the fact regarding the difference between *fantasy* and science-fiction, though, personally, I have no wish to take part in differentiating between the merits of one category or the other as long as the material I read is pleasing, well written and can give me a few hours of contentment and escape from the turmoil of our mundane existence. When a story or novel has the utter propensities of being able to offer such values, I can't raise any whisper or thought of disgruntlement.

That bit of poetry by Stan Coblentz was a welcome innovation within the famed halls of F.F.M., and if we can have more stuff of that poetic nature, especially as well illustrated as the Bok pics were, or having Finlay do them once in a while, I'd say, leave us have more!! But what about ol' Paul? 'Tis been many a moon that I have yet to see any of his inimmitable portraits. By all means, leave us have lots of Paul also, *lots* of Paul!!!

And whilst we be speaking and quothing the subject of pictures, shouldn't some sort of an award be given to Lawrence for his remarkable work and excellent display of talent shown

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Name ..... Age.....

Address .....

on the Apr. F.F.M.? Believe me, I have seen many a cover in the ten or more years that I have been reading and collecting STFantasy, but that particular Lawrence painting ranks as one of the greatest I have ever seen on a "slick" cover or "pulp" front. Rockwell should've moved over long ago. When it comes to covers, you can't beat Lawrence, and when it comes to inside illos, you can't beat Finlay! Try and keep this happy combination going, along with Bok and Paul for a bit of refreshment also.

It seems as if my plea for a longer and more extensive "Readers' Viewpoint" was answered, and I do hope that you'll continue in keeping one of my favorite departments lengthy, as I consider your letter column one of the most interesting of all. . . . I am forced to take issue with Paul Ganley, though, in disputing with him anent his statement in regard to O'Brien's "What Was It?", one of your earlier presentations, since Ganley protests over an alleged oversight in the story as to why the leading characters did not "spray the monster with some kind of paint" when they could have made a "plaster cast of him". I am sorry to say that this shows Ganley's lack of knowledge about the age of the story and the period which it was written in, since, during that time (much earlier even than the "Gay 90's") paint-sprayers were almost totally unknown and unless my memory fails me, I believe that paint-sprayers are an invention of some thirty to thirty-five years at the most. So, that should answer that, such as the case may be.

Nonetheless, you've given us a wonderful ish of F.F.M.—just keep 'em coming and I'll keep on reading 'em!

CALVIN THOS. BECK.

P. O. Box 877,
Grand Central Sta.,
New York 17, N. Y.

No Adventure, Please

The latest novels in F.F.M. have certainly been an improvement over "City of the Dead" and "City of Wonder." One of my favorites, I was surprised to find, was Vivian's "The Valley of Silent Men." I didn't expect to like it, as it was by the same author that committed "City of Wonder." I say committed because it is doubtful if such a story could be called written. "The Valley of Silent Men" turned out a very excellent story; it was rather slow at first, but later was very interesting. I will never forget the strange valley and the even stranger trees of sleep.

I thought surely this was the best novel of the year. Then came the magnificent novel, "The Starkenden Quest." As I first looked through the mag, I was almost tempted to pass the story up as more dull adventure, but then for want of anything better to read, I started on it. It started like one of those cheap sea adventures, but as I read along I began to see that there was much more to it than that, and my interest began to increase. About halfway through, I said, "I must admit that this is as good as "The Valley of Silent Men".

THE READERS' VIEWPOINT

The many surprises in the cave adventures, especially the actions of Ducros, are what won me over. Ducros certainly did the unexpected. Though there was little fantasy in the story, I had to give it first place. "Morning Star," I didn't like. It seems to be mostly historical adventure, though there is a lot of fantasy in it. It just didn't appeal to me.

I do like Haggard, though, and wish that you would print the "She" stories. Print them all if you can; there are four or five, I believe. I haven't read the novel, "The Secret People" yet, but it looks very promising. I must say the cover is the best I've seen on F.F.M. thus far. I believe I've read them all since "Before the Dawn."

Well, here we are, a change in policy, is it? Going to print stories that have appeared in magazine before, eh? I thought F.N. was taking care of that end of it. I would like to suggest the Lovecraft stories, many of which have appeared in magazine form, and which I missed. Hope you can get some. How about "Donovan's Brain" by Siodmak? Can you print it, now? Now is the time for Conan Doyle's "The Lost World," an adventure of modern men with prehistoric monsters. Doyle wrote one Sherlock Holmes story with the element of fantasy in it, namely, "The Adventure of the Creeping Man." There are other suitable fantasies by Doyle.

I was surprised by the news that Mr. Burroughs, creator of Tarzan, had passed away, but I don't think much of such things any more as I am a spiritualist. I see one couple, name of Glass or something like that, has been criticizing "The Valley of Silent Men" for being a love story and say that is what they hate. I hate love stories, too, but I didn't notice it so much in this story. It was there, of course, but there was enough other interest that you could skip over the love scenes if you wished and still have a good-sized novel left, and you certainly could never do that with a real love story. "Angel Island" was pretty good, but whoever said it was absurd in places was certainly correct.

Who in the world, if they caught girls with wings, would cut off their wings? I wouldn't, nor would anyone else I know of.

If Mr. Chester Cuthbert is still up Canada way, would he write to me? I lost his address completely along with a few others.

I would also like to say a little about illustrations. Good illustrations and plenty of 'em is what I like; they can either make a story or ruin it. I like them to be natural, make the human beings look like human beings. If there are monsters in the story, draw them just as twisted, ugly, and terrifying as they are in the story, but let the human in the illustration look like a human. That is the one fault of Mr. Bok. A notable example is the illustrations for "The Black Wheel." However, it is not just Bok I mean, but all who draw like that.

I am anxious to see what stories your change in policy will bring out.

I see you are getting quite a bit of criticism for printing stories that are not fantasy. I must admit that many of them don't have much

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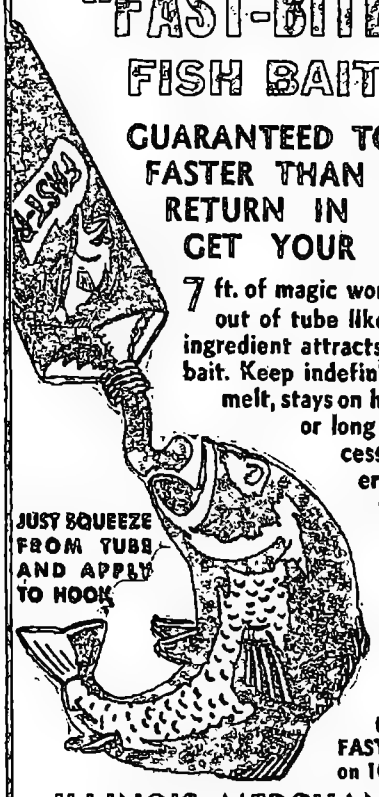

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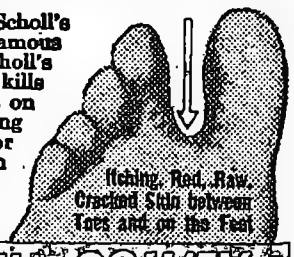

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fantasy, but often they are good. Such as "Starkenden Quest" was, and I say that it is better than some of the fantasy you could have published. But this is a fantasy magazine, and the fans just don't like to have adventure crowd out the many suitable fantasy stories.

I suggest you solve this problem the same way you did the Merritt problem, publish another magazine that will print these "border line" fantasies. Since they are not usual adventure stories, you might call it *Unusual Adventures* or something like that. I think that one writer is right about "Ogden's Strange Story," only Ogden's mind changed, not his features. As to the soul problem, I think after his death Ogden would remember his amnesia as an incident in his life and then decide if he wanted to go to the girl. But it wouldn't matter much, as we all have affinities after we die. I suppose Ogden reacted as almost all of us would have in a similiar situation. I see there are three movies that are of interest to fantasy fans, one about the flying saucers, another about Atlantis, and another, "Destination Moon."

I haven't seen any of these yet, but they should prove very interesting, especially the ones on the saucers and the Moon one. The saucers are not fiction, and I am certain they are interplanetary. "Destination Moon" will not be fiction in a few more years.

JIM FLEMING.

Box 173,
Sharon, Kans.

Art Criticism

Just a few lines to let you all know just how much I have enjoyed your mag for the past several years, after reading the April ish with that bang-up story, "The Secret People" by John Beynon. The short story "Guardian Angel" was extra, this time. How about tossing in one of this type every now and then?

Say, that cover was certainly way below the usual Lawrence level. What's the matter?

Take a look at the picture on page 37. Now what would you say the story was about from that illustration?

Here is the impression that I gathered from it. First, just ignore the jet plane, which, by the way, looks like a rocket ship. From the rest of the picture you would gather that the story takes place around the time of the birth of Christ. That's what it looks like from the men and their camels, and the town in the near distance. Now with the Jet put back in, it would appear that a very intelligent race occupied the Earth at that period in history. Don't you gather the same impression?

CHARLES H. HEISNER.

Box 285,
Lynn Haven, Flordia.

Young Viewpoint

First of all, I would like to argue about the letter in F.F.M.'s Readers' Viewpoint in the April issue written by V. H. Heiner.

Maybe, just maybe, E. R. Burroughs is a bit

hard to read but (though I've never read anything of the latter) V. R. Heiner is just implying that children are stupid, dull, uninterested in anything, et cetera. The way it's described. Quote!

"A child would be frightened in his trundle-bed after hearing his Ma read of the terrors of Pelucidar."

Well, would a child just a paltry few years of age be read to of those "terrors of Pelucidar"?

Gee whiz! Just because he couldn't understand Flaubert when he was two years old, does that mean that all children old and aged as they may be, will be vague about books?

I, myself, am twelve and a half, in the eighth grade of school, and understand 99.99 of what I read.

Please, V. R. Heiner and others, don't try out books on Mortimer Snerd; try them on children; er! I mean young *human beings.*

Second:

Please, dear editor, more of London, Bradbury and Leinster.

And tell me. Do you or don't you cut, edit, abridge, condense or expurgate your tales of terror, your famous fantasties your marvelous mysteries your—your—oh, never mind. But do you?

Third and last:

Are there any fans, young, old, or in between who would like to correspond with me?

And are there any readers who have back issues of F.N., S.S.S., F.F.M., or the issue, Vol. 1, No. 1, of *A. Merritt's Fantasy* magazine which are not too expensive and in good condition? I'll pay anything around 25c or less. Perhaps thirty. Send a price list. But now.

JOE WENZROSCHEL

565 W. 130th St., N. Y.

Editor's Note: Generally speaking we do not cut or abridge stories. Several times it has been necessary to cut in order to have used the stories at all.

Help?

I am trying to obtain a complete set of the novels of H. Rider Haggard. Could you help?

JAMES HALTON.

719 West 4th St.,
Pueblo, Colo.

"Ishtar" Greatest of All

I am a detective story addict of long standing, and shall probably always remain so, but I must confess that I have a particular affection for fantasy fiction. Once it gets under my goose pimples it is there to stay. I cannot forget such outstanding stories as "Minimum Man" by Andrew Marvell, or "The Man Who Went Back" by Warwick Deeping—and they appeared in F.F.M. almost three years ago! And that Garrett P. Serviss story, "The Second Deluge", still haunts me. But greater than these—nay, the greatest of them all!—is A. Merritt's "The Ship of Ishtar", that appeared in the March 1948 issue of F.N. It was a beautiful piece of writing.

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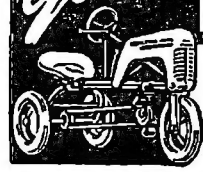

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FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES

This is not a letter of compliments on your editorial duties, Miss Gnaedinger, nor is it a condemnation of your policies. The success of both magazines, as witnessed by readers' responses, speaks for you. good work. And, most of all, this letter is not the beginning of a quarrel with the devotees of H. P. Lovecraft—perish forbid! I am writing with two objectives in mind—

and they are:

1. I wish to procure (and who doesn't?) back issues of both F.F.M. and F.N. magazines, and
2. I wish to correspond with some reader interested in detective and mystery fiction, as well as fantasy fiction.

Now, as to the first—I need Volume 1, No. 1 through to Volume 8, No. 5 of F.F.M. and Volume 1, No. 1 to Volume 1, No. 5 of F.N. But here is the catch: I have nothing whatever to exchange or trade and, unfortunately, cannot hope to buy all these issues. I can only plead with those readers who wish to disburden themselves of their collection, or who have extra copies available. It has long been my dream of possessing a full and complete collection of both these magazines and it is with hope in my heart that fulfillment is at hand.

As to the latter, anyone wishing to write me must first understand that I am not a reader of fantasy of long standing, although I am more acquainted with the mystery field.

Here is to F.F.M, F.N. and to the new *A. Merritt's Fantasy Magazine*—long life, and by all means, monthly!

ROBERT W. WILLIAMSON.

164 Ball St.,
Port Jervis, N. Y.

Wonderful "Morning Star"

Bouquets, and more bouquets on your Feb. issue of Sir Rider Haggard's "Morning Star."

I had been unable to obtain it in book form, and had just about given up, when I find it is to be printed in F.F.M. for Feb.

Wonderful, I just finished reading it, but then Haggard stories are *all* good. How about some of his others, that are almost impossible to get, such as "Queen of Heaven," "The Pearl Maiden," "Sheba's Ring" and of course his famous classic "She," and their sequels "Ayesha," and the return of "Ayesha" all wonderful tales?

Merritt, of course, is still my favorite. Please print any of his stories that are available; his death was a great blow to the world of fantasy writers. Some more, please, of Vivian's stories and Collins', and oh, well, I could keep on and on.

I have been a subscriber now for nine years, and as a whole your stories are great. Now and then, you pop up with one not so good, but when we do get a good one it makes up for the others.

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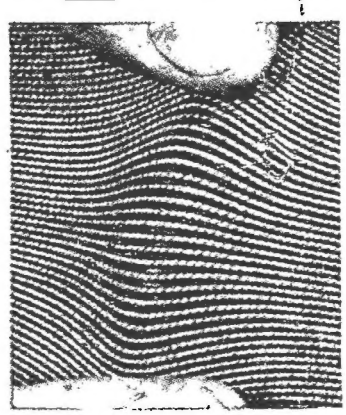

4 Look inside—then decide. Only B. F. Goodrich can give you "rythmic-flexing cords" in every tire for every need. See your BFG retailer. Buy now. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.